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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

OCTOBER
1922

VOLUME XXXIII NUMBER 1

CONTENTS

PAGE

Wofford College Directory 2

Literary Department—

The Art of Debating—Its Value (An Essay)—L. Q. Galloway, '23 5

Mr. Miras (A Sketch)—R. H. Hodges, '24 8

A Chip (A Short Story)—L'Abeille, '24 11

Cecil John Rhodes—N. W. Bennett, '24 18

"Gentle Julia" (A Review)—D. A. Wallace, '25 24

To a Beautiful Girl (A Poem)—T. B. Mimms, '23 29

Gip's Finish (A Short Story)—Alton L. Foster, '23 27

Editorial Department—

Foreword 31

Undergraduate Tendencies 31

Exchange Department—

Introduction 33

Review of the "Furman Echo"—P. B. M., '24 33

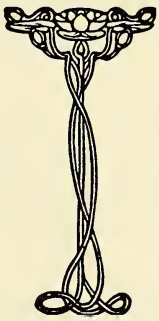
Review of "The Emory Phoenix"—L. C. S., '23 34

Review of "The Wake Forest Student"—N. P. Y., '23 35

Advertisements 36

BAND & WHITE, PRINTERS, SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Wofford College Journal



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Keep your Journals and bind them. The last issue of the year will be indexed.

Literary Department

THE ART OF DEBATING—ITS VALUE

OF THE many branches found at the present time in the field of forensic activities perhaps none is more important in its value, and more popular among those who are seeking to grasp the secret of power in the art of public speaking, than that of debating.

This attitude is not confined to the period through which we are now passing. We need only to glance through the pages of history to find that alongside the names of the great who have built or destroyed nations by the material means which they were able to muster, are written also the immortal names of men who in every age have been capable of pointing out and guiding the destinies of a people through their reasoning and persuasive powers. It is not our purpose to compare these two classes in an effort to determine which has exercised the greater influence. It is true that many of the contests of mankind have been settled on such battlefields as Waterloo, Yorktown, and Appomatox, but who can name all those which have been decided within the halls of deliberative bodies, where, without the sounding of a gun, have been settled issues threatening to destroy the peace and safety of the human race.

Thus it is and always has been. The art of persuasion is one of the most beautiful when perfected. Likewise, it is one of the most difficult to master. Unlike the portrayal of the majestic beauty of nature upon canvas, unlike the art of cutting the perfect likness of an animated being from lifeless stone, upon which the eye of man may gaze with admiration, it nevertheless remains an art, the true product of which embodies a richness of color and a perfect symmetry of form appreciated by the mental eye of man, which it is impossible to attain through the imperfect physical means within his power. The

old saying that "Poets are born—not made" is no doubt true. This same principle can also be applied to those men who are the masters of any art. If not entirely, at least in part this is found to be the case. Talent is an inborn gift. Very seldom does an individual attain distinction in more than one of the artistic fields, which goes to prove that these coveted powers are rarely obtained through study and training unless there first exists a natural turn in one of these directions.

Such talents are usually discovered by a testing experience. Unless we try our ability as persons capable of developing into sound and logical thinkers, how shall we ever accomplish that for which we are perhaps peculiarly fitted? Not every one possesses this power, it is true, but there are many others who do—yet who discover it too late to turn their fixed minds into new channels. One should not get discouraged because of apparent failure at first. Only practice makes perfect. Until one has thoroughly tested himself no hasty conclusions should be drawn as to the ability that may lie within him. Diligent study and practice are necessary for its development.

What are some of the benefits received during the process of perfecting such natural ability? The mastery of the persuasive art will bring with it a confidence which nothing else can afford, a confidence that will carry one on many occasions through conditions which otherwise might prove greatly embarrassing. An air of cool deliberation amidst the fervor of a heated discussion is very important if one is to think soberly and wisely. Without the proper training this is impossible.

The power to arrive at a conclusion through the process of sound and logical reasoning is one that very few people possess. Why do different men, having the same facts at hand, arrive at conclusions directly opposite? One or the other must be right. The person who knows and follows the principles of logic in the solution of any difficult question will most likely be correct. The greatest trouble with the majority of people today in their thinking is that it is done illogically. Their conclusions must be disregarded because of the many

fallacies evident in the process of reasoning employed. In this age when so many complex questions, political, social, and economic, are facing mankind for settlement, a challenge comes to the best trained minds of the world. The responsibility falls upon them. Indeed the number of such is far too small. Therefore in this field for mental development there is perhaps above all others the greatest need and opportunity. Those who would answer the challenge must prepare to meet it.

With this power of thinking accurately there also comes the ability to think quickly. There are times, particularly in the business world, when the man who thinks not only accurately but rapidly will seize golden opportunities which other people either do not see or see too late. Overwhelming success or complete failure may be the result. Hence the importance of being able to immediately think through a problem and reach a logical conclusion.

Last, but not least, a distinct quality of leadership is acquired which can be obtained from no other source. If the great mass of the people do not think for themselves on the extensive and complex questions of the day it is because they are not able to do so competently. They follow the advice of that educated man who can best use his persuasive powers. While this alone does not constitute leadership, nevertheless it presents an avenue of approach to these people by which they can be brought to your viewpoint. If then one can first think accurately and clearly, great opportunities for leadership on community, state and national questions will follow.

Such men are sadly needed at the present time. It is the duty of all those who possess the necessary qualities to see that they are developed.

L. Q. GALLOWAY, '23.

MR. MIRAS

HE WAS a mild little man with a soft whimsical smile. When first you met him and he said: "Oh, how do you do? So glad to meet you!" in his gurgling, sugar-coated voice, you almost wondered if he wanted to borrow a dollar. But when you knew him you lost all fear, for that gurgling voice and gentle smile could do no harm.

But on this afternoon something was wrong with the mild little man. He was out of sorts. When his employer said: "Well, Miras, I guess we'll have to do some straightening up after six," he almost frowned instead of smiling angelically.

When six-thirty came and all the furniture had been moved around and the window changed, the little man came out wiping his forehead vigorously.

A car was just turning into Oak View Avenue. The little man swore softly, and then glanced furtively around to see if anybody had heard him. He pulled out his watch—6:32—and he knew another car wasn't due until 6:43. He put his fat hand in his side pocket, took off his dusty hat with the other hand, looked vaguely at the passing stragglers, glanced across the street, pulled out his watch again—five more minutes! He glanced idly at the traffic policeman as he moved his signal stand from the street. He watched a darky, in evident haste, driving a stubborn mule across the street. He was conscious of a vague commotion. He rubbed his face again with a vigorous motion. He looked at his watch—his car was due. He peered down the street vainly; no street car was in sight. Then suddenly he saw that the car in front of him was his.

The conductor, as he turned his control, felt the sudden jar of somebody striking the side step. He was all set to give somebody a lecture on "safety first," but the man got up with such a fat, genial, disarming smile that he coudn't. He only said in a gruff voice: "You didn't hurt yourself, sir? * * * Well, that's good. Fare, please."

Mr. Miras got off the car in front of a little vine-covered cottage. He straightened his coat, flecked a speck of dust from his elbow, pulled up his head and marched in the front door. Then he remembered, and tiptoeing out he rubbed his newly-polished shoes on the spotless mat. He surveyed himself critically in the glass door, and pulling his collar two degrees to the right, he entered.

"Oh, Samuel, is that you?" called a shrill voice.

"Have you got it?" the owner, a tall spare brunette, continued as she parted the somber curtains.

"Eveline, I thought I told you once—"

"Yes, yes, I can do it; here's your check right here."

Mr. Miras went to the store next day with a heavy heart. Why was Eve so unreasonable? She just took a notion she wanted a new chair and she must have it. And the boss was selfish, and oh!—everything was going wrong.

Suddenly a thought struck him. Only one week before he had received word from his brother that a good job awaited him if he cared to move to Caston. Why had he been such a blatant idiot! Why hadn't he done what he wanted to, no matter what Eve said?

It was not too late. He'd show them. He could telegraph his resignation from Caston.

He quickly changed cars and sped toward the depot. The big locomotive was puffing on the track. He bought his ticket and crawled on the train with a vague tinge of regret. Blockton had been a pretty good town to him, and those chairs and beds and lounges in the store did look pretty good, but he'd show them! Then he thought of Eveline. Maybe she did need that chair after all, because she spent most of her time in one house, which certainly ought to be as she wanted it.

The engine was puffing noisily; trees and stores were passing by. He smiled grimly. His decision was made; the Rubicon was crossed, he *couldn't* turn back now.

He lay back and closed his eyes reflectively. After a while he opened them and started suddenly. Looking at him from

across the aisle were two little brown eyes. How like Hazel's they looked. He almost dreamed that that round face and chubby hands and amber hair did belong to his little Hazel.

He hardly believed his eyes, for almost in a dream he saw a tall, spare figure reach over and pick up his little Hazel. It was Eveline.

He got up and staggered over. Then followed exclamations, and in a daze he heard somebody saying: "You were leaving too! It was all my fault. I don't blame you a bit. I had no right to make you keep things so clean, and, and—"

"No, no; it was all my fault. If you wanted to have a new chair and other things I ought to have given them to you."

After many explanations, he suggested in a strangely shy voice, "Eve, dear, let's take a vacation. I can wire back and get excused. You know we haven't had one since—," and he smiled persuasively.

And then a little bundle with chubby hands, brown eyes, and amber hair, pulled at her father's tie and gurgled, at least, her joyous consent. R. H. HODGES, '24.

"A CHIP"

"HEY! Stop fishing a minute, will you?" yelled John Hamer, as he madly grasped a floating chip, almost upsetting the boat reaching for it.

"Look at this," said John, extending the chip toward his companion. "I wonder how that blood got on it. You know old 'Skinflint' Spears does not allow anyone to hunt on his land, but this chip certainly drifted down that little creek yonder, which has its source on his land. Something has been killed up there and I bet old 'Skinflint' is going to raise a row. Hello! look! here is a bloody finger print," gasped John, quickly drawing the chip nearer and closely scrutinizing it. "How do you suppose all this blood and this thumb print got here," John continued. "This is a chip from one of 'Skinflint's' prized walnut trees—one of those for which he boasted he would kill a man. They are worth a lot of money, too. This chip looks like the kind Lacy Arnold cuts. You know he cuts a larger chip than anyone else around here. Doubtless, you have noticed that the title of champion wood cutter has swelled his head. I wonder—"

"Well, here, let me look at that wonderful chip sometime," growled Henry Burbank, snatching the chip from John. "Are you going to sit there and jabber all day? I just had a bite when you yelled and scared away everything within a hundred miles. Gosh! You're some fisherman."

Henry Burbank and John were great friends in spite of small altercations from time to time. John had recently been graduated from a law school where he also had been interested by one of his professors in the science of finger prints. He had just returned home, to the little town of Huntersville, to begin practice in his chosen profession, but he was still very much interested in finger prints. Henry had not gone to school, preferring to fish and let John study. John had just been annoying Henry—scaring the fish—telling him how easy it was to detect a criminal by means of the finger-print system.

"I wonder how that chip got in the water—that is, who threw it in the creek," mused John, half aloud.

"Well, here is a chance to prove your infallible finger print theory," sneered Henry. "The chip did not turn over, so the print of the thumb of the fellow who threw it in the creek is as plain as day. Now, show your boasted detective ability, Sherlock."

"Well, let me have it. Don't touch that thumb print," ordered John, as he took the chip and gingerly placed it under his seat. "I think this print will be pretty clear as it is on a smooth spot. Let's go home, I want to put this chip in a safe place."

They drew in their fishing tackle and headed the boat toward the shore.

"Say, who is that fool coming yonder?" laughed Henry, as they were trudging along on their way to the village. "Great Scott! he must have a bee up his britches, the way he is running."

"It is old Sam Evans," rejoined John. "He seems to be greatly excited about something. See, he is motioning to us. Come on, let's see what's up."

They broke into a run and soon met the exhausted old man.

"Great Lord! have you heard what's happened, Mr. Hamer? Charley Henty's been murdered and old 'Skinflint' Spears is in jail," blurted out Sam in one breath. "Yes'r, old 'Skinflint' tried to bluff and bluster, but they caught him red-handed that time. They say Charley Henty was cutting down one of old 'Skinflint's' walnut trees and that old 'Skinflint' caught him and split his head open with an axe and then threw him in the creek. The old fool didn't have any more sense than to tie his own axe and saw on Henty—sorter as an anchor, you know. Lacy Arnold happened along about that time and saw Spears throw Henty in the creek. He rushed to town and told the p'lice about it. They all went out to the creek, found Charley's body, and found old Spears looking around like he'd lost something. He said his axe and saw had dis'peared. Yes, he had the nerve to say that. Huh! he'll have to think up a better lie

than that. Well, I better mosey along and tell the rest about it," ended the garrulous old man, starting off at a pace surprising for such an old fellow.

"Well, what do you think of that?" Henry asked, as they again proceeded toward the village.

"For one thing, I don't believe Spears is guilty. He is stingy and threatening, but he would not kill a man," commented John. "I believe Lacy Arnold had a hand in this. He and Charley have been at outs ever since last fall when Charley cut that limb from under him, throwing him in the creek. He swore to get even with Charley then. And, this spring, I think his hatred of Charley became unbearable when Charley got the better of him in a race for that little school teacher's friendship. One thing is certain, whoever killed Charley threw this chip in the creek in removing the traces of the murder. That being the case, old 'Skinflint' could not have committed the crime, for his thumb is not half as large as this thumb print. I have the key to the mystery right here. You just watch old 'Skinflint' come free."

* * * * * * * * *

The prosecuting attorney smiled with a triumphant mien as John Hamer, the defending attorney, again waived cross-examination. Having thus far, without any opposition, added stone by stone to the mass of presumptive proof, the prosecuting attorney began to feel sure of his own case.

Old 'Skinflint' Spears cast dispairing glances at his attorney as John repeatedly made no attempt to defend him.

All Huntersville was at the trial—the only place of entertainment in the village. Everybody, however, seemed to be bored with the one-sided affair. They all, with the exception of Henry, who glanced knowingly at John when he waived cross-examination, were unanimous in the opinion that John, as a lawyer, was a failure. "Just as I thought," said some, and others, "What a pity, he was such a smart boy, too."

"Call Lacy Arnold," roared the prosecuting attorney.

Having been called, the witness stood up, and the clerk administered the oath in the approved style.

"Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" rattled off the clerk in one breath.

Lacy ducked his head in the formal manner and dropped his hand. He seemed to be somewhat ill at ease. The crowd appeared to annoy him. He tried to hide his nervousness by an affectation of indifference—sticking his hands in his pockets and slouching back on one foot.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"About twenty years."

"Where did you see him about five o'clock Tuesday afternoon, June 18, 1904?"

"On his place out at Black Creek."

"What did you see him do there? Tell us all about it," continued the attorney.

"Well, I happened to be on his place, and when I came up near the creek I saw him kneeling down tying something. I stopped behind a bush, and t'rectly he pulled Charley Henty to the edge of the water and pushed him in. I didn't wait to see any more, but struck fer town." This he said in a drawling manner, as if it were a bore to him.

"How far were you from him?"

"About twenty yards."

"Are you sure that you were not mistaken in your man? Are you certain that it was the prisoner you saw?"

"Pos'tively."

"Was anybody with you?"

"No."

"No person was with you any of the time? Are you sure of that?"

"Pos'tively."

"When did you next see the prisoner?"

"After I had told the p'lice and returned with them."

"It was five o'clock when you saw the deed. What time was it when you returned with the police?"

"Five-thirty."

"How do you know?"

"Cor'ner Crawley looked at his watch when we got to the creek."

"What was the prisoner doing when you returned?"

"He was walking around looking on the ground like he was crazy. He said he had lost his tools—his mind, I thought." The final clause was uttered with a contemptous sneer.

"Did he offer any resistance?"

"Yes, he didn't want to come at first, but we caught and handcuffed him."

With a smile full of confidence, the attorney turned to John and said: "You may have the witness, Mr. Hamer."

There was complete silence. The prisoner cast appealing glances toward John, "Are you going to waive cross-examination again, are you going to let me hang?" his appearance said.

John exchanged a furtive wink with Henry. He then slowly rose, regarding Arnold all the time with his piercing black eyes. The witness was confused—non-plussed.

"You said you did not come nearer than twenty yards to the prisoner?" John began.

"Ye-e-es," stammered Arnold.

"Are you sure that you were not as near as fifteen yards?"

"Easily twenty, prob'ly twenty-five."

"Did the prisoner notice you?"

"No, he was too busy."

"Then he never looked in your direction at all?"

"No."

"Your observing power is so good then that you are willing to swear that the man whose back you saw at a distance of twenty yards is the prisoner?" sneered John.

"I got mighty good eyes," parried the witness.

"Did you pick up anything while you were there?"

"Tubby shore not. What I want to do that for?"

"You didn't touch any limb, chip or piece of wood of any kind? Think now."

"No, I didn't," said Arnold combatively.

"Didn't you pick up a chip—a chip covered with blood?"

"No," snapped Arnold, but his composure also snapped at the mention of blood.

"You mean to say that you did not throw a bloody chip into the water, getting your thumb bloody in the act?"

"I done told you I didn't touch anything, didn't I?" whined the witness.

John abruptly turned away and slowly went to his desk, from which he extracted an object about the size of a Victor Hugo story book. When he faced the witness, disclosing a large, bloody chip, the remaining blood left Arnold's cheeks; a murmur of curiosity ran through the room. Everybody sat breathless and expectant. The jurors leaned forward in their seats, and even the judge partly roused himself from a stupor and seemed to be somewhat interested in the unexpected, unprecedented evidence. John slowly approached the witness, stuck the bloody chip in Arnold's face and contemptuously hissed: "You say that you did not throw this chip into the creek?"

"I never seen it b'fore," gasped Arnold.

"Your Honor, I would like to secure a print of the witness' right thumb," John said, turning to the judge.

The whole of Huntersville looked on with curious and bewildered eyes while the thumb print was being taken. Arnold's face twitched and quivered as he placed his thumb down, making an unchangeable print—proving himself guilty. After securing the thumb print John placed it beside the chip, took a glass from his pocket and began to closely scrutinize the prints—comparing the one on the paper to the one on the chip. Almost immediately he muttered as if to himself, "Uh, huh, just as I thought—the one and the other, the same thumb print."

Then raising his head and turning to Arnold, he sneered:

"You can explain this to the jury when they finish examining these."

Passing the prints to the jury, he turned to the judge: "Your Honor, this witness has sworn over and over that while at the place of murder he did not touch a thing, but Henry

Burbank and I, about five-thirty Tuesday afternoon, June 18, 1904, found this chip with the bloody thumb print of the witness on it, drifting down that little creek in which the body of Charley Henty was thrown. If the witness did not throw the chip in the creek, doubtless he can tell us how the print of his bloody thumb happened to be on it."

The jurors were one by one examining the prints and were excitingly discussing the unusual proof. There was a muffled buzz throughout the court room which the judge did not attempt to restrain. Arnold appeared to have lost all his self-control. His lips twitched, his limbs trembled, and he continuously shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

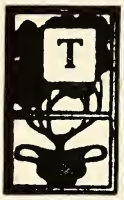
"Your Honor," continued John, "I, as this—"

"I did it! I did it! God! I didn't mean to!" shrieked Arnold. "I didn't mean to kill him. He—"

He stopped, dropped his head, and crumpled down in his chair. Slowly he raised his head, lowered it as slowly, and with a despairing strain, he faintly muttered, "A chip. Just a little chip."

L'ABEILLE.

CECIL JOHN RHODES



TO THE student of history there is no fact so commanding of respect and admiration as the vast extent and prestige of the British Empire. The story of its growth from a small group of islands off the coast of Europe to a world empire, embracing the colds of the Arctic and the burning sands of Africa, holding in its confines people of every race, is a story of romance, heroism and conquest. The race that can organize and control such a territory without imposing the iron rule of the conqueror on the inhabitants commands the honor and respect of all peoples. And yet, it seems that the growth of this empire, the addition of the domains that comprise it has been the result of no preconceived plan, but rather it has been in a great degree the result of fortuitous circumstance. Chance has played her hand magnificently. Her trumps have been men with the blood of Caesar in their veins. Clive and Hastings were geniuses in the right place. Had they not been fortunately in the right position it can easily be conceived that English control of India would never have come about. And the tremendous expansion of the British Empire in Africa from a narrow fringe along the Cape to a broad belt of red, expanding from Cairo to the Cape and embracing the most desirable portions of the continent, is the direct and unmistakable result of the statesmanship of Cecil John Rhodes.

In 1870 there landed at Durban, Natal, at the age of seventeen, the future empire builder. He was the fifth son of a large family born to the vicar of Bishop's Stortford, England. His education had been that afforded by the public grammar school of his home. He was a pale, slender boy, and because of his poor health he left his home in 1870 to join his brother, who was raising cotton in the dry, invigorating climate of Natal. His arrival in Africa was most opportune, for only a few months later diamonds were discovered at Kimberley in the interior. The call of adventure was strong to Rhodes, and so, in a few weeks, he was on his way to the mines, equipped

with an ox and cart, a bucket, a spade, two or three volumes of classics, and a Greek lexicon. His business ability at once became apparent. His profits were large; he allied himself with the more prominent miners and as a result of his industry he found himself, at the age of twenty, financially independent and able to carry out his long-nurtured desire of going to Oxford.

Yet before he returned to England he went on a journey that was to prove of great consequence. Alone, in his ox cart, he explored the vast regions to the north of the Cape. He saw one of the healthiest countries in the world, rich in solid minerals, and with scarcely a civilized inhabitant. For eight months he wandered. At length, sitting on a hill one evening, looking out over the vast expanse of rolling veldt, he conceived the purpose that Engand should control this territory. It became his conviction that the highest welfare of the world depended upon Anglo-Saxon domination and development, and, as his share in the extension of England's power he chose the furthering of her interests in South Africa. He decided that this was his mission, that none but he could accomplish it. With this conviction and with this high purpose he came back to civilization determined to devote his wealth and his ability to its consummation.

His first step was to sail for England and enter Oriel College, Oxford. For eight years he remained enrolled. In the middle of his course he was compelled to go back to Africa for his health, but its climate soon restored him. He returned to school, but time and again was called away to look after his mining interests. At last, in 1881, he received his degree, and returning to Cape Colony, he became a member of the colonial ministry. From this time almost up to the time of his death, he was officially connected with the British Government in South Africa.

His early training at Kimberly, his ability to deal with the natives, and his influence among the Dutch population peculiarly fitted him for his self-appointed task. At the time when he entered the ministry the question of imperial control over colonial affairs was of prime importance. His stand on this

was firm, and the verdict of time has shown that his view was essentially correct. Local freedom in the colonies, he declared, was necessary for imperial confederation. The Imperial Government could best strengthen the bonds of union between England and her colonies by granting to the colonists liberal self-government and by refraining from meddling with local affairs. Force was added to his words by the fact that he was first of all an imperialist.

In the decade of the eighties the future ownership of South Africa was being decided. Germany held southwest Africa, the Dutch republics were in the southeast, and along the eastern coast there were Portuguese settlements. The territory between these colonies was open for settlement. It was this territory that Rhodes had explored before going to Oxford. He saw now that the time had come for action, that England must push a wedge up between the Germans and the Dutch and Portuguese before they could join and cut off all expansion northward. For this purpose he organized the British Chartered Company, a trading corporation modeled on the Hudson Bay Company in Canada. Nominally a trading company, in reality, like the East India and the Hudson Bay Companies, it aided in gaining control of a vast area for the British Empire. The Matabele, the natives of the region, under an able leader attempted to resist British colonization. In one of the most overwhelmingly decisive of wars they were defeated and their territory was added to British South Africa. In recognition of his great services and in acknowledgement of his great ability Rhodes was made prime minister of the Cape Colony. For six years he held this position and filled it with distinction. These years he devoted to consolidating the British interests, in conciliating the Dutch and the English, and in developing the natural resources of the country. It was unfortunate that his ministry was brought to a close by a most unfortunate incident.

The miners at Johannesburg had grown hostile to the unfair rule imposed upon them by the Boer government. Most of them were Englishmen and greatly desired that England con-

trol the mines. With this end in view a plot was formed among the miners to overthrow the Boer government. Rhodes, as the owner of the most property in the mines, was technically a member of the mining population. As such he was asked to lend his support to the design. Out of his private wealth he furnished the miners arms and ammunition. But as prime minister of the Cape Colony he was an official of the British government. In that capacity it was his duty to withhold his support from any such movement. His only blame is that he allowed Dr. Jameson, the administrator of Rhodesia, to move several hundred troops upon the frontier. Here his responsibility ended. Jameson, however, crossed the line and, in conjunction with the miners, tried to seize Johannesburg. The Boers easily captured him and his men and magnanimously handed the prisoners over to the British authorities. Accusation was not long in falling upon Rhodes. He did not try to conceal his part in the plot. He saw that his official usefulness was at an end. He resigned, and the rest of his life he devoted to developing the territory that bears his name.

The natives of Rhodesia, the Matabele, again rose in revolt. In a short campaign they were driven to their strongholds in the Natappos Hills. Here they occupied almost inpregnable fastnesses and it was feared that war against them would be long and costly. Rhodes conceived the bold design of settling peaceably and alone the trouble. With only three companions, he disappeared into the enemy's country, risking all for the sake of gaining all. Nothing shows more clearly the supreme faith of Rhodes in men than this venture. Nothing reveals more clearly his control over men and the respect which his personality compelled. For several days he was unsuccessful in his efforts; the Matabele chiefs refused to parley. At last, however, they consented to a conference. The spot was chosen in an open plain. Rhodes and his friends advanced to the meeting place but no Matabele were present. After waiting for a few minutes they decided that they had been deceived again, when there burst from the surrounding brush a large band of warriors. It seemed that there could be no hope for

the safety of the Englishmen. But Rhodes was equal to the occasion. Advancing to meet the natives, he mounted a rock and accused them in no uncertain language of breaking their agreement by coming armed. The Matabele were taken unprepared. He talked on. Gradually the attitude of the men changed. They began to listen to his argument. In a few minutes he had completely won them over. He called the chiefs to him.

"Now for the future," he said, "Is it war or is it peace?"

"We give you one word," was the reply, "It is peace." Then throwing their clubs on the ground they bowed themselves in token of submission.

But there were two of the chiefs who had refused to come to the parley. They were at home in their huts. Straight to their village went Rhodes. Outside he pitched his tent and sent word that he had come to make peace with them. But no reply came. He told his friends that he was going to remain until he had won them over. Day after day passed, but no word came from the stubborn chiefs. Rhodes stayed on.

While waiting for them he explored the surrounding territory. One day he found a place where a stream could be dammed up and made to irrigate a valley. Immediately he gave orders for the engineers to begin on it. One evening he came back from a long tramp into the hills. He seemed quieter than usual around the fire. Finally he told his friends that he had found what he called "The View of the World." There he wanted to be buried. It was on the summit of the Matappos, a bleak, rocky knoll. He had lain down there that afternoon "to see how it felt." It commanded the broad, sweeping veldt in every direction for a hundred miles, and he wanted his last resting place to be in the place that he had marked out.

Six weeks passed by. At last a messenger came from the chiefs saying that they would meet in conference. Rhodes gave orders to be ready to break camp the next morning. His friends remonstrated and told him that he did not know how the conference would result. "Oh, yes," he said, "When they sent their messenger they had already given over." And so

the Matabele war was ended. Speaking of it later Rhodes said, "It is one of those things that make life worth living."

Only a few more years were left him, but these he spent in developing Rhodesia. All his energy was directed in that direction. Nor did he forget his conception of world-peace effected by the rule of the Anglo-Saxon. His ideas, however, had broadened. At length the disease that had hampered him all his life overpowered him and on March 25, 1902, he died.

At the time of his death he was attacked as an unprincipled despot. It may be that because of his own genius he allowed too little to other men. The possession of such power as was his naturally made of him a benevolent despot. He may have neglected to surround himself with able men. Such a nature as his demands obedience. It can be said at any rate that whatever he did was not for private but for universal good. In regard to his riches he once said, "No, I wouldn't mind losing them, as you would think. It would give me the chance of making them over again. It's the game that counts."

His disposition of his wealth by his will placed a seal upon his words and silenced his critics. Almost his entire fortune was left to Oxford for the purpose of establishing scholarships for Americans, Englishmen, and Germans. Only by the education of world democrats who could see the lands beyond their horizon, who could appreciate humanity as a whole, would world unity at last come about. It can never be said that he lacked faith in conviction. His character can be read in his faith in mankind; his sphere of thought can be seen from his tomb, "The View of the World."

N. W. BENNETT, '24.

"GENTLE JULIA"

THIS latest of Tarkington's very popular novels is another in very much the same strain as several of his previous ones, but wider in scope. "Penrod" and "Penrod and Sam" are taken up with the doings of small boys. "Seventeen" is the tale of the "puppy love" of young people. "Alice Adams" is a more serious book about a young lady, not at all in Tarkington's humorous style. However, "Gentle Julia" takes up something from each of these. Herbert Atwater, Julia's nephew, and Henry Rooter furnish the small-boy element. Besides these two, there is a little girl of the same age who complicates matters considerably. She is an entirely new character for Tarkington to introduce. The story, nevertheless, could not go on with her, and she is very well done. Noble Dill reminds us very much of the "ickle boy Baxter" of "Seventeen." Besides Noble, there are also many other suitors for the hand of the gentle Julia.

Julia is like neither the "baby-talk lady" of "Seventeen" nor the more serious "Alice Adams." Unfortunately she is surpassingly beautiful and attractive. So, indeed, were the other two, but in a different way. Julia just can't help it. All men are irresistibly attracted to her, and she is too gentle to treat them in any but an attractive way. She just moves along her sweet, destructive way, strewn with fragments of hearts, entirely unconscious of her devastations.

Mr. Atwater, Julia's father, is conscious of his lovely daughter's effect on the young men of her acquaintance and objects strenuously, as is only natural, to some of them and to their habits.

One is struck immediately by Tarkington's method of introducing his characters. Julia doesn't appear in the first chapter, but the story is not one whit the less interesting because of this delay. Florence is the first to appear. She is seen as the supercilious niece of Julia, who misses none of the conversation of her family. Herbert, her young cousin, is

introduced as the butt of Florence's superciliousness. She demonstrates her utmost contempt very effectively. Henry Rooter, Herbert's chum, is placed in the same class by Florence. In fact, Florence stands in a class by herself, according to Florence.

Julia is first seen in an atmosphere of pink geraniums, blue lobelia, and coral fuchias. Sweet odors and soft sunshine continually surround her. She always appears as a sweet, young thing with no thought but to keep people, particularly her most ardent admirers, from suffering. In fact, her desire to secure this effect forms the chief member of the plot.

The two boys own a printing press by means of which they put out a weekly paper, termed by them the "North End Daily Oriole." Florence is the chief contributor to their poetry department. However, they feel that she detracts from rather than adds to their paper. Therefore she is barred from the "newspaper building," which is the Atwater barn. Florence, to secure revenge, makes use of some of Herbert's and Henry's love secrets as the basis for a blackmail plot.

Julia takes a vacation trip and pays a visit to one of her southern schoolmates. She leaves her numerous suitors in a trance until she shall return. Noble Dill especially is oppressed by her departure. He lives preoccupied, oblivious to everything else as long as she is away. His whole soul follows Julia.

This young lady, however, falls in love with one of the young men she meets on her visit. In a letter to her family back home she makes this known and says that she is engaged. This last is to be kept a guarded secret in the family. But Florence gets hold of the information and feels that it is her duty to let young Noble Dill, who is her "very ideal" know of it. She wishes to break the news to him gently, however, so that he will not be unduly shocked. Here she makes use of her blackmail plot.

Florence forces Herbert and Henry to give to her the management of their paper. In its next issue she prints the announcement of Julia's engagement in what is to her, at least,

a very diplomatic way and hands a copy to Mr. Dill. Of course the paper circulates as well throughout the whole Atwater connection. The shock produced is as deep as it is wide. Everyone fears that Noble will disappear, leaving no trace. Such is not the case, however. His first instinct is to go to Julia to verify the report. Upon rushing to the station he comes face to face with Julia, who is coming back home unexpectedly. The poor fellow is struck dumb, but manages with much difficulty and after much hesitation and stammering to make himself understood. Julia pronounces the whole affair an unexampled exaggeration, and after some persuasion, promises Noble never to become engaged to anybody.

The story is an interesting one, well developed. The characters are natural and pleasing. The setting is familiar to all of us, and the complete work is worthy of note. Even if one is not interested in modern American novelists and their works the story should be read from the standpoint of pleasure alone. It will furnish laughter and entertainment for some time, and will return as pleasant memories for years to come.

D. A. WALLACE, '25.

GIP'S FINISH

"OH, JIM-E-E-E!" The call came from the sidewalk in front of a large two-story house. This was not a new sound to the neighborhood, but came every morning about eight o'clock.

"Yeh! What chu want?" This answer came from a window of the second story of this same house, through which a tiny head could be seen.

"You and Gip come over t'my house, Jimmie, I got som'pen to show you."

"A'right, wait a minute."

In less than the required minute the two boys were going down the street whistling—a feat which they had but lately acquired—with Gip close at their heels. The two boys were great chums and were together constantly, in spite of the fact that they lived three blocks apart. Gip was a large brown, flop-eared dog of no particular breed, but was dearly loved by both boys. The three made up a trio which almost as inseparable as the "Three Musketeers."

"What chu got to show me, Joe?" Jim managed to stop whistling long enough to ask.

"Wait'll we get there, can't chu? Then I'll show you what it is."

Jimmie wasn't entirely satisfied, but he couldn't stop whistling long enough to insist on being told.

In a few minutes they were in Joe's back yard. "Now, I'll show you," said Joe, as he crawled under the house. He came back out pulling a red, tin wagon, to which he had fastened a pair of broom-handle shafts. In the wagon lay an old set of goat harness.

"Where'd you get 'at harness?"

"Swapped my air gun for 'em. And they'll just fit Gip, see," said Joe, as he placed the bridle on Gip's head.

"Here, don't chu do 'at," said Jimmie, running to Gip and hugging him around the neck. "I ain't gonna make no goat

outa my dog. 'Sides, mother says I got to give him away, so I ain't gonna make him work no more while I got him."

"Give Gip away?" queried Joe in utter dismay. "Wha' for?"

"Mother caught him sucking an egg."

"Oh, is 'at all? We'll stop him from 'at."

"Mother says you can't break a suck-egg dog."

"I bet chu can. Le's go ask Mr. Miller, he'll know how."

Mr. Miller was an aimable old man of perhaps seventy-five years, who ran a small store a block away. He was very fond of the boys, and at times would tell them stories of the war. The boys would carry their troubles to him and he was always ready to help them. Thus they came to feel that in him they had an authority on all subjects.

Jimmie was pleased with the idea and the three started at a run for Mr. Miller's store. When they entered Mr. Miller wasn't there. A tall man, with horn-rimmed spectacles and a dark mustache, through which a cigarette was sticking, was drumming on the counter with a pencil. In front of him lay an open sample case in which were many kinds of candies.

The boys stopped, but immediately started forward again, when the stranger said, "Try some, boys," and held towards them two sticks of candy. Muttering a hasty thanks, the boys started munching their candy.

Jimmie was the first to think of their mission, and leaning towards Joe, said in a whisper, "I'll bet he knows. Ask 'im?"

"Huh!" Joe whispered in reply, "You ask him. Gip's your dog."

Jimmie braced up and said, "Say, Mister, do you know what'll stop a dog from sucking eggs?"

A smile came over the stranger's face as he answered, "Why, yes. Take a piece of bluestone about the size of the tip of your little finger and put it in an egg. Then put the egg in the dog's mouth and hold his mouth until he breaks and swallows the egg, and I'll guarantee you that he'll never suck another egg."

The boys were overjoyed and without even thanking the man for the information, they rushed out of the store.

They reached home out of breath, but in a few minutes they had an egg with plenty of bluestone in it. Jimmie whistled for Gip, and in a little while they had carried out the instructions to the last letter.

The stranger was right. Gip never sucked another egg—the boys buried him next morning.

ALTON L. FOSTER, '23.

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL

You are as a wonderful flower!
  A marvel of beauty and grace!
Did you come right down from heaven,
  Out of the sweetest place?

You are as pure as the thoughts of an angel;
  Your heart is like the sun;
Did you come from the golden city
  My sweetest and dearest one?

A jewel more radiant God never made;
  Your soul is full of love;
Did the Creator make you for a queen,
  Or to be an angel above?

Oh, dear! Oh, mortal so fair!
  It is you that I love,
Because you are fair as an angel
  And gentle as a dove.

T. B. M., '23.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889

Vol. xxxiii No. 1

PUBLISHED THE 20TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE, PRESTON AND SNYDER LITERARY SOCIETIES

SPARTANBURG, S. C., OCTOBER, 1922

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter.

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Contributions must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Two medals are given by the staff at the end of the year—one for the best short story, and one for the best poem. The judges are appointed by the Editor-in-Chief.

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Editorial Department

Foreword

Wofford College is at present in the throes of a renaissance that promises a steady growth of interest in the standard classics of English literature. An ever-growing host of boys is experiencing the deep, primal hunger for liberal training that comes to every intelligent man at least once in his life. And this new interest speaks volumes to the generation ahead of us, for it means that we are winning back to normalcy again on Wofford campus.

This is well for us. If ever the world has had need of clear-visioned, sincere, and able men it is now. And intensive training in the humanities is the one sure means of securing the fine moral background that is the birthright of Anglo-Saxon leaders.

From this time forth THE JOURNAL is to be an open forum. We shall write, and compare, and re-write so long as we are in college. For our magazine is our proving-ground, where we may make trial of our several abilities.

Undergraduate Tendencies

Of all the boys who go to college, only two general classifications need be made: there are those who go for an education, and those who go for various other reasons. It may be safely conceded that twenty-five per cent. of any student body belongs to the first of these classes.

Of this twenty-five per cent. possibly one boy in every fifty has a clear, definite idea of what he intends to do with his life. He plans carefully so that all his spare time is utilized, and he pursues his studies with a dogged tenacity, that gradually builds up in his brain the power of concentrated application. His, I think, is the happiest lot. For he who works steadily toward a definite goal has no time for morbid introspection, or desire to emulate the dilettante.

The remainder of the twenty-five per cent. expect eventu-

ally to fill a niche in the hall of fame reserved for those who carry on the business of the world. They dream dreams, study with a fair semblance of assiduity, take a part in all phases of college activities, but they will never be geniuses. Nor do they care to be. Their future is assured, and their contribution to posterity will not be valueless. Their kind forms the backbone of progress.

Of the other seventy-five per cent. the best is the purely athletic type. This is the boy who attends college only because it affords him an opportunity to participate in sports to his heart's content. His time is not altogether wasted, for he is exposed to an intensive training and vigorous discipline that tend to stiffen and solidify his mental processes. But for all that he wastes much valuable time.

The rest of the student body is a heterogeneous mass. The individuals composing it are in college because their parents desire it, or because it is the proper thing to do in their "set," or even to prevent themselves from having to go to work. This is the class that tramples upon the traditions of the college, and vitiates and dissipates the energy of the several members of the faculty. Unlike the drones of the hive, these boys perform not one single useful action. And four year's exposure to liberal or technical training seems to have little effect.

This disturbing majority should be legislated against. In every State there are literally thousands of boys hungering for an education—boys who, for financial reasons, will never throng the halls of an educational institution. Would it not repay every college not only to make severe entrance requirements, but also to remove from the college roster the names of those individuals who manifest a continued disinclination toward study or work in any form, and to bend every effort toward replacing them with the names of the indigent ones? The college of today has no reason for existing unless it be to minister to the needs of those who are clamoring for an education.

And, I repeat it, there are too many boys who belong to this last class for any college to be able to justify itself in lavish expenditures of time and money upon boys who neither appreciate the expenditure nor want it.

Exchange Department

Introduction

In the rude hurly-burly and rush of returning to college it is always exceedingly difficult to publish a magazine complete in every particular. But we have tried this time to step bodily into the work of the exchange department, and are beginning the year with three short, critical commentaries. Aided by select members of the Wofford student body, we expect to criticize three or four of our exchanges every issue. We shall attempt to say clearly and simply what we think of each magazine, and it is our sincere wish that no offense may be taken where none is intended. An honest, man-to-man opinion shall be our aim.

We will welcome any and all comments relative to the matter in our columns and to our conduct of this department.

The Furman Echo

The February issue of the *Furman Echo* is the last copy of this magazine that has found its way to our desk. This is a creditable number, well balanced and filled with material worthy of present day students.

"The Queen of the Camp" has a good plot, but the development gives the reader an impression that the writer is striving to "adorn a tale." The unnatural is in evidence throughout the story, and especially is the finale untrue to life. Nevertheless, the moral is good.

"The Palmetto Flag" is a praiseworthy essay upon a subject dear to the hearts of all South Carolinians. As so many of us lack a definite and an authoritative knowledge of the history of our State, its reputable past and noble heroes, it would be well for every South Carolinian to become more familiar with the history of his native State. Such excellent articles as "The Palmetto Flag" can do much toward familiar-

izing us anew with our past and in arousing a just pride in our grand old State.

The burlesque, entitled "Hair Pins," is an attempt, we surmise, to satirize woman because of the many uses that her ingenuity has found for the hair pin, an article at least in standard and reputable use before the days of bobbed hair. If the writer was striving for the ridiculous, he unquestionably reached his goal and is to be congratulated.

"The Winning Goal" is a pleasant story that differs in some respects from the stories usually found in our student publications. The material in this story would furnish excellent substance for a much longer story.

The other articles are well written and interesting. "Laugh With Us" is one of the best sections of its type in any student publication. "The Book Review" is a section that is both interesting and instructive. The poetry helps to balance the issue. The addition of a few short editorials, it is believed, would add materially to this very interesting publication.

P. B. M., '24.

The Emory Phoenix

The March issue of *The Phoenix* is exceptionally good. "Talking Shop," a short story by Mr. Morrison, at first displeased me because the author "grunted his disdain" a little too often, but the story turned out to have a real ending. Mr. Calwell searched the jungles and caves of the ancients and found some interesting facts on the origin of criticism. He states that criticism of fellow man began when an exceptionally husky cave man found his portrait scratched on a rock, and that he killed the artist because he did not do him justice. Times have changed however, and we "go at it" now in a bold style, fearing nothing. The poems, "Grandma," "Tears," "March" and "The Lone Wolf's Call," deserve special mention. The poems "Courage" and "Condolence" go well together. Mr. Chalker's poem on "Sunset Reflections" gives a very fitting ending to this issue.

L. C. S., '23.

The Wake Forest Student

Reviewing the March, 1922, number of *The Wake Forest Student* was indeed a pleasant pastime. There is not a single article, story, or poem in this issue that is not worth reading. The issue contains two stories, two essays, and three poems, as well as an article by an alumnus, which make up a well balanced collection.

Let us consider the articles individually. The poem "March," an appropriate selection for the heading, is carefully written in a style of verse that requires skillful handling. "The Prussia of the East" is an essay dealing with Japanese ambitions and the relation of America to the fulfillment of these. The article shows careful preparation and considerable knowledge by the writer of conditions in the far East. The poem entitled "Back to the Land I Love" has for its theme one that is universally sung and written about—home. "The Keeper of the Faith" is an interesting story, but it appears to be a trifle melodramatic, and in places its word-pictures are a little too gorgeous. The essay "Teaching the English Language in the High Schools" treats of a subject whose importance can hardly be overstated. "John Gile," a story, though brief, is interesting because of its sudden climax. "Memories" is written in one of the most difficult verse forms, the sonnet. "Modern Poetry," an article written by an alumnus, delivers a vigorous attack upon the slip-shod, careless tendencies of modern free-verse.

N. P. Y., '23.

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VOLUME XXXIII

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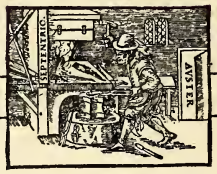

DE MAGNETE —

"WORD MONGERS" *and* "CHATTERING BARBERS"

"Word mongers" and "chattering barbers," Gilbert called those of his predecessors who asserted that a wound made by a magnetized needle was painless, that a magnet will attract silver, that the diamond will draw iron, that the magnet thirsts and dies in the absence of iron, that a magnet, pulverized and taken with sweetened water, will cure headaches and prevent fat.

Before Gilbert died in 1603, he had done much to explain magnetism and electricity through experiment. He found that by hammering iron held in a magnetic meridian it can be magnetized. He discovered that the compass needle is controlled by the earth's magnetism and that one magnet can remagnetize another that has lost its power. He noted the common electrical attraction of rubbed bodies, among them diamonds, as well as glass, crystals, and stones, and was the first to study electricity as a distinct force.

"Not in books, but in things themselves, look for knowledge," he shouted. This man helped to revolutionize methods of thinking—helped to make electricity what it has become. His fellow men were little concerned with him and his experiments. "Will Queen Elizabeth marry—and whom?" they were asking.

Elizabeth's flirtations mean little to us. Gilbert's method means much. It is the method that has made modern electricity what it has become, the method which enabled the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to discover new electrical principles now applied in transmitting power for hundreds of miles, in lighting homes electrically, in aiding physicians with the X-rays, in freeing civilization from drudgery.

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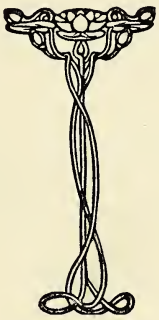

NOVEMBER

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-two

CONTENTS

LITERARY DEPARTMENT— PAGE

The Strategic Importance of Constantinople (An Essay) ..... N. W. Bennett, '24 3
Heart of the South (A Short Story) ..... W. R. Bourne, '23 8
For the Pigskin (A Short Story) ..... B. E. Elks, '24 13
The Character and Religion of the Turk (An Essay) ..... M. B. Wilson, '24 18
The Dreamer and His Dreams ..... H. B. Koon, '23 22
"Vanity Fair" as a Picture of Life (Review) ..... N. W. Bennett, '24 25
"Little Things" ..... B. E. Elks, '24 28
The Day-Dreamer (A Short Story) ..... J. A. Batson, '24 29
A Kind Deed (Sketch) ..... A. L. Foster, '23 36
Moonshine (A Short Story) ..... R. H. Hodges, '24 39
The Hunt (A Short Story) ..... W. K. Wynn, '25 44

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT—

Desirable Contributions 54
Our Attitude Toward Our Critics 54
Constitution of the "Wofford College Journal" 56

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT—

Review of "The Erothesian" ..... M. B. W., '24 59
Review of "The Wake Forest Student" ..... H. B. B., '23 59
Review of "The Clemson Chronicle" ..... H. L. K., '23 60
Acknowledgment of Exchanges 61
As Our Neighbors View Us 62

ADVERTISEMENTS 63

Literary Department

THE STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

THERE are four Mediterranean cities that belong to all men rather than to any one nation—Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, and Constantinople. Each has been the scene of crises in the history of mankind. Each has at one time stood first in the interest of the world and has gradually sunk back, if not to insignificance, to comparative unimportance. Of these cities, three of them have become of inestimable importance because of the character of the people dwelling in them; one gave the world law, another culture, and the third revealed to man his clearest conception of his relation to God. But Constantinople is not the home of any great people; its contribution to mankind has been neither spiritual nor cultural; its walls were reared by foreigners; its rulers have been men of alien races. It is unique among the cities of the world in that it is not the result of the efforts of a native patriotic people to make it so, but derives its value from natural position.

As Egypt is the gift of the Nile, so Constantinople is the gift of the Bosphorus. Blot out the Bosphorus, plant a plain or plateau over the space now occupied by its channel, and the Black Sea would be but another Caspian, shut off from the currents of mankind, itself unmarked by any great event and of only insignificant influence and importance to humanity; over the ground from which now rise the minarets of St. Sophia the Tracian shepherd would graze his sheep, far from the ambitions and struggles of modern civilization. That slender stream of such imperial importance is only a score of miles in length; it is nowhere more than three miles broad; at one place its current could be spanned by a bridge half as long as the Brooklyn Bridge; in space occupied it is trivial; upon the largest map it appears to be hardly more than a crooked

line. And yet that insignificant line has been the highway of nations from antiquity; it has been the artery of Europe and Asia, drawing them closer together although dividing them. From the days when Jason sailed its waters, through centuries of rise and fall of empires, now receiving the lashes of the baffled Persian monarch and now seeing the walls of Byzantium rising on its shores it has flowed on, bringing wealth and empire to those whose power enabled them to hold it. It is unrivalled by any stream in the world.

Credit must be awarded to Constantine, the Great, for first realizing the advantages that would accrue to an empire having Constantinople for its capital. Before his time there had stood upon two small hills at the eastern promontory of the peninsula, running out from the Balkans, the small city and acropolis of Byzantium. It had withstood sucessfully the prolonged assault of Philip of Macedon; in the second century after Christ it had withstood a three years assault by the forces of Rome, commanded by the emperor Serverus himself, and finally surrendered on account of starvation. Although its great strength must have been apparent, yet it was not until 330 A. D. that Constantine, seeking for a capital, chose Byzantium. "Of all the events of Constantine's life," says Dean Stanley, "this choice is the most convincing proof of his real genius."

For a thousand years it was the capital of the Greek Empire. Only once was it captured during that time—by the Crusaders in 1204. Its wealth and power increased and then waned, until in 1453 the Turks burst through the walls and passed over the dead body of the last Greek emperor to five hundred years of possession.

But during all the years before and since 1453 its stragetic importance, commercially and economically, has increased. Its value as a gateway for far-eastern products is not as great as it once was, but this loss has been more than counterbalanced by the development of the countries bordering on the Black Sea. Southwestern Russia, in the last one hundred and fifty years, has been transformed from a pastoral to an agricultural

region, rich in cereals. Cities grew marvellously, industries sprang up, oil and manganese were exported in enormous quantities. The vast regions watered and drained by the Dnieper and Don, the plain of Hungary, all sprang into modern industrial development, with products to be sold and needs to be supplied. And as inevitably as the waters of the Dnieper and Don and Danube flowed into the Black Sea, so the commerce of these regions was borne out through the Straits of Bosphorus and Dardanelles. From 70 per cent. to 90 per cent. of the total exports of these regions went through these straits.

And in just the proportion as these lands became economically strong, Constantinople—the gateway of Southern Russia—gained in political and military importance. The strength of the position was pre-eminent. Since the days, when in the hands of a few defenders it had resisted empires, the conditions of warfare had changed; many of the old citadels of the ancient world are valueless for modern military purposes. The massive and lofty walls of Constantinople could hardly offer, even if restored, much protection under modern methods. But the advantages bestowed by nature have diminished in no degree. The straits themselves are a moat against attack from the East. By water there is no approach except down the Bosphorus or up from the Mediterranean through the Dardanelles, passages so narrow and so commanded by the hills that crowd down to the shore that passage by a hostile fleet is well-nigh impossible.

On the rear, or westward side of the city, barrier after barrier interposes itself against invasion by land. The Danube guards the whole north of the Balkan Peninsula. South of, and almost parallel to the Danube, extends from sea to sea the mountain wall of the Balkans, pierced by only a few passes, each pass capable of being made a new Thermopylae. South of the Balkans stands the mighty natural fortress of Adrianople, commanding the whole plain of Thrace. Suppose the Danube, the Balkans, and Adrianople are overcome, there still remain nearly a hundred miles of marshes and shallow lakes, and mountains, interspersed and difficult of passage. The de-

fenders would have the inside position on a short line of defense; with three sides of the city protected from attack by water, all attention could be devoted to this western side. So, it is not strange, that since the fall of the Byzantine Empire Constantinople has looked but once upon a hostile campfire, and has but once beheld a victorious army of her foes. The other capitals of Europe—Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Vienna, Moscow, Rome—have all been captured again and again, but Constantinople, although in the hands of a weaker nation than these other cities, has not fallen. What a tribute it is to the natural defense of the city that although it was assaulted during the war by the combined British and French fleets, assisted by a land force, it was never endangered. To capture Constantinople would require both sea power and land power of the highest order, and it is doubtful if even then it could be carried against a determined and well organized resistance.

Yet that situation, so capable of defense, could prove just as favorable for offensive action. Able to issue from, or to withdraw within, the straits, and to close them as doors, Constantinople has a position for attack that far surpasses that of any other European capital. Asia and Europe—north and south—would be open to her; her navies could reach any Mediterranean or Black Sea land, and, in case of defeat, would be sure of a safe haven; her armies could strike into the heart of Asia Minor or Southern Europe, and if defeated could be reorganized behind sure defenses. And all the while the resources of one continent would be available against the other.

However, it is true that the role of Constantinople in history has been mainly defensive, but it is not difficult to discover the reason. Through most of the 1,500 years since its building by Constantine, it has been held by empires in decay. From the close of the sixth century until its overthrow by the Turks in 1453, the Byzantine Empire was in a state of tedious decline, of slow dissolution. And since that time it has been held by the Turks, whose empire, since the battle of Lepanto in 1571, has been going through the same kind of slow decay. In both these periods the city has prolonged the existence and has re-

tarded the slow decay of the empire of which it was the heart. That is, the continuance of the Byzantine Empire through its last weary centuries, and of the Ottoman Empire in more recent times, was primarily owing to the possession of Constantinople. Had neither held Constantinople each would have disappeared long ago.

And so this prize of strong growing empires, and last support of dying ones, strong by nature above all other cities, has pased the centuries. Napoleon, poring over a map of the region, might well exclaim: "Constantinople! It is the Empire of the world." Frederick the Great was unable to take it, and had to be content with a window in the marshes of the Baltic. Year after year, while one nation after another was reaching after the illusive prize, the Turk was weakening, his last jewel was slipping from his grasp. Today, like a picture flashed upon a screen, the center of world interest has again shifted to the point where east meets west,—to Constantinople the beautiful, the mystical, the unattainable. The determination of its future will decide very greatly the future peace of the world.

N. W. Bennett, '24.

International Relations Club Paper.

HEART OF THE SOUTH*

JUST outside the president's office, an old negro man was working in one of the campus flower-beds. On the grass nearby sat a small golden-haired boy, who alternately asked questions and munched a luscious red apple. The two seemed to epitomize an absolute freedom from responsibility.

Above them, in the office, no sound echoed save the slow, melodious voice of the great wall clock. A single, slanting, mellow bar of April gold, piercing the dim twilight of the room, filmed an aureole of dancing motes about the gray head of the man bowed over an open letter upon the desk. The president rose, and at the window, stared out across the college campus with unseeing gaze. On his gentle face deep furrows of pain rimmed in the tired eyes,—wide eyes in whose depths was mirrowed profound and sympathetic understanding of the world of "things." A single tear splashed upon the tense knuckles of one frail hand. His head dropped on his arms; a muffled cry of agony broke the still solemn silence.

"Oh God, must I do it?"

With slow steps he moved back to his desk and picked up the open letter. Again he read the lines that were already graven upon his heart:

"—and you know, better than any other, how difficult it is to raise money at a time like this. Difficult, did I say? No; impossible.

"Now, Dr. White, I have followed your work at the College of the South very closely for the last ten years, and I know that you are sending men forth useful and efficient. Yet in one way you are handicapping them. To teach a man that religion is a sound basis upon which to build a career is folly. There is no God; every unbiased geologist and every biologist is daily proving the truth of that statement. Yet you continue to saddle your young men with an exploded superstition. Still, it is not too late to change.

*Reprinted.

"Now, I have an offer to make you. Remove your chair of religious education, put your teaching on a basis of sound scientific fact, and send your graduates forth equipped to solve the commercial and industrial problems of the day without the restraint of maudlin sentiment. On the day you adopt such a policy I will endow the college with $5,000,000, of which you shall be the sole custodian—"

The president glanced around the room. The worn carpet, the shabby furniture, the cracked plaster,—all bespoke a very real poverty. With poignant clearness, the old doctor visualized the narrow, constricted class-rooms, the antiquated laboratory, the single, inadequate dormitory. His gaze turned to the letter again. Old Van Worden would be as good as his word. But he would not change one iota of his conditions. He would give the $5,000,000, but on his own terms only.

At the window again, Dr. White looked out through the delicate, April emerald of animate nature. Down to the left two dormitories might be built, great buildings that would house a thousand boys, buildings that would cling to the brown earth and hover fifty score souls. The tree-topped eminence to the front had surely been intended as a base for a gigantic structure that would tower to the skies, an edifice through whose broad corridors would sweep a constant stream of young men in search of knowledge,—youth seeking the immutable laws of the universe. Rapt in dreams, the aged seer saw his tiny microcosm alive with fresh vigor, the training ground for scientists and literati, a crucible for the casting of minds. Mercury-winged, his spirit slipped the bonds of necessity and fabricated a thousand fancies.

The clock chimes beat out six silvery strokes. Memory reawakened; the old doctor returned to his problem. With eager fingers he grasped a pen and began to write with firm strokes.

"Mr. Van Worden:—

Prompted by a full knowledge of the power you are extending me, I have decided—"

Pen poised above the paper, he stopped. Had a wailing whisper wavered through the room? Above his desk a great print of Raphael's Madonna and Child gleamed through the half light. Had the mother cried out? The doctor shook himself, but laid down his pen. He had almost signed away his allegiance to that Infant. His jaded brain took up the weary grind again.

Outside the window, the voices of the child and the old negro alternated in soft cadences. The doctor's lips wreathed in a faint smile at the interminable flow of persistent questions. But the two slipped from his consciousness as he strode up and down.

Would it be so terrible to remove religious education from the curriculum? Only a few men got the benefit of it. And for lack of funds even that small number would have to be reduced the next year. Opposed to them, a host of boys was awaiting training,—training that could not be given. On the uplands and in the lowlands of the State, boys were clamoring for education,—ambitious boys, questioning boys,—who must be disciplined or else become liabilities. Could any cirstances excuse their neglect?

In a little homestead hard by an inland river, the teacher saw a youth, saw the grisly grasp of poverty, saw a rich young mind unfold as the mental horizon widened, saw the will for vast attainment,—and saw the college portals swing shut in the face of that youth. Was his the right to close those gates? Again he saw that home and thousands like it, heard the wailed disappointment of the mothers and fathers whose dreams for their sons had swept the starred skies, and his indecision crystallized into firm determination. With resolute pen he wrote on:

"—to accept your offer. I will be in New York Wednesday morning to discuss all details with you.

Signed J. A. WHITE,
President College of the South."

As he rose from his desk a clear, childish treble arrested his attention. He slipped to the window. The old negro had stopped work. Seated at his side, the child was looking up at him with pursed brows. Evidently the subject of the moment had been under discussion for some time.

"But, Unca Jim, if He was tellin' 'em how to be good, why was the Jews mean to Him? He *was* tellin' 'em, wasn't he?"

The old negro patted the golden curls.

"To be sho, honey, to be sho. He wah a-preachin', an' a-teachin', an' a-raisin' folks f'om de daid, an' jes' natchully doin' all de good He can."

"My Sunday School teacher said they *kilt* Him. Did they?"

The old man nodded soberly.

"Yas, I spec dey did."

An insistent hand was laid upon his arm.

"Tell me about it."

One skinny black hand stroked the cotton-fringe of the bowed head.

"Wal, honey, you see hit wah like dis. Attah Jesus growed up to be a man, He seen how bad de folks wah, an' He tried to ho'p 'em. But dese yeah Jews, dey wahn't gwine to have nuffin like dat. So dey went an' got 'Im one day an' tuck 'Im up befo' de jedge, an' tol' de jedge dey want to crucify 'Im—"

"What's crucify?" the child demanded.

"Why, dat's to stick big twenty-penny nails thu His han's, an' hang 'Im up on a cross."

"What's a cross?"

The old negro showed him with the spade handle and a stick, and then continued:

"Now, dat jedge knowed Jesus ain't done nuffin, but he's sca'ed, so he washed he's han's in a pan, an' tol' 'em *dey* can crucify 'Im; *he* ain't gwine to have nuffin to do wid it. Wal, dem Jews made a hat outa tho'ns, an' fas'en it on His haid, an' den dey beat 'Im wid whups bigger'n dis spade han'le."

The child shuddered. The old teacher at the window above bowed his face in his hands.

"Dey put dat cross on He's back," the interlocutor went on, "an' make 'Im tote it way out to wheah dey was goin' to crucify 'Im. Dey dug a pos'-hole, an' den dey tuck 'Im an' nail 'Im fas' to dat cross, an' drap it in de hole."

"O-o-oh," whispered the child, his face white with anger and momentary fear. "If I'd a been there, I'd hit them mean old men. Why didn't Jesus call a p'liceman?"

The doctor's hands were damp with tears.

The white head of the old darky shook a sorrowful negative to the boy's question.

"Honey, He ain't need no p'liceman. W'y He can yell, an' fo'ty-leben angels'd ho'p 'Im."

"Why'nt He yell then?"

"Cause de Lawd done tol' 'Im to come down heah to de yeath, an' be crucified so'st wicked folks can be saved. An', honey, dat's de whole way of it."

The chimes of the clock beat out seven soft strokes that stole through the evening calm like a benediction.

"Law sakes, honey, we gotta be gwine. I spec yo' maw done been lookin' all 'round fo' you."

With unwonted silence the child slowly got to his feet. The old man picked up his tools, and side by side the two disappeared around the corner of the building.

For long minutes Dr. White stood at the window, while stormy sobs of pain and of exaltation shook his frail body like the beating of winds through slender birches. On his knees, his tear-dewed face uplifted to the Madonna and Child, he poured out his soul in thanksgiving. Then, with the quick impetuosity of youth, he picked up his letter to Van Worden and tore it into a thousand shreds.

W. R. BOURNE, '23.

FOR THE PIGSKIN

"DEAR MR. HAMER:

I want to know why you are not going out for football. Is it because you are afraid? Everybody is talking about you. They say that you have lost your nerve. They say that, since the game with Wilson High School when that halfback knocked you out, you have been afraid to play real football and have quit. I did not believe it at first, but I have asked you two or three times already, and you have refused to give any reason for quitting. If you still desire my companionship you write and explain, if you can, your reason for not playing. If your explanation is all right, you can go home with me from the literary society Friday night. If not—well, you can just stay as far from me as possible. I can't be seen going around with a coward.

Sincerely yours,
VIRGINIA MAYSON."

"Gee! how formal. A regular business letter," commented Charlie, as he, with a troubled smile, tenderly folded the letter. "Well, I thought she knew me better than that. But I suppose it does seem rather peculiar for me to quit without any explanation. I'll just have to tell her everything. The more I tell her now the better, for she certainly is ruffled. I'll answer this letter right now and explain everything," he ended, coming back to the world again.

"Dear Gin:

I did not know that people were saying this about me. I have not explained before because I was afraid that you would not like me as well if you knew the condition our family is in. Since my father's death, we have been on the verge of poverty. We have been able to keep the old home, but have had to work and economize to do it. We hope to liquidate all of our debts this year, but the whole family must work. Although I am going to school, I must give up football for the present. I

have explained to the coach, and he said he appreciated my point of view and thought he could defeat all the schools if I would promise to stay in condition and play in the final game against Harvey. I am keeping training, running every night and morning, and studying thoroughly all the formations. I feel that I will be able to do my best in that game. At least, I am going to show the people that I am not a coward.

I am sorry that I have not explained before, but I know you will forgive me. I'll tell you about everything Friday night. How does this complimentary close compare with yours?

Respectfully yours,

CHARLIE."

"I reckon that will clear matters up a little. She is a sweet girl, and I know she won't care if I am poor," mused Charlie. "But why wait until Friday night? That's two days off!"

* * * * * * * * *

Charlie had been as if in a trance all day. He could not keep his mind on anything. Repeatedly the professor called on him the second time, before he could secure Charlie's attention. Once he failed altogether, but as Charlie was usually very wide-awake, he, with a knowing smile, passed the question, leaving Charlie to his reverie.

Charlie ate scarcely any supper Friday night. He gulped down a glass of milk, grabbed a meat-biscuit, and hastened to the society hall.

He arrived a half hour before anyone else. How impatient he was! At every little noise he jumped and eagerly peered in that direction. When the boys and girls began to arrive in twos and threes, he grew more impatient than ever. He gave each group a hasty glance, and then began restlessly to pace back and forth. Nowhere did he see Virginia. Not until the president had called the society to order did he forlornly stagger into the hall.

After the roll was called, the president rose and began, "I see there is but one on the negative. I will appoint as extemporaneous debaters Mr. Charlie Hamer and er—"

"Mr. President," exclaimed Charlie, jumping to his feet. "I can—"

Just then the door opened and Virginia entered.

"Well, Mr. Hamer, what is it?" the president asked.

"Nothing," gulped Charlie.

"And as the other extemporaneous debater, Miss Virginia Mayson," the president finished.

Charlie started to rise again, thought better of it, and settled disconsolately back in his seat. Virginia paled, but said nothing.

Not once did Virginia look at Charlie. Time after time he tried to catch her eyes, but she entirely ignored him. With grim determination he followed her from the hall and, just as she was going to join a group of girls, stopped her.

"Virginia, what is the matter?" he pleaded.

"Please don't come near me, Mr. Hamer," Virginia returned. "And in the future call me Miss Virginia," she added.

"But, Virginia," gasped Charlie.

Virginia turned her head and joined a passing group.

"I didn't think she was that kind. If she doesn't want to associate with me because I am poor—well, I don't want that kind of a girl, I am sure," commented Charlie. And, with a proud lift of his head, he joined in the hilarity of a nearby crowd with a strained laugh.

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When the Harvey boys trotted on the field their supporters gave them a boisterous cheer, and the Rolandites emitted a gasp of admiration and fear as they beheld the clean-cut young giants. No wonder Harvey had not been defeated. Is it possible for our little fellows to beat them? was the thought that flitted through the mind of every Rolandite.

A noise began at one end of the field and quickly ate its way to the other, increasing to a mighty roar as the wiry, eager, clear-eyed Roland youths pranced into view. A wave of confidence ran through the crowd as Charlie was seen in the line-up. With Charlie in the game, anything could happen.

After running a few signals, the team, with the exception of the backfield men, went to the sidelines. Charlie was given a few moments to polish up his toe. He had just finished punting, when a little boy slipped a note in his hand. Puzzled, he opened it and read:

"Dear Charlie:

Won't you forgive me for acting like I have? You must think I am an awful heartless creature. Really, I am not. Jimmie misplaced your letter and his teacher just found it among some of her papers this morning. I understand everything now and admire you for the sacrifice you have been making. I will never forgive myself for misjudging you so. If you will forgive me throw your helmet into the air. I am in the middle of the field, where the large pennant is, and will be watching you. As ever,

'GIN.'"

"The dear. Oh, the sweet thing!" Charlie exclaimed, as he tore his helmet from his head and threw it again and again into the air.

For three quarters the teams battled without either goal being crossed. Time after time Harvey had the ball on Roland's ten-yard line, only to lose it when, with superhuman strength, the Roland youths stiffened, hurling their heavy opponents back for losses. Up to this time, Charlie had not done very much. Some thought he was scared, some that he had not been keeping training and was winded, and others thought that he was conserving his strength for a desperate assault in the last quarter, when Harvey would be somewhat weakened. In the final period he was in every play. He mercilessly battered the line, threw and received forward passes, and made some sensational end runs, only to be stopped when he neared Harvey's goal.

There was one more minute of play. Harvey had the ball on Roland's fifteen-yard line. Being unable to break through the desperate defense the Roland team put up, their quarter resorted to the aerial route. Roland was surprised. Harvey's

man was clear and the ball was sailing directly into his hands. Charlie saw the sphere leave the quarter's hands. He darted towards the receiving man, made a great lunge and miraculously caught the ball. He struck the ground on his one-yard line. With catlike agility, he was on his feet, side-stepping this man, stiff-arming one and outrunning the next. Two men were still between him and the goal, one on the right and one on the left. He dashed straight ahead. They bore down on him from each side, both leaving their feet at the same time; but as they left their feet, he left his. He cut a complete somersault in the air, hitting the ground on his right shoulder and neck. As he hit the ground he whirled on over, caught on his feet and was off with lightning-like rapidity, racing toward Harvey's goal, with Harvey's team at his heels.

As he crossed the goal line the final whistle blew. Everybody rushed to pay him tribute. But he, foreseeing the stampede, threw a sweater over his head and in the general confusion slipped through the crowd to the spot where Virginia had sat. She was still there.

He slipped down beside her. Neither, for the moment, broke the silence. Finally, she half-audibly whispered, "Charlie, how I have misjudged you. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" laughed Charlie, happily. "You haven't done anything for me to forgive. If the letter failed to reach you, that wasn't your fault, was it? But even if you had received it, I would gladly forgive you, Gin, dear," he added, fondly.

"Oh, I am so proud of you," she lisped, laying her hands in his. "Only you could do what you did. I feel like kissing you!"

And she did—that night.

B. E. ELKS, '24.

THE CHARACTER AND RELIGION OF THE TURK

ROM Chinese historians and Turkish inscriptions we learn something about the life and the early conditions of the Turkish tribes. We are told that originality was not a trait of these Turks and that they imitated to a great extent those civilizations nearest them. Indeed, up to the seventh century, their only culture was a smattering of Chinese and Indian civilizations. Many of the tribes lived on horseback, moving from place to place in search of pastures for their horses and cattle. They had no cities and they were continually moving their camps. Their clothing consisted of skins—their food of flesh and milk. They practiced polygamy, and sons married any of their fathers' wives except their own mothers. The Chinese writers give us a somewhat better description of the Turk about the sixth century. He had a written alphabet, and when taxes were collected the amounts were carved on pieces of wood. Marriages were transacted by arrangement and no longer by capture. The stories which tell of the customs and of the life of these early tribes are interesting, but we must pass on.

The Turks are divided into two main branches—the Seljuk Turks and the Ottoman Turks. The Seljuk Turks lived originally in Mongolia. Upon whomever they conquered they imposed the Turkish language and the Mohammedan religion. The Ottoman Turks, who came westward from the plateaus of inner Asia, supplanted the Seljuk Turks. In 1326 they founded an empire, with its capital at Brusa. Later, in 1371, they made Adrianople the Turkish capital.

From the year 1512 to 1520 the Turks conquered Syria, Egypt, and the Holy places of Mecca and Medina. Sultan Selim I then became the defender of the Moslem faith and he made himself head of the church. His successor carried the Mohammedan conquest far into Europe. He besieged Vienna in 1529, but met with no success. Later, Malta was besieged. After the defeat of the Turkish navy at Lepanto in 1571, and

after a second unsuccessful campaign against Vienna in 1683, there was a decline in Turkish power. In the early part of the nineteenth century the Greeks and Serbs successfully rose against the Turks and thus began the long conflict between the Christian and the Turks. Until 1876 internal difficulties were prominent in the empire. At that time the Liberal party forced the introduction of a constitution and of a parliament. These, however, were soon put aside, and Sultan Abdul Hamid II continued to hold power until the Young Turks came into power in 1908. This party forced the Sultan to restore the constitution and the parliament. The young Turks, however, began to suppress the subject races, and they, in turn, failed. Their revolution tended to renew the old racial and religious hatreds. Indeed, it was the first of a series of events which led to the Great War of 1914.

In order to better understand the great problems which have centered around Turkey since this great conflict, let us look for a moment at the religion and character of the Turk.

The Turks are Mohammedans. Mohammedanism is based upon a fundamental belief in the unity of God and in the recognition of Mohammed by God as His most approved prophet. Not satisfied with the religions of his age and anxious to learn more, Mohammed attempted to accomplish this by living the life of a hermit. He would spend lonely days in a cave, where he said there would be reveries in which revelations appeared to him. He suffered fierce persecutions from his people. Believing that he was divinely appointed for the overthrow of idolatry, he endured hardships from them in order to bring about their reformation. Later, other motives than those of reform came to the leader, and his teachings not only permitted but promoted avarice, sensuality, and cruelty.

The Koran contains 114 chapters and is somewhat smaller than our New Testament. The Mohammedan confession of faith is, "There is no god but God and Mohammed is His prophet." The Mohammedans believe that the Koran is a later revelation than the Bible. They did not try to suppress

or prohibit the circulation of the Bible until they saw that there was danger of its superseding the Koran.

Some of the worst elements of the Turkish religion have been manifested in past years. The belief that Mohammedans are under no obligations to respect Christian property, the idea that murder and outrage are perfectly legitimate, and that any crime committed for the furtherance of Mohammedanism is just, are some of these characteristics. The Turks are also at times utterly indifferent to suffering and they have shown their brutality in horrible massacres. In past years the condition of the woman was in the main degraded, and the everyday language of the Turk vulgar in the extreme. The Turk is also inclined to be insolent and oppressive to all who are not of his faith.

The Turk has some good qualities as well as bad ones, however. As a rule he is temperate and in battle he is brave. Furthermore, the Turk is characterized everywhere by his obedience to his rulers and by his sense of discipline. We must not gain the impression that all of those low, mean traits displayed by Turks at times are general. As a general rule, on the other hand, they are kind, hospitable, and charitable.

In *Current History* for September, 1922, there is an interesting article by Rear-Admiral Colby M. Crosby. Having just returned from Constantinople, where he has made a study of conditions there, Mr. Crosby says that some of the reports made about the Turks are enormously exaggerated. He says that the Turk is loyal to his faith and that his standards of honesty are higher than those of men in many other portions of the world. He states further that the Turk is a faithful husband. Although by religion and by law the Turk is allowed four wives, he generally has only one. Today the man in Turkey who has more than one wife is looked upon with scorn.

Mr. Crosby says in his article that Armenian massacres have been almost entirely unknown since the constitutional government was proclaimed in 1908, or at least since the Young Turk party caused twenty Ottoman officers to be put to death for permitting acts of cruelty against the Armenians in 1915.

And so we see that the Turk has his good traits as well as his bad. Although he frequently manifests the lowest qualities of human nature, many of his characteristics are to be commended.

M. B. WILSON, '24.

International Relations Club Paper.

THE DREAMER AND HIS DREAMS

I SOMETIMES think there are more day-dreamers than night-dreamers, for everyone who has the least faculty of imagination is a day-dreamer. Day-dreams find their beginning in tender infancy. Childhood dreams of lollypops and chocolate drops, without money and without price. Earlier dreams are of toy stores, with dolls and steamboats and aeroplanes for the asking. The young girl dreams of being loved by a hero. The youth dreams of being the president of a college, or the boss in a mill, or the manager of a ball team, and of sailing seas and landing armies.

And so the dreams go on till, as we grow older, one of us dreams of being an artist like Abbey, or Sargent or Rosa Bonheur, or a singer like Caruso, or a merchant like Wannamaker, a soldier like Pershing, or a missionary like Dr. Grenfell. And such dreams continue through life.

A wise man, Joel, said that the time would come when young men should see visions and even old men should dream dreams. And both mean the same thing. To dream is pleasant, for it costs us nothing but imagination and a little spare time. To dream is easy and pleasurable, but to make our dreams come true is hard.

Only faith and works will make these dreams come true. I find a motto on a calendar in my study, "You cannot dream yourself into a character." And that is true, but like every other truth it has two sides. You cannot dream yourself into a character, but all characters and all accomplishments start in a few well-arranged ideas set on fire with inspiration. All begin with the dream. Back of the Brooklyn bridge and the Hudson tubes, back of Handel's "Largo" and Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," back of Dickens' "David Copperfield," back of the China Inland Mission and the chapel car was a dream dreamed in open daylight with open eyes.

Welcome the day dreamer, open your heart and hand to him. Don't say he is only a dreamer, for his dreams may come

true; just as someone says, "It can't be done," he may come along and do the impossible.

The pages of history are turned back, and I see a youth, a fair and ruddy boy. He is thoughtful looking, open-faced and good to look upon. He comes with swift, elastic steps, a curious coat of many colors upon his back. He is one of twelve brothers, all but one older than he. They are materialistic, and practical, and prosaic, and they hate him for his dreams. When they see him coming, he disturbs their thoughts about the price of wool and the harvesting of wheat, and they have no desire to be disturbed. So they say in contempt, with what is meant to be fine sarcasm: "Behold this dreamer cometh; we shall see what will become of his dreams."

Joseph, the dreamer, made good because his dreams were noble, while their's were mercenary. His were of patriotism and religion; their's were of cattle and lands. "We will see," they said, and they did see. They lived to see in fear and trembling the days when Joseph had become prime minister of the world's greatest empire and held their lives in the hollow of his hand.

The dreamer in the truest sense is an idealist. Idealism is the saving quality in character. I mean practical idealism, not the blowing of soap bubbles or the building of air castles. Joseph was a practical idealist of the best sort. And so was Joan of Arc, who said, "I saw the light and followed on." And so was Cromwell, with his praying regiment.

Jesus was the world's supreme practical idealist. He was supreme because he was not the product of this world; He was practical because His feet pressed the earthly paths of life and made prints which man could follow.

And as practical idealists who believe that our Master's dreams are all to come true, we are forced to several conclusions. One is that we must view the world and our part in it from a higher spiritual angle than that from which it is seen by most men. I often wonder what the strong-winged bird sees from his viewpoint as he pierces the air so high above us. This flight of the bird is analogous to the vision of the dreamer

who sees the world, not as a world to exploit, but as a world to be served. The dreamer sees what lies beyond the vision of other men; he sees the true problems of life and their influence.

And the other conclusion from our study of the dreamer is that we who would make our dreams come true must throw ourselves into life with the best that we have. There must be no withholding of tears or pains. If blood was the price of salvation, blood is also the price of the world's progress.

A man can do more than he thinks he can. Whatever you may think about Napoleon's Star of Destiny, you must believe in your own. Your task, young dreamer, may be to furnish the sinews of war for a great fight against evil, for we must hold the field we have won and completely rout our old-time enemy. It may be your task to emphasize the fundamental doctrines of our faith and to put the stress upon some church organization. We are in pressing need of cohesion in all our efforts to bring in the best. It may be yours to preach, or sell goods, or turn the soil, or teach school, always keeping two worlds in view. If so, I hope your dreams will all come true.

H. B. KOON, '23.

"VANITY FAIR" AS A PICTURE OF LIFE

AS ONE reads "Vanity Fair" one is struck more and more with the irony, the sarcasm, and the fun-poking of the author. Thackeray cannot be said to have drawn his picture with an impartial eye; the unpleasant and mean side of life is too much in relief at the expense of the nobler and purer, to give the reader much pleasure in reading, or confidence in the accuracy of the picture. In fact, the book is thrown down in disgust. The cutting comments of the author are a little too biting; he laughs at the follies and tragical blunders and vain conceits of his fellowman a trifle too gleefully; withal, there is too much sordidness and materialism even for the life pictured, and were it not for Thackeray's other writings his own disposition might suffer in reputation for his having taken such a view of life.

But, someone says, the picture of "Vanity Fair" is accurate; to the sphere of life with which it is concerned it is true. Are we to believe that everyone in that age measured a man by pounds per year? Not everyone was a Crawley, a Sharp, a Sedley, or Osborne. In laying open the glaring hideousness of part, Thackeray would have been just, but in "Vanity Fair" he has represented that part as being the whole, so that the picture is rather strained and causes the reader to question, involuntarily, part that was undoubtedly true. As a peddler, too full of the merits of his own wares, causes the housewife to conceive a vague sense of distrust in them, so Thackeray has painted this unbalanced picture in colors so bright and glaring that the confidence of the reader in its integrity is lost.

The book, although unbalanced, is a contrast—a contrast between two characters, which, although neither is to be admired, nevertheless have ample space between them for comparison. It is a contrast between Becky Sharp, the capable, brazen, fascinating, immoral woman of the world, and Amelia Sedley, true to an ideal, tender, pure as snow, but impractical. Becky was selfish, so was Amelia; but Becky was brazenly

and confessedly so, while Amelia gave over to selfishness unconsciously, mistaking it for duty. It is not inevitable that these two characters, as in life itself, should come together, but if they should it is inevitable that one be the innocent and unsuspecting victim of the other. Amelia's love was constant, causing her to neglect all others except its object, but Becky was incapable of love. These two are the central characters of "Vanity Fair;" they represent opposite poles in life—between them move the Crawleys, the Osbornes, my Lords, and "their transparencies." These two characters stand one at the top and the other at the bottom of a tawdry picture.

The age of Waterloo, and the years following, was not unlike our own. There is no evidence to show that the life of England rose to such heights of idealism, feigned or real, as did America during the war, but there is every reason to believe that it sank as low when "the tumult and the shouting" had died. There was the same prosperous class then as now that judges a man's worth by money. Note Osborne's words to George, Jr.: "Look at me and my banker's account. Look at your poor grandfather Sedley and his failure. And yet he was a better man than I was, this day twenty years—*a better man,* I should say, *by ten thousand pound.*" Old Osborne is the type of man not so often seen now, who, having acquired his riches by industry, ability and good fortune in tempestuous times, was shrewd enough to keep them. Sedley is the unfortunate—the victim of inflation. If they were alive today you would see Osborne buying a new Packard, getting richer every day. Sedley would be the luckless, caught by deflation of prices on one hand and the boll weevil on the other, selling his house on ——th avenue and living in a cottage, with an old model Cadillac, with worn out tires, rusting in the shelter.

The low ebb of religion as pictured is most noticeable; at no place in the book is there a glimpse of real religion. The churches are insignificant and tawdry, places of Sunday gathering indeed; of marriages and burial; of display; but not of communion with God. Of the two rectors mentioned, one is a sport, a gambler, a profligate; the other a simpering, dull,

uninteresting old-maid of a man, with no influence for good or bad. The writing of such tracts as the "Washerwoman of Finchley Common" and the organization of societies for supplying night caps to the Indians reveal the type—old-maidish and impractical. It failed to meet the needs of the hour. Even Major Dobbin, the representative of the best in the life, was by no means religious. Religion in England in the early nineteenth century was to be endured, accepted, and, as a form, supported, but not taken as the controlling and invigorating force of the soul.

And so, as the prevailing spirit of the age was shallow, prone to judge by material and, therefore, false standards, so the picture as painted by Thackeray is of the same nature, only over-intensified so as to be vivid. And this is the main unfavorable criticism: that it is extreme, too critical; Thackeray is too willing to laugh at sorrow, to be jocular over tragedy, and although his fun is wholesome and his criticisms of the part of life which he pictures on the whole accurate, yet his picture is too cruelly and unfeelingly objective; he is indeed the master of the show handling his puppets.

N. W. BENNETT, '24.

"LITTLE THINGS"

IT IS TRUE this may seem a small matter of which now I am going to write. It's about the continuous chatter, noise and fuss interrupting at night. If you're studying math or an art, you can concentrate not at all, for a chair will drop down from some part, make a gosh-awful fuss in the hall. Then the boys'll come into your room, lay down with their feet on your bed, light cigars with the end of your broom, wipe their shoes on your only clean spread. They will yell and they'll sing what they can. They will tell a dry joke and then laugh. Then they'll bet how fast the big back ran when he made that end run the last half. Do not think I don't like a good friend who drops in and will talk heart to heart. I speak of the presumptuous men who don't know when it's time to depart. If one's trying to work on your floor, from all noise please attempt to refrain. Do not open and shut his room door, and stay out; do not run him insane! Now boys, don't read this and get mad, it's fairness I want to enhance. Don't disturb e'er a studious lad. To rise high this may be his one chance.

B. E. ELKS, '24.

THE DAY-DREAMER

ON A fresh and balmy day in June little irrepressible Bebe alighted from her car and turning to her mother, said:

"This town is so dead that I'll die if something real exciting doesn't happen soon."

Her mother, smiling, answered quickly, "You are crazy, why don't you go in the house and practice your music lesson or study your Biology?"

Bebe, with a shrug of the shoulders, replied, "Shucks, I'm tired of practicing, practicing, practicing; I'll vow I'm just sick of those scales."

"All right, suit yourself," replied Mrs. Page, and with that she went into the house. Bebe sat down on the steps, with her elbows on her knees and her face in her hands. Here she gave herself up to a serious mood of reflection—in other words, day-dreaming.

Bebe was a typical example of what we call today a high school adventuress. She was small of stature, her hair was bobbed Buster Brown style, and her eyes were of the large grayish-blue variety. She was as graceful as a dancing nymph, and her dress was as neat and perfect as a pin. She was beautiful, keen, adventurous, and above all, independent. She knew well the power of her enchanting love and she did not fail to use it to secure the attention and association of the other sex.

She sat on the steps thinking how happy she would be if she could marry a man of the Conrad Nagel type. How it would please her if he would come and escort her into the realm of moviedom, where she could cherish the love and affection of the world's greatest screen loving-artists. What a life of love and luxury she would lead, and how sensationally she would be featured in the *New York Times* as the loving fiancée of that famous actor, Conrad Nagel. This gay and fantastic reverie culminated in an impulsive change of thought and mood. She rose quicky and went into the house.

She picked up the evening paper and carelessly scanned the society sheet and the comic section, finding nothing of any particular interest. She then went into her room and made a feeble effort to study, but was unable to concentrate, whereupon she decided to go to bed. She lay there on her side staring, with half-opened eyes, into the front yard. Finally she dropped into the land of dreams.

Two graceful little nymphs, dressed in beautiful and unruffled silk gowns, stopped their speedy golden star at her window, and grasping her by the arms said, "Come with us and we will carry you to the Ethereal Ball." Little Bebe was so overwhelmed with joy that she could respond only with a positive nod. She mounted the third point, thus balancing the star, and they sped into the lofty spaces of the night. Bebe was so thrilled that she could only speak in silent admiration. But, alas, joy doth lend way to misfortune. The fast-flying star collided with another star that sent them tumbling into space. But fortunately Bebe landed on the star of Hope where the Goddess of Love reigned. Poor little Bebe was so frightened and terrified that she threw her arms around the goddess' neck, and with tears rolling down her rosy cheeks said, "Oh Love, please protect me!"

The goddess, on learning her troubles, gave her a little golden package, bound with a red cord, and said, "Open it and you will find a little book; turn to the first page and read the first sentence, then close your eyes and repeat it three times and you'll find yourself at the Ethereal Ball. Bebe, still a little nervous, opened the package and had read only the first word "Zaza," when she was suddenly awakened by her brother.

"Ah, Buster, why did you wake me up," she said, "I was having the best dream."

Rising to a sitting position, she began to rub her eyes lightly with her tiny fist. She was sleepy and disappointed, for her dream had been interrupted.

As usual she ate very little breakfast. At nine she got into the car and drove up town after the mail. She met the postman at the corner, where he handed her several letters,

among which was a scarlet card bearing this advertisement: "Madam Zaza, the great palmist, at the old Park House all this week."

"I'll go over and get Doris," she said, "and we'll have our fortune told; maybe she'll tell me something good that I can look forward to." She found Doris with very little trouble, and they drove up to the old Park House. This was a large ten-roomed house, long since deserted because of its age. It was weather-beaten and decayed, and was leaning a little to the left. As they approached it Bebe's nerve began to fail her for the first time, and turning to Doris, she said, "Reckon mamma will find out about us coming here? Lord, if she does she will kill me." Doris was ready to turn back, more so than Bebe. They began to stare at each other and wonder, when Bebe said, "Come on, we'll take a chance, maybe she won't find it out this time."

The old house was quiet and still, not a soul present except Madam Zaza. They went down the long, dirty, creaking hall and entered the last room on the right. They were scared speechless when they faced this old woman, all alone in the empty house.

"Want your fortune told?" she asked.

"I do," said Bebe faintly.

She advanced and gave her hand to Madam Zaza, who told her, in addition to many other things, that at present she was admiring a married man who lived in another State, and that in the near future she was going to meet a man of small stature, with black eyes, black hair, and a little moustache, to whom she would become engaged but whom she would never marry.

She was so thrilled with this news that she forgot everything else that Madam Zaza told her. She and Doris left the house almost at a run, fearful of the results should they be caught. Fortunately they escaped unseen.

On their way back Bebe told Doris her dream of the night before. "That word Zaza is certainly a strange one, maybe it will get you that black-eyed man after all," said Doris.

"I sure hope so," replied Bebe.

"But, listen, Doris," said Bebe, "I've got a date with William Fewell to go the pictures tomorrow night. I would much rather come to your bridge party, but don't see how I can break this date."

"Ah, Bebe, don't break your date," replied Doris, "for you know how crazy he is about you, and, too, he's leaving for Yale next week."

"That's true," answered Bebe. "Guess I'd better not break it."

At these words they parted. Beebe was thrilled and delighted with the thought of her dream and experience with Madam Zaza. "Something exciting might happen after all," she mused ecstatically.

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On the following night William Fewell, a Yale student, who had been playing summer ball with the fast city amateur team, and who had been going with Bebe only a short while, came to take her to the pictures. At first Bebe hesitated to mention her secret to him, but on second thought she decided to tell him about it, for he was an intelligent example of a sincere confidant.

William laughed at her. "I wonder what the workings of your brain are anyway? You're a regular day-dreamer. Maybe the Goddess of Love will send that black-eyed beauty to you on some pretty moonlight night."

"I wish she would," she said seriously.

They discussed thoroughly the possibilities as well as the probabilities of this little romantic adventure as they walked slowly up the street.

They had been sitting in the theatre for nearly an hour when Bebe touched William lightly on the arm. "Look here, William," she whispered. He turned and looked down into her lap, where she was holding the mirror of her vanity case at such an angle that the head of a man, sitting several rows behind them, was reflected directly in it.

"William, there's may man," she said. "Isn't he perfectly darling?" and with that she took a long breath. "He's got

black hair, black eyes, and a cute little moustache. Gee, isn't he handsome!" I wonder what his name is?"

"I don't know, but I'll ask him if you wish," replied William.

She lost sight and interest in everything about her, even in William, in order to admire that focused image of Rudolph Valentino. Her heart was beating rapidly, and her mind and soul was slowly drinking in the charm of this handsome man. He was sitting so near that she was afraid to turn around. But unconsciously he proved himself a joy-killer to this lovely little admirer, for he got up and left.

"Oh, goodness, he's leaving!" exclaimed Bebe. "What can I do?" And with this she turned, only to catch a glimpse of his back as he hurried out the door. She was thrilled as well as disappointed. In fact, she lost all inspiration to talk, for she preferred rather to sit alone and unnoticed, to dream of this ideal personage.

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It was July when Doris and Bebe left the city to spend a few weeks at the beach. There they lived a joyful life, bathing in the surf, playing cards, and attending evening parties and dances.

One afternoon, while Bebe was sitting on the piazza, she received a telegram which frightened her very much, for she began quickly to think of what might have happened at home. But upon reading it her fright quickly vanished, for it was not from home but from William Fewell, who was coming to spend a week-end at the beach. She hurried upstairs and showed it to Doris, and they both decided to meet him at the station.

On the following day they arrived at the depot just as the train was pulling in. William emerged from the crowd, looking in every direction as if he expected them to meet him. His attention was suddenly attracted by Bebe's calling him from her car near the curbing. "Come this way, William."

William advanced quickly toward the car, and smiling, said, "Hello, Bebe and Doris, I'm so glad to see you again." And

on their way back to the house they kept him busy answering questions as to how everybody was getting along at home.

They gaily and joyfully took advantage of every amusement and pleasure while William was there, and when the time came for him to leave they could hardly realize it. The week-end had seemed shorter than a day. But they all again went to the depot and told him goodbye. Then Doris and Bebe hurried back to the house to dress for an evening party.

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One day directly after dinner Bebe chanced to be strolling along the beach with Doris when she spied a large silk umbrella, open and lying on the ground, under which sat her brother and two other people, one of whom was a girl. She and Doris advanced to say a word to Jack. But when they were within a few feet of him, Bebe came to a sudden halt. Who was it that she faced but the same man spoken of by Madam Zaza and focused in her vanity mirror at the theatre? She quickly recovered herself, and was introduced to this man and the young lady with her brother. At last she had realized part of her dream. She had shaken his hand and learned his name; it was Theodore Poindexter.

"Let us go for a walk," suggested Poindexter.

"All right," Bebe gladly responded.

"Were you ever at Linwood?" asked Bebe.

"I was there a few days last spring representing the Winchester Rifle Company," he said.

When they had walked a short distance down the beach they turned around and came back to the large, handsome pavilion and sat down on the bottom row of the large steps which faced the ocean. Here they talked for some time, recalling joyfully the time they had spent at the beach and elsewhere during the past summer. But Poindexter said very little, for he spent most of the time silently admiring this charming little girl. Their conversation was suddenly brought to a close when Bebe said, "Mr. Poindexter, please excuse me, for I have an engagement with mother at six."

Poindexter smiled. "Certainly," he said. "And when can I see you again, Miss Page?"

"Tuesday evening at eight," answered Bebe. And with that they separated.

Bebe did not mention her new acquaintance to her mother, but she and Doris talked until late that night about him. She could think and talk of nothing except Poindexter, for she longed for Tuesday evening to come.

At last the time came. They went out on the beach and seated themselves in practically the same place where they had been before, and there in the moonlight they talked for a long time. Bebe could no longer keep back her romantic experience in meeting him, and she related to him the account in full detail. Poindexter listened to every part with delight, and when she had finished he replied, "I consider myself only too fortunate in claiming the honor of your acquaintance." And since he, like many others, had fallen desperately in love with her charming personage, he took her by the arms and said, "Will you honor me even more by accepting that name which you wished to know for so long a time?"

But the vacillating Bebe drew back and said in a low voice, "No." For her pleasure had been in the romantic search and not in claiming the prey. Her interest thus far had proven to be the result of a temporary emotion and a fascinating desire, but the novelty had all faded when she realized that she had him in her possession. Thus the love of Poindexter was thrown aside and his joy converted into a complete disappointment.

He was so startled that he didn't know what to do or think. He let her arms slowly slip from his hands and turned and went away. Bebe was disappointed that her conscience had prompted her so abruptly. But she finally concluded that it was only the way of a flippant little day-dreamer, and walked away and went into the house.

J. A. Batson, '24.

A KIND DEED

IT WAS a bleak, cold morning in early January. Outside, the fast falling snow was being driven forcibly before the howling, shrieking wind.

In the little village store all was snug and warm. A large stove, standing on its sand-box pedestal, in the center of the room, roared cheerily. Grouped around this stove, some sitting on boxes, others on the counter, with the seat of honor—the only chair—occupied by Doctor Sawyer (the only real "iddicated" man in the village), were about a dozen men. The odor of tobacco juice filled the room. Occasionally one of the men would throw back his head and "put-tuh," and a large wad of ambeer would go sailing towards the stove. As it hit, there would be a sharp, frying sound, a small, pale wisp of smoke would float leisurely upward, and all would be quiet again, save for the roaring of the stove and the screaming of the wind. Conversation had died.

Suddenly all were awakened from their lethargy by a gust of icy wind which drove through the opening door, carrying before it a short, chunky negro, and a mass of snow. Quickly shutting the door, he stood with his back against it, looking wistfully at the glowing stove. The snow on his hat and coat caused his coal black features to look even blacker still. In his eyes there was a look of utter misery. His large overalls, hanging loosely from him, added greatly to his woebegone appearance.

Doctor Sawyer was the first to break the silence, saying, "Come on, Ike, and thaw out a bit." At this, the negro moved slowly towards the stove.

"What's the trouble?" the doctor continued, "You look tired and worried."

"Yassuh, Doc. Dat's jes what I is. My ole 'oman's done gone and lef me agin, an I jes buyed her two brang, spang new washtubs day fo' yestiddy. I aluz is argufied dat women is de most ungratefullest things what is."

"That's too bad, Ike. But don't worry, she'll be back in a few days."

"Nawsuh, Doc. She ain' comin' back. What Mirandy say she ain' gwine a do, she ain' gwine a do, an dat's sho as shooten. Las time she lef me I had ter go clar down ter whar she wuz an fetch her back. Cost me nigh onto fo' dolla's, sides de washen she done losted."

"Well, can't you go after her again?"

"Nawsuh, I sho can't. Dat low down Tom Williams done gone an loaded his dices an skunt me fo' I skivered de whyfo' uv it."

"Didn't you get your money back when you found the dice were loaded?"

"Nawsuh, I didn', cause I done gone ack a plum, bline fool, what I is, an fergot my razur. An when I got back wid it, Tom he done gone. I aluz did say dat yellow, skunk uv a nigger wuz a kowerd."

"Oh, well, everything will be all right in a day or so, Ike. Just forget your troubles for awhile. Brown has just bet me ten dollars that I can't hide an egg in this store so that he can't find it. If I win I'll give you half the bet. Now watch the fun."

Ike's eyes began to sparkle, and his large mouth spread into a broad grin, exposing two even rows of solid, white ivory. "Dat'll git Mirandy back," he said with a chuckle. "Thank yo', suh."

Brown was soon made aware of the bet which he had not made. He gladly accepted the part thrust upon him, however, and was soon tightly blindfolded. Doctor Sawyer then went to where Ike was sitting, and raising his hat, placed the egg on top of the woolly head. "Now keep still," he said, as he placed the hat firmly back in its accustomed position.

Brown immediately started a careful and diligent search but failed to find the hidden egg. Finally he stopped in front of Ike. "I believe you've got that egg," he said, slapping him over the head with his open palm. A dull "pop" followed. Ike's whole body stiffened, his eyes flew open in a lifeless

stare, his mouth dropped open with a gasp. Tiny streams of a yellow, slimy, oozy substance ran down over his forehead, dripped into his eyes, ran down by his nose and into his open mouth. A sickening odor filled the room. Still gasping, Ike jumped up and screamed, "My Gawd! white folkses, look what you done done," and rushed for the door.

Then the pent up flood burst forth. Choking with laughter, the doctor rolled on the floor, steady streams of tears flowing from his eyes. Dull slaps resounded as the men hit one another on the back in their hilarious glee. "Well, boys," the doctor finally said, "Ike has forgotten his matrimonial difficulties. We have done one kind deed today, at least."

ALTON L. FOSTER, '23.

MOONSHINE

THE MOON beamed brightly down, bathing this round old earth in a glow of radiance. The white creamy light seemed to be blown gently back and forth across the landscape, and all was peace.

Why was Mr. Moon so happy? Every golden beam seemed endued with life. Keen eyes could almost see elves and fairies dancing through the soft effulgence. What did old Round Face see that he smiled so? Was man so amusing as all that! Did the frivolities enacted under his pleasant gaze this night give the genial old gentleman such pleasure that he could only hold his fat sides and chuckle perpetually? Was he in such a humor that no whiff of cloud or bit of moisture dared obscure his jolly face?

Was he gay because of the sights in Mobile, or did he chuckle at some prank done in Pierre or Springfield? Or could the happenings in Acornville, S. C., have brought any levity to his jolly old countenance?

Perhaps, when he looked toward the home of our sheriff, that proud old champion of the law, his cavernous mouth opened in a smile a whole degree wide. When his eye rested on that zealous son of prohibition,—who had offered one hundred dollars reward for every man captured with a still,—his face beamed. And when he made out John Black, creeping through the woods toward a deserted barn, his eyes twinkled so brightly that a little boy in Sumter tried to read his master's newspaper by moonlight. But the wise old moon had just seen sorrow in Chicago, so that he turned to watch the sturdy eighteen-year-old hastily, but silently, making his way through the bushes. Perhaps a fairy or elf playing in a moonbeam had sent his jovial old father a message. However that may be, the fun-loving old sage watched the lad hurrying, hurrying, hurrying through the silent woods toward a deserted barn covered with autumn leaves. But perhaps the barn wasn't deserted, for a little ring of smoke seemed to curl toward the sky.

And then for some reason that he hardly knew he watched with the corner of his eye the proud old sheriff and the revenue officer quarreling violently.

Now, who knows what made him cut his eye and look two miles in the country? But he did. And coming toward the deserted barn he saw the greedy old landlord—Stewart—who thought he could catch a moonshiner and get a hundred dollars reward.

Now that the sturdy eighteen-year-old had entered the silant barn Mr. Moon turned his gaze unwillingly away, but listened for a message from the elves, and this is what they told.

The sturdy eighteen-year-old rushed panting into the apparently deserted barn. A dirty, oily lamp burned on a little shelf newly made in the gloomy old house. But running to the stove, the boy began extinguishing the slow fire, which burned beneath a big copper pot.

His father, a bulky, rugged, bearded old man, jerked him away with an oath.

"What's wrong with you, kid? Crazy!"

"Pa, Pa," began the boy breathlessly.

"Now, look here, young'n, if you got anything to say to me, take your time and say it."

The boy restrained himself with an effort.

"Pa, them revenue officers is going to raid us tonight. Silas Bibly, what ain't paid you for them last two gallons, got drunk and squealed."

"How do y'u know?" And the old man shook him violently.

"I *know,* Pa. I was in town and heared one of O'Brien's men tell another one something. Then he saw me and went around the corner cussin'."

The old man reached for his shotgun and stood in the corner with the wild manner and deadly eyes of a caged animal. In that moment a feeling of fear and hate, commingled with helplessness, surged through his being.

The boy, with nimble, eager eye, inspected every crack and cranny of the strong old building in which they were. The

floor was solid. The walls and roof were made of impenetrable logs. The door was compact and strong, and locked with a bolt, either from the inside or outside. The building had no window. At a glance, the boy again saw all this that he knew, and a futile resolve to defend the building possessed him. But he looked toward his father, who was leaning on his gun with a vacant stare in his eyes, and his better sense asserted itself. He peered from the door, and a sixth sense seemed to warn him that a figure was creeping through the cotton patch. Perhaps his keen eye had caught a dead stalk moving in the moonlight. * * * They would have to go.

They slipped noiselessly from the door and around to the rear. Then they took to the woods, waded a long way down a creek and finally came out near their home. It was then that they broke the silence for the first time.

"Pa, it's a good thing that's on Mr. Stewart's land and not on yourn. We're safe. Old man Stewart 'll get suspected now?"

"As if I ain't lost one hundred dollars in my still and mash!"

They said no more until they came to the little four-room house they thought of as home.

"Feed the horse, John."

John went from the house, fed the horse, and being suddenly seized with an idea, he sped toward the branch.

He hardly knew what he intended doing. But he jumped into the creek with a splash that wet his head, and ran blindly on until he came near the abandoned barn.

Then he sat down suddenly on the bank, for he thought he saw somebody near the door. Somebody was moving with a gleaming bit of steel in his hand. He moved all the way around the house with that gleaming thing in his hand.

John lay as still as the rotten log near him until the man entered the door. Then, with the tread of a cat and the caution of a mouse, he crept to the building.

The man inside inspected the still, which was yet active, He was about to put away the gleaming bit of metal when,

thinking he heard a noise, he jumped behind a post. But he was too late. Before his very eyes the big door came shut with a resounding impact. He ran to open it. It refused to budge. He was caught.

On the outside, John, peeping through a tiny crack, saw his man struggle, but the door would not yield. Then he recognized the shiny piece of metal on the man's vest and his heart rose in exulting song. He had caught the sheriff! He had caught the sheriff!

John sat on a log in the edge of the woods listening to the muffled noise proceeding from the cabin, and laughed to himself. What would the self-righteous, stern old sheriff have to say now? What would the revenue officers do when they caught the sheriff?

John was aroused from his reverie by the shadow of a figure approaching in the moonlight. This man, too, crept hesitatingly. When he came into the open moonlight John felt his mouth open in astonishment. It was Stewart!

The man hesitated at the door. He, too, carried a short gleaming instrument. John felt his feet suddenly begin to move up and down as if they wanted to run. His cap almost seemed to rise in salute.

He could see the man opening the door, and then both coming out to look for him. He could see those gleaming weapons in action.

Stewart was now at the door. But John kept his seat. The scene seemed to hold a strange fascination for him. He wanted to run, but he wanted to see that door swing slowly open.

The man was undoing the latch. It was now or never. The door was open. He kept his place.

"Hands up!"

"Halt!"

"Come in here. That's right."

The sheriff must have been quicker, John thought.

Then, like a burst of light, a thought struck John, and with the rapidity of lightning he acted. He shot through the moon-

light. He hit the door with all his might. It was shutting. Something stopped it, almost. It latched. And John sat down suddenly.

Then he looked up at the round faced moon,—and it seemed to wink at him.

John was startled. He peered up searchingly. But the moon knew that John would send for the revenue officers and might even get the reward, and he turned his round, jovial eyes toward Nashville, or Saint Louis, or Montgomery to what was going on there.

R. H. Hodges, '24.

THE HUNT

THE Savannah River has a much nobler calling than that of separating South Carolina from Georgia. A person, viewing it from one of the cities along its course, where the ruthless hand of man has made it a nude, unattractive stream, cannot imagine the beauty which lies secluded but unabated for two hundred miles above its mouth. Nature has here reigned as absolute monarch since time immemorial; she is here today on a throne in all her glory.

Approximately at the half-way mark in these two hundred miles of picturesque scenery lies the climax of nature's handiwork. The river is just as broad and sluggish here, just as murky as it is in that unattractive area inhabited by men, but the scenery is so entrancing that these defects are insignificant and pass into utter obscurity. From the very brink of the water at this point on Georgia's soil rises a stately cliff for perhaps three hundred feet. Evergreen vines and mosses cling thickly and tenaciously, as if to clothe that magnificent rock against the wintry wind. Out of this rock limpid cold water slowly seeps from the crevices and trickles to the ends of these vines, only to fall from them and be lost in that ocean of murky water,—lost from the eye, but not from the ear, for each drop sends forth a musical tinkle which can be reproduced by none save nature's orchestra.

Standing on its summit one can easily survey the entire river and its swamp of cypress, willows and oaks, with an occasional cluster of pines on the low ridges. Twelve miles to the northwest the river appears to be a khaki thread, and only after twisting itself around countless bends does it reach the cliff in the form of a mighty river. Reluctantly it then twines its way southeastwardly until all is lost save the other end of the khaki thread.

One Saturday afternoon in late December, when the last rays of the setting sun were touching the brow of the cliff, a canoe with two occupants turned the last bend before reaching

its foot. One would not have thought that these two persons had paddled since early morning without stopping long enough to prepare dinner, for each stroke of the paddle sent the canoe forward with renewed energy. The canoe was turned sharply in to the bank just above the cliff, where a level plot of ground supported a growth of pines and water oaks.

"Mark, it is more than full pay for our day's paddling just to find this ideal camp site, isn't it?"

"We could not have found a better, Lynn, had we paddled a hundred miles instead of fifty. Say, I could eat the lining out of my old cap. We must not lose any time in preparing supper tonight."

"If you continue to talk about eating and don't help me get this camp equipment out of the canoe, food will be of little use to you when the time comes to eat it. Now, let me look, I think that is all. No, here are those ducks we killed. Take them and we'll be ready to pitch the tent on the pine ridge."

A few stars began to appear in the east, but in the west they were still held under subjection by a few lingering rays of light. Mark Naton and Lynn Dillard had pitched their tent and were carefully scrutinizing the duck, which was roasting over the red-hot embers, anticipating immediate relief from the gnawing hunger which they had experienced since early afternoon. Soon the duck was roasted to the proper shade of brown, and the two boys sat on a log to enjoy a feast the equal of which had seldom been seen under the shadow of "Cohen's Bluff."

"Mark, last night at this time we were eating on the shores of Big Buck Lake, and tonight at the foot of Cohen's Bluff. Tomorrow will be Sunday; what'll we do to pass away the time?"

"We'll do just as we planned to do when we talked it over at home," replied Mark. "In the morning after breakfast we must take the canoe and go exploring up Cristal Creek. We can spend just as quiet a Sunday by slowly and quietly paddling up the creek as we could by spending the day here in camp wishing for the night to come."

For a moment Lynn had a troubled expression on his face, but before he replied to Mark a faint smile had taken its place. "Yes, that is true, but the mere fact of having on our hunting clothes and having our guns in the canoe, makes me feel out of place. Usually, at that hour, we are dressed in our best clothes and listening to Dr. Nolan as he admonishes his congregation about joy-riding on Sunday."

"Well, Lynn, we always decide right anyhow, so when it is imposible to worship in our usual way, why is it wrong to spend the day as soberly as circumstances permit? We'll have our guns in the canoe because it would be unsafe to leave them in camp. The fact that a gun is in our possession does not make it a sin,—it is the use of the gun; and the use of it on Sunday is something we had not thought of. We'll be dressed in our hunting clothes because we have no others with us."

An hour after this conversation the moon rose on a scene of perfect bliss at the foot of Cohen's Bluff. Two boys were wrapped in deep sleep, which the occasional fiendish cry of the wild cats and the continuous hoot of the owls could not disturb. Would that the moon on the ensuing night could rise on a scene equally as contented.

Before ten o'clock next morning the explorers were at the mouth of Cristal Creek. The cache had been made and all the bulky equipment, including the less valuable articles, had been put there. The morning was clear and cold, just the kind of day that makes one feel there is no limitation to his energy. The canoe glided into the mouth of the creek with a swiftness which unmistakably told of the sanguine feeling prevailing over the spirits of the occupants. They could hardly have felt otherwise, for the whole atmosphere seemed to be charged with vim.

"This is a contrast to that muddy water, isn't it Mark?"

"I'll say it is; look at the banks on each side, they are as thick with canebrakes and cypress trees as any place we have been. We are as certain to see all varieties of animals in here as we are to see the water."

"We surely will," replied Lynn. "This, without exception, is the most promising hunting territory I have ever been in.

We'll require more self-control than the average person has to keep from shooting if a large ten-point buck takes this time to come down to the creek for his morning drink. I think we were wise when we put all our shells except four in the cache; yet if one of these half-starved cats loses his patience it may take more than four shells to satisfy him."

The canoe moved on for quite a distance before the stillness was broken by Mark.

"You may talk of saving your shells for the half-starved cats, but I am more concerned with these well-fed bootleggers who infest these swamps."

"Mark, you are all right," laughed Lynn, "but why let a little thing like that trouble you?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mark. "You may call it little if you like, but these illicit distillers are men of no character. Why, man, this is a moonshiner's swamp as well as a hunter's. In such a place as this, if one dares disturb their unlawful practices they are not undecided for a moment about what to do with him."

"What do you think they would do, Mark?"

"Well, nothing much, just shoot him, tie a sinker to his body, and let the catfish do the rest."

After a short period of laughter, silence again reigned supreme, but if thought had had a tongue there would have been a mighty noise, for after Mark's sarcastic comment Lynn lost himself in thought. Soon he gave utterance to his thoughts.

"You have given me an uneasy feeling that I can't shake off. Do you remember those tough-looking guys we met in the motor boat at Sister's Ferry? They looked as if feeding the catfish had ceased to give them any excitement, and they were then on the way to find something that would afford them more."

"We are not carrying out our plans, for when the animals hear us talk they naturally hide themselves," asserted Mark. "If we paddle slowly and noiselessly we will enjoy our trip much more."

These were the last words spoken for an hour by either of the boys. Their eyes became so active that they lost all desire to use their tongues. Neither of them had seen such sights in the animal world before. An observer of this scene would not have known that the boys had a gun, for they did not have the slightest desire to use one, they were so thoroughly absorbing that knowledge which is found in no book and is taught only in nature's school.

The myriad of squirrels which played on every limb of the trees had long since lost their timidity, and they directed little more thought to the canoe and its occupants than they did to the water itself.

The occasional rustling of the dried leaves in the canebrakes, accompanied by a powerful flapping of wings, told that the small droves of turkeys were ever on the alert. Neither did the ducks, which puddled in the water grasses, take any chances, for as the canoe swung noiselessly around the bends they were well on their flight to safety, leaving only a muddy section of agitated water to tell of their feasting place.

The attention of both boys was now directed to deer tracks on the bank of the creek. Neither had seen a deer in its natural habitat, so that they were examining the tracks as closely and as quietly as possible. The tracks suddenly disappeared, the last two being deeply embedded in the bank. The canoe was brought a little nearer the bank in order that these last two tracks could be carefully examined. Both of the trackers were leaning over the gunwale, with their eyes fixed on the ground, trying to determine the direction in which the deer made his leap.

"Halt! Come out dat boat."

This abrupt breaking of the stillness at such an unexpected moment filled the boys with terror. They almost jumped from their places in the canoe. Looking higher on the same bank upon which the deer tracks were, they saw first and foremost two guns leveled at their heads. It was impossible to know which frightened the boys the most, the guns or the uncouth, barbarous wielders of them. There stood two ape-like bipeds

towering over the canoe; one glimpse of them would have gone further in convincing the world of the theory of evolution of man than all of Darwin's works combined. There stood two hatless forms of medium height, with hollow cheeks, unshaven faces and tangled hair; they were dressed in old buck-skin jackets, discarded army breeches, and heavy, unlacked boots.

"Nor, stay in der boat," yelled the other. "Keep yer gun on 'em Tat, while I get ther guns out der boat."

Tat obeyed orders to the letter; he kept his gun oscillating between the two boys, while the other man waded nervously into the creek and up to the canoe. He eagerly grasped the boys' guns, and stepping backward, leveled both guns on the boys, who had their hands in the air and a cold sweat on their faces.

As soon as the man gained the bank he started giving his commands. "Now, you guys come out der boat to me."

This command was executed promptly. By the time the boys had gained the bank they had also gained some composure.

"Sol, throw yer gun on 'em good and tight, while I see if they got any guns on their hip."

Both boys were carefully examined and Tat was fully satisfied that they had no concealed weapons with them.

Much to the relief of both the boys, who had had their hands above their heads for all of five minutes, they were now permitted by a gruff order to "let 'em drap."

"Tat," ordered his co-worker, "walk 'em down to der landen, I'll row der boat."

The boys had gained self-control by this time, and discovered to their delight that their voices, which had departed so abruptly, had returned unimpaired.

Mark was the first of the captives to speak. With a boldness which startled Lynn, Mark inquired of the ruffian just what the offense was, and expressed his desire to know why they were being held up in this manner.

Tat, who had seen by this time how harmless his captives were, explained in a somewhat softened voice, "Yer are huntin' on these lands and it's posted."

At this explanation there was a mutual feeling of ease which found voice in two simultaneous sighs of relief. To know that they would not afford the catfish a banquet, justified the sanguine feeling which neither boy attempted to repress.

After having a conversation with Tat, the boys learned the reason for their arrest. Solomon, a rich Jew, who owned all the land adjacent to the river for several miles in this locality, and who posted it, kept five men whom he called "riders" to enforce the law. However, no posters were placed on the land to warn all would-be hunters of their fate.

The boys were informed that they would have to go to the village in which Solomon lived. As it was approximately eighteen miles to "Solomonville," part of this distance would be covered in an automobile, which was stationed at the edge of the swamp and under the protection of "Sheriff."

After walking for an hour the automobile was reached. Tat's friend, the "Sheriff," was asleep at his post, and was aroused only after being thoroughly shaken. Tat called him "Sheriff," but he was not a very formidable-looking one. His attire resembled that of a cow-boy save his breeches, which were corduroy. He was small in stature, but as soon as he stepped out of the automobile he assumed the posture of a pouter pigeon, and strutted around the captives with a superiority which none could imitate save he who holds a similarly important position as "Sheriv of Solomonville."

"Sheriff" at length completed his examination of the boys. Tat was making a move to get into the automobile, when he was called to one side by "Sheriff," who was standing near an old log. A brief conversation followed, at the end of which "Sheriff" raked some leaves from under the edge of the log and brought out a bottle of whiskey. The men insisted that everyone take a drink because they had ahead of them a cold and rough ride. The boys incurred no little enmity by repeatedly refusing to indulge. Tat and "Sheriff" seemed to think it their duty to drink the boys' share and their's also. After this was done, and a frown of displeasure directed toward the boys, "Sheriff" replaced the bottle.

The trip in the automobile was begun; two red-eyed, half-sober captors driving two resolute but nervous captives. It seemed a miracle that they reached the village alive, for the car was driven at a high rate of speed and the unsteady hand of the driver caused it to sway from one side of the road to the other. To the boys a wreck seemed inevitable. At the end of thirty minutes the nerve-racking experience was at an end, for they had reached Mr. Solomon's residence.

If pompousness signified importance then Mr. Solomon was the owner of half the universe rather than a small portion of the river swamp.

The boys explained in detail to Solomon their trip to Cohen's Bluff and their plans about hunting, impressing the fact on him that not a shot had been fired on his property by them. However, he was unmoved by their explanation, informing them that they could not be released till each had paid ten dollars, which was the smallest possible fine for hunting on posted property. He added that they could take the case to court and have a trial the next day. The boys had but one course of action under these conditions. The amount demanded for their release was paid. This left the boys only a few dollars to finance the remainder of their trip.

It being about three o'clock, the boys expressed their desire to be taken back to the canoe as soon as possible. This request was granted by the two who had driven them from the creek. The whiskey having had its effect, the return trip was made without undue excitement.

The boys' feelings were like those of a person who had been robbed by a bandit. They had been unjustly treated, yet they were helpless to remedy the case. The very fact that such an escapade had occurred on Sunday made them feel guilty of having desecrated the Sabbath.

The automobile was stopped almost in the same tracks it had previously made. The walk to the creek was not resumed until the bottle was again taken from under the log. This time it was carried to the creek, "so that old Sol could have a drink."

Sol, who had all this time been at the landing in charge of the canoe, saw the party come into the opening. As soon as he saw the bottle he jumped to his feet and met the debauchees with a sparkle in his eyes which distinctly told that he anticipated a big time.

Before the rum party had had time to reach the bank of the creek the boys were in the canoe and were carefully examining all their equipment. Finding it all there, they pushed the canoe out from the bank and started down the creek to Cohen's Bluff. As the canoe turned the bend the boys looked backward and saw three elderly men on the bank of the creek playing leapfrog, as a direct result of their last drink.

Early Monday morning, from the top of Cohen's Bluff, one might have seen two forms in a canoe which was moving down the river with a speed hardly greater than that of the sluggish water itself. A closer view would have revealed two heads slightly bowed as the paddles were carelessly dipped into the water. A still closer view would have shown two troubled faces with signs of discontentment plainly written on each; the source of it all was two minds with but a single thought—disappointment. Truly, no Indian ever more reluctantly turned his back on a happy hunting ground than did these two boys, when they realized the hunt of which they had dreamed could never become a reality, but to them must remain a dream forever.

W. K. WYNN, '25.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889

Vol. xxxiii No. 2

PUBLISHED THE 20TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE, PRESTON AND SNYDER LITERARY SOCIETIES

SPARTANBURG, S. C., NOVEMBER, 1922

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter.

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Editorial Department

Desirable Contributions

If it were possible I should like to secure a wider treatment of subjects in THE JOURNAL. Too many love stories, particularly the excessively saccharine kind, would be nauseating; and I trust that the Mary J. Holmes style of narration may never finds its way into the pages of our magazine. But aside from the purely narrative form of writing there are innumerable ways of treating material with which the student writer should be conversant.

Critical essays, commentaries, book and play reviews, and writings of a like nature are highly acceptable to the editor. Informal sketches, descriptions, and articles are equally as desirable. One-, two-, and three-act plays will not be lightly thrown into the wastebasket. And if there are any poets in college who are in retirement because of hypertrophied modesty, let them step forth and get their fountain pens filled. Since the removal from college of several of our distinguished literati, I find the editorial desk utterly void of effusions that could even remotely be classed as poems. Let this knowledge be a continual challenge to you men who write, so that this paucity of poetical contributions may cease to exist.

And let it be further understood that I shall always have time to examine every contribution of whatever nature, and to give an honest opinion on its worth and desirability to THE JOURNAL.

Out Attitude Toward Our Critics

Such volumes of condemnation, reproach, and opprobrium have been cast at the heads of the offending youth of the land that no action is left to us save that of instant, individual and collective recourse to sackcloth and ashes,—or so it would seem. How college professors, reformers, and other critics of various and sundry

kinds have ranted at the unrestrained licentiousness and vice rampant among girls and boys of all ages! The dignified, irreproachable periodicals have joined hands with the yellow journals, and together they have agreed that destruction and ruin only can follow so wanton and dissolute a period as that through which we have been, and are, passing. At present the storm of criticism seems to have abated, but such abatement can be only momentary, for conditions among the youth of the country have undergone no radical change as yet.

We, in the South, perhaps are not so well fitted to criticize these critics as the young men and women of other sections of the commonwealth. But we can and do know the attitude of our own particular localities. And it is high time that we, the maligned, should rise up in our own defense.

It is true, of course, that we are freer in our relations than the youngsters who have gone before us. But there is no case for the hammer-wielders here. The inhibitions and restrictions of a generation ago were unhealthy and conducive to a false morality. The relations between the sexes were such as to stifle the spirit of comraderie and mutual equality, which is the goal of all enlightened individuals. The weaker of the two sexes was so hedged about with false interdictions that no step could be taken toward the realization of a single standard of morality. Our present freedom is not a lamentable apostasy from the pursuit of an improved state of society; it is merely comradely equality.

Once it was not uncommon to find any number of tipsy youths staggering about a town, menaces to themselves and to all who perforce had to use the public thoroughfares. Even among college students this was no unusual occurence. It must be admitted, of course, that a vast amount of distilled poison is still consumed. And our critics point out the fact that we not only drink copiously, but that we also drink brazenly and openly, with no pretense of secrecy. Their contention is true. But here again there is no case for the critics.

In the first place, the sum total of those who drink is not nearly so great as it was twenty years ago. And in the second,

these same tipplers do not make tanks of themselves to the same degree as the youth of past generations did. It is both unfair and unjust to us that those who condemn us should take their horrible "examples" only from New York and Chicago, and from a few of the large eastern universities. New York is not the United States, nor is it even representative of the rest of the country.

For every youth who has been submerged in the maelstrom of licentious and dissolute excess there are a hundred who are still holding their own. Free we may be in our relations, and careless of antiquated dictums of conduct, but we are not in danger of "destruction and ruin." Surely the generation that is managing the affairs of the world has not been so unqualifiedly successful that it can afford to dictate rules of behavior to us. For if ever human life has been upset, it certainly was during the years consequent to 1914. And if we could render such yeoman-like service in hitching up the traces again, we surely can be trusted to be true to our youth and to those imperishable ideals that are the woof and warp of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

CONSTITUTION OF THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

PREAMBLE

We, the members of the 1921-22 staff of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, the student monthly magazine of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., realizing the value of a set of rules and regulations for governing, systematizing, and facilitating the publication of the said JOURNAL, do hereby formulate and approve the following guide, which shall be known as the Constitution of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

ARTICLE I

Purpose

The purpose of this constitution shall be, (1) to regulate the election of staff officers from session to session, (2) to make the staff a tangible and responsible organization, and (3) to assign, apportion, and designate in some specific way the

duties and responsibilities belonging to the members of the staff of the said publication.

ARTICLE II

The Staff and System of Election

The staff of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL shall consist of an Editor-in-Chief, three Literary Editors, Business Manager, Advertising Manager, Exchange Editor, and Circulation Manager.

The officers are divided into four classes, for the purpose of systematizing and facilitating their election:

Class 1—One Literary Editor, Business Manager.

Class 2—One Literary Editor, Circulation Manager.

Class 3—One Literary Editor, Exchange Editor.

Class 4—One Literary Editor, Advertising Manager.

All members of the staff are to be elected from the Senior class.

The four literary societies shall rotate in the election of these classes in the following order: Snyder, Calhoun, Preston, Carlisle.

From the four Literary Editors the outgoing staff of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL shall elect one person to act as Editor-in-Chief.

ARTICLE III

Duties of Officers

It shall be the duty of the Editor-in-Chief to censor carefully all material turned in to him for publication. He shall be responsible for the editorial pages of the magazine, and for the regularity and general character of the publication.

It shall be the duty of the Literary Editors to collect all material intended for publication, and to turn said material over to the Editor-in-Chief for alteration, rejection, or approval.

The Business Manager shall be directly responsible for all matters pertaining to the finances of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. He shall attend promptly to all bills and claims, and shall keep a clear record of all his business transactions.

It shall be the duty of the Advertising Manager to secure such advertising as is needed to successfully finance the publication of the said magazine.

It shall be the duty of the Circulation Manager to solicit subscriptions, and promptly mail a copy of THE JOURNAL to all of the subscribers and exchanges.

It shall be the duty of the Exchange Editor to make exchanges with the various colleges of South Carolina and elsewhere. He shall read carefully not less than four monthly publications from other colleges, and shall submit to the Editor-in-Chief for publication a written criticism of the said publications.

ARTICLE IV

Finances and Publishing Rules

Each student of Wofford College shall be assessed $2.50 per year for financing the publication of THE JOURNAL. This amount is payable to the Treasurer of the College at the opening of the session.

THE JOURNAL shall be published on the 15th of November, December, January, February, March, April, and May.

A copy of this constitution shall be published once during each session, in the November issue.

ARTICLE V

Miscellaneous

Any member of the staff failing to perform his duties as set forth in Article III is subject to impeachment by a majority vote of the staff. In case of impeachment, a new member shall be elected from the same society as the former member.

This constitution may be amended at any time by a majority vote of the current staff, and by the approval of three of the four literary societies. By-laws may be added on the same condition.

Exchange Department

**"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"**

The Erothesian

We enjoyed reading the October issue of *The Erothesian.* There is, however, much room for improvement in this publication.

To begin with, the numerous typographical errors that appear in the different articles indicate the utmost carelessness on the part of the proof reader or whoever is responsible. For instance, in one essay—"Women of the American Revolution"—we find *force* instead of *forced, may* instead of *many,* and *yardds* instead of *yards.* In the same article the use of a period instead of a comma separates a group of words from the rest of the sentence. Such errors in punctuation and spelling give a slip-shod appearance to any college publication.

It is also doubtful whether the jokes justify their appearance in *The Erothesian.* Perhaps some good poems would add more to its balance and literary value.

The review of "Sylvester Bonnard" is well written and deserves special mention. The two articles, "The Opportunity School" and "The Calico Commencement," add materially to the publication.

We enjoyed especially, however, the story, "Just As I Am," by Frances Player. The plot is original and the author develops it well. Its chief virtue, however, lies in its clever O. Henry-like ending.

M. B. W., '24.

The Wake Forest Student

The first issue of *The Wake Forest Student,* as a whole, gives the impression of lack of balance. Our conception of the purpose of a college magazine is that it should be purely the literary organ of the school. The student seems to be a kind of almanac in which

are gathered all the odds and ends of college life. Wouldn't it be better to do away with such departments as "In and About College" and "Notes and Clippings" and put them in your weekly paper? We merely suggest this.

"The Juggernaut" is the better of the two stories in this issue. The interest is aroused at once and is held to a certain extent throughout the story, in that there is plenty of action. A better plot with more attention to details would make this a creditable story.

"Georgiana" contains too much of the improbable. The dialogue of this article, however, is handled exceptionally well by the author and the plot outline is good, although there is very little reality to the story. H. B. B., '23.

The Clemson Chronicle

The October issue of *The Chronicle,* published by the students of Clemson College, is a very good one and well balanced, in that it has one short story, several poems, two essays, one of which is a historical one, editorials, and numerous, witty jokes. We will make a little comment on the most important of these articles.

The poem, "It's Just Like My Luck," paints a good picture of human nature and is written in good verse. In "You Can't Get Something For Nothing," a great truth is brought out that one must pay for what he gets, and as the writer ended this article—"What will you have? Pay for it and take it."

"College Activities" is something every new student should read and carry out in everyday life on the campus. The plot in "Fired" is very interesting, and detail after detail leads the reader up to a pleasing climax. We hope Mr. Ellison will treat us with some more short stories. One gets an interesting and historical account of the origin of the names of towns, rivers, mountains, etc., in "The Naming of the Up-country." In "Man," Mr. Woodle pictures before our eyes in simple and beautiful expressions the history of the mind and heart of man and the possibilities within them. It contains good logic and reason, and the important message of the writer is embodied

in one sentence—"A man's life depends upon the man living the life."

In "How to Win a Girl," the meter is poor, but poorer than that is the thought running through the poem. It seems that the writer has drawn the material for his poem from the minority rather than the majority of girls. There are some few flippant girls to whom his theme will apply, but he has overlooked the greater number of sensible girls who cannot be won in the way he advocates. "Better English" is an article worthy of reading and worthier of application. There is nothing of more intrinsic value to a college student than the ability to speak and write correct English. Space does not allow us to comment on the other poems, "Renew the Fight," "Mother," "The Parting Day," "Lose Like Men," "My Dream Lady," and "Boost Clemson." H. L. K., '23.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following publications in addition to the foregoing:

MAGAZINES.—*The Aurora,* Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.; *The Emory Phoenix,* Emory University, Ga.; *The Pine Branch,* Georgia Woman's College, Valdosta, Ga.; *The Middle Border,* Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.; *The Crimson,* Brigham Young University, Logan, Utah; *The Chimes,* Cathedral College, N. Y.; *The Aurora,* Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn.; *The Cornell Countryman,* Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; *The Cornell Era,* Ibid.

PAPERS.—*The Carletonian,* Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.; *The Optimist,* Abilene Christian College, Abilene, Tex.; *The Review,* Linfield College, McMinnville, Oreg.; *Davenport Weekly Record,* Davenport College for Young Women, Lenoir, N. C.; *The Weekly Gateway,* University of Omaha, Omaha, Neb.; *The Baker Orange,* Baker University, Baldwin City, Kan.; *University of Delaware Review,* Newark, Del.; *The Thielensian,* Thiel College, Greenville, Pa.; *Williamette Collegian,* Williamette University, Salem, Oreg.; *The Mountain Eagle,* College of the Ozarks, Clarksville, Ark.; *Maroon*

and Gold, Elon College, N. C.; *The Morris Harvey Comet,* Morris Harvey College, Barboursville, W. Va.; *Old Gold and Black,* Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, N. C.; *Gonzaga Bulletin,* Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash.; *Stetson Collegiate Weekly,* J. B. Stetson University, DeLand, Fla.; *The Antiochian,* Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

AS OUR NEIGHBORS VIEW US

The initial issue of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL has reached us to be read with much pleasure. The editors are certainly off for a good start, judging by the uniqueness and character of their first issue. The essays are well written and add much to the composition of the magazine. We like especially the one "John Cecil Rhodes." The stories, although in the greater part more of the sketch style, are interesting and well developed. "The Chip" is to be commended because it is of the true-to-life type. The magazine is weak in poetry. Why not at least three short poems each month? It will add to the beauty and make-up of THE JOURNAL.—*The Wake Forest Student.*

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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

DECEMBER
1922

VOLUME XXXIII

NUMBER 3

IPSE DIXIT *and* GALILEO

There was much learning but little real knowledge in Galileo's time (1564-1642). Aristotle was swallowed in bad Latin translations. Ipse dixit. No one checked him by what seemed vulgar, coarse experiment.

Galileo fought against the dead hand of tradition. He did not argue about Aristotle, but put him to the test. Aristotle led his readers to believe that of two bodies the heavier will fall the faster. Galileo simply climbed to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and dropped two unequal weights. The "best people" were horrified; they even refused to believe the result—that the weights reached the ground in equal times.

"Look at the world, and experiment, experiment," cried Galileo.

The biggest man in the 16th century was not Galileo in popular estimation, but Suleiman the Magnificent, the Ottoman Emperor, who swept through Eastern Europe with fire and sword and almost captured Vienna. Where is his magnificence now?

Galileo gave us science—established the paramount right of experimental evidence. Suleiman did little to help the world.

Hardly an experiment is made in modern science, which does not apply Galileo's results. When, for instance, the physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company study the motions of electrons in rarified atmospheres, or experiment to heighten the efficiency of generators and motors, they follow Galileo's example and substitute facts for beliefs.

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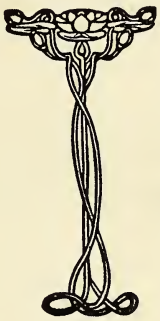

DECEMBER

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-two

CONTENTS

LITERARY DEPARTMENT— Page

The Other Present (A Short Story) ..... M. L. Meadors, '24 3

Aunt Jane's Story—Interrupted (A Short Story) ..... M. B. Wilson, '24 8

A Request (A Poem) ..... C. L. Eaddy, '24 12

U. S. G. S. (An Article) ..... W. C. Bowen, '23 13

Retrospection (A Poem) ..... J. A. Batson, '24 14

The Three Sisters (A Short Story) ..... R. H. Hodges, '24 15

The Greatest Christmas (A Short Story) ..... A. L. Foster, '23 23

The Establishing of the "Journal" (A Reminiscence) ..... Senator E. D. Smith, '89 29

Christmas (A Poem) ..... W. R. Bourne, '23 32

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT—

In This Issue 34

Exchanges 35

College Athletics and Studies 35

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT—

Review of "The Middle Border" ..... N. W. B., '24 38

Review of "The Bashaba" ..... E. C. B., '25 39

Review of "The Carolinian" ..... H. B. B., '23 40

Review of "The Criterion" ..... S. J. M., Jr., '25 40

Acknowledgment of Exchanges 42

As Our Neighbors View Us 42

ADVERTISEMENTS 43

Literary Department

THE OTHER PRESENT

THE DOOR of the little shack opened, and a small child, clad in a ragged coat which reached just below his waist, emerged from the dim half-light of the yellow fire in the room beyond. Beneath his short coat, shabby trousers were visible, while his legs were covered with ragged stockings, and on his feet were scraps of leather fastened together, here and there, with tacks and string. The child could not have been over nine years old. As he stepped out into the street and was struck by the first gust of wind, he seemed to shrink up and become even smaller in his pitiful rags. He manfully shoved his hands into the pockets of his skimpy coat, huddled his shoulders forward, and started down the street. Pressed close against the window pane, gazing after him, might have been seen the faces of a little girl and a woman. In the arms of the latter was a small bundle, which she held very close.

The boy continued his way down the street; he left the dark, unlighted portion, left the poor, detestable little shanties, sitting squat and slanting against the sidewalk; he passed the larger houses, huge, unpainted, barn-like structures, and finally came in sight of the bright lights. Bright lights they were; but such scenes as they shone upon! The shops were cheap, the contents cheaper; the advertisements screamed out at the passers-by, with a vulgar coarseness that coincided perfectly with the jumbled and disordered appearance of the goods in the show windows. There was a huge crowd on the street, jostling, pushing, pulling, moving this way and that like a writhing serpent.

The little boy turned aside to none of these things; he did not notice the gaily-lighted windows, but, with head bent downward and his hands in his pockets, pushed steadily on

till he came to a window in which was an advertisement a little more flashing than the rest. It was a likeness of Santa Claus, grinning merrily, and holding with one hand a great mug of foaming beer, while with the other he seemed to rub his large abdominal projection. The boy glanced at this a second, scowled perceptibly, and then moved toward the swinging doors of the saloon. As he approached, the one next to him swung sharply open and almost knocked him down. Three men burst out, two of them in blue uniforms, with clubs, while the one in the middle cursed and struggled fiercely. For a second the child was transfixed, as he recognized the face of his father. Then he sprang into action. He moved toward one of the policemen, touched him on the arm, and, looking up, said, "I've come fer Pa! I'll take him home now."

"Get out of the way," roared the big man. "He won't go home with you tonight."

"But he ain't no drunker'n the rest of 'em," the little boy pleaded.

"Can't you see he's been fighting? Get out of the way, I tell you," was the reply he received, as the policemen hustled the drunken wretch into the waiting "Black Maria."

The little fellow seemed for a moment on the verge of tears. Then he straightened up, swallowed once or twice, and started back the way he had come.

"It sho' will be hard on Ma, though," he muttered. "An' her 'spectin' t' git Pa sobered up all good fer Christmas."

He walked briskly at first, but as he neared the little box he called home his pace slackened. He hated the task which was before him,—that of telling his mother. He reached the house, stumbled reluctantly up the steps, and opened the door. His mother, who was rocking an old-fashioned cradle with her foot and holding a little girl in her arms, turned her head as he entered. Her face at first wore a querulous look, but this shortly changed to one of perplexity, and then one of consternation. She asked no question, however, but waited for the child to speak. He did not take long. His story was soon told, his voice quavering at first, but steadying as he tried to encour-

age the disappointed woman down whose cheeks the tears had begun to flow.

"Well, Danny, never you mind," she said. "You and Jenny kin have some Christmas, anyhow. Git your supper out o' the pot. You kin eat what I had fixed fer him, too."

The next day was Christmas Eve. Danny's mother gave him a few pieces of small change, which had been tied in a dingy handkerchief, and sent him to the store to buy "Christmas." He got a rattle for the baby, a cheap doll for his sister, some raisins, an orange, and a couple of apples, and by that time his money was gone.

He helped his mother play Santa Claus that night for Jenny and the baby. In the morning his sister rushed to her stocking, and drew out first the raisins and fruit. Then, reaching farther, her hand touched the cheap piece of clay, and as she saw it her little eyes beamed and she went into ecstasies.

* * * * * * * * *

Five years had passed. Danny had grown. His mother thought he was quite a man. And truly he acted the part of one. For five years now he had risen every morning at four o'clock to deliver papers, and for the same purpose had remained out long after dark in all kinds of weather. In addition to this, for the last four years he had worked as delivery boy for a cheap little grocery store several blocks away. Little Jenny had rapidly grown and learned; and now, at the age of ten, kept house and looked after the baby, that her mother might go off every day and work. The father had never been heard of. When Danny inquired of his mother where she supposed he was, she always replied that "he must be in prison—though five years is a long time, for just a fight." She never insinuated, or allowed him to suggest, that her husband might be anywhere else. "Still," thought Danny, "five years is a long time for a fight." Danny noticed once or twice that when he spoke of his father it brought a look of sadness to his mother's face, and from that time on he very seldom mentioned the matter.

It was nearing Christmas-time again. The snow had begun to fall early in the afternoon. It still floated down, the soft, feathery flakes nestling down among their fellows like myriads of tiny white birds gathering home to the great flock. The soft white blanket spread over the hideous objects in this unsightly part of the city, and created for the time being a thing of beauty. The children were beside themselves with joy. Very seldom could they be persuaded to leave their places by the window, where they watched the wonderful scene with rapt expressions.

Christmas in the last few years—since the father had been taken away—had gradually grown better, till this time it seemed as if they might, almost, have a happy one. Little Ann was just the age to love old Santa, and the two older children and their mother seemed to vie with each other in striving to make her happy, and to fulfill her expectations. They had each saved what little they could; and now on Christmas Eve, Danny and his sister started toward the stores to buy their little gifts and fruit. The shops were gaily lighted, and with their merry show of Christmas goods and decorations they were objects of awe and wonder to the two small children. Into almost every place they went, they looked at everything, priced most of the articles, and handled the objects of their especial interest, until someone hustled up and told them to "go on, and don't be meddling with the goods." Finally, they bought what little they could with their money and started home.

By the time they reached the house, little Ann was asleep, dreaming of the proverbial sugar-plums and St. Nick. They arranged the presents and sat down before the fire with their mother, helping her crack a few nuts for the morrow's rare feast.

Suddenly, there was a sound at the steps and a knock on the door. Danny, the man of the house, rose and opened it. Before him stood a delivery boy from one of the big downtown department stores. He was laden with bundles and packages, bulky and mysterious-looking.

"You must have got the wrong house," said Danny.

"No; this is the number on the packages," replied the boy, as with little ceremony he placed the things on the floor and turned. "Here's a note I was told to bring, too."

Danny took the note and handed it to his mother. She was pale, and her fingers trembled as she tore open the envelope.

"My Own Mary:

"There's another present for you at Telephone No. 3105—if you want it. I'm decent now, though it's taken me three long years, and I want to come back. Will you give me one more chance?

JAKE."

The mother turned to her son. "Run, Danny, to the store and call No. 3015. Tell whoever answers that Mother is waiting for the only real present she wants."

M. L. MEADORS, '24.

AUNT JANE'S STORY—INTERRUPTED

THE WIND whistled around the big house. At the sound, Aunt Jane scratched her gray, wooly head and threw another piece of wood on the fire. The logs crackled, and as the flames licked their way up the huge chimney, they lighted a spacious and comfortable room.

Seated nearest the chimney was the old servant, Aunt Jane. She was a reliable old negro woman, and on this particular night Mr. and Mrs. Carson had left her with their three small children. The parents had been called to the home of a sick friend, and they were not willing to leave their little ones alone. To Chester, the oldest of the Carson children, this attitude of the careful parents was an insult. He blushed behind the book, which he was pretending to read, to think that *he,* a twelve-year-old man, had to be nursed by an old "nigger" woman. Now the discomfiture of Chester delighted his mischievous brother, Bill. The ruddy-faced lad winked at Ellen, his little sister, as he informed Chester that "Ma" Jane would put him to bed when he got sleepy.

Indeed, with the exception of Bill, the four occupants of the room were unusually quiet. That one, however, would occasionally address a remark to Chester which would make the face of the twelve-year-old turn scarlet with embarrassment. Though Chester appeared indifferent, the little boy knew by the changing expression on his brother's face that he was succeeding wonderfully in teasing him. Finally, Bill turned to Aunt Jane and said, "Ma Jane, it sho' was good of you to nurse us three kids while Papa and Mama was away." This last remark was too much for his victim. Chester's pride was so severely wounded that he nearly burst into tears. Bill recognized his complete victory and covered his mouth and nose in an attempt to suppress a laugh. He was not successful, however, for in a moment an explosion of snickers burst through his chubby fists.

Suddenly the wind tore around the house with such a howl that Ellen shuddered and moved nearer Aunt Jane. The old woman, in turn, poked the fire and glanced uneasily about the room. Even Bill, forgetting his fun, became quiet.

The silence did not last long, however. Again Bill opened the conversation, but this time by addressing Aunt Jane.

"Ma Jane, tell us one of your ghost stories. I love to get scared."

"Lord, chile, I'se partic'lar 'bout what time uv de day I tells dem stories," muttered the old woman.

"You are an old coward, anyway," sneered Chester, laying his book aside.

"Well, if dat ain't a mannish chile," sighed Aunt Jane, "I neber is seen one."

"Oh, yes; he is just a child," declared Bill. "Pay no attention to him, Ma Jane, but do tell us one of those stories. There ain't nobody can tell 'em like you can."

Bill's bit of flattery was just the thing needed to persuade Aunt Jane.

"Hit's agin my principuls, but"— and the old woman looked again into the shadowy corners of the room.

"I knew you would! I knew you would!" cried Bill.

Ellen hid her face in the old nurse's apron and the story began.

"Well, hit wuz way back in slabery times dat dis story come 'bout. De truf is, hit's been so long ago, I can't sceercely ricollect jest how hit wuz. Enyway, me and Hezekiah—Hezekiah he wuz settin' up to me mightly dem days—we wuz comin' frum de lodge meetin' late in de night. Well, just befo' we got to Mt. Hebron Church, de wust sort uv storm broke out. Um-m-m, dat wuz a dark night. You couldn't uv tell dat dat ole gray mule Hezekiah wuz drivin' wasn't black. Hit's de truf if I eber tole it!"

Bill's brown eyes, open wide with wonder, were following every gesture that the old woman made. Even Ellen and Chester were listening intently.

"No," she continued, "I ain't neber is seen it rain lak dat befo'. De road wuz windin' through de woods—an' de trees—law de wind wuz jest tearin' 'em up. But, chile, de lightnin', I ain't said nothin' 'bout dat yet. Hit jest look lak de ole debil hisself wuz loose dat night. Hit's de truf if I eber tole it!"

At this moment Aunt Jane stopped to punch the fire. The intense interest glowing on the faces of her three auditors stimulated her imagination. She proceeded with her story.

"All uv a sudden, I heard a groan in de bushes an' I knowed dat hit wuz a ghost out in de storm. I neber is believe I could git so sceered befo'. I wuz tremlin' wust den de leafs on dem trees. I ricollected de night dat ole Josh Williams seen a ghost in dem very same woods."

Again the wind came moaning around the big house, beating against the blinds and rattling the windows. Ellen shuddered under her nurse's apron. Both Chester and Bill were pale. They glanced around the room but said nothing. Presently, Aunt Jane's muttering voice broke the silence.

"Hezekiah, he put his arm roun' me an' tell me not to worry while he wuz dere. He say dat de Lord would take care bof uv us. I wuz 'bout to tell 'im not to count too much on de Lord, when right befo' my eyes I seen de outlines uv old Mt. Hebron in de dark."

At this point in the story, Chester, complaining that the room was getting cold, moved nearer the fire. Bill, knowing his reason, laughed, but said nothing. Ellen, in the meanwhile, was begging Aunt Jane to discontinue the story. The old woman, however, pleased with the effect that her story was producing, continued: "Frum de time I seen dat chuch my heart stop beatin'. De rain had begun to fall as if de clouds had turn over. Hit's de truf if I eber tole it! Hezekiah, he got out to hitch de mule and say he wuz going in de chuch. I neber knowed he wuz sich a brave nigger. I wuz 'bout to tell 'im he wuz goin' widout me, when de lightnin' run all roun' de buggy wheel and knock de sparks out uv dat ole mule's tail. Hit's de truf if I eber tole it! Hit sho' wuz agin my princibuls to go to chuch dat time uv de day, but I went right up dem steps wid

Hezekiah. De chuch wuz open, but we jest stood inside de door. At first hit look lak nothin' wuzn't going to come out uv us stoppin' at de chuch. All uv a sudden de lightnin' flash and, befo' de Lord, I seen a woman dressed in white, lookin' down at us out de gallery! Hit's de truf if I eber tole it! I grab for Hezekiah, but dat low-down nigger wuz done gone. De lightnin' flash agin, and I heared de woman say—"

Suddenly Aunt Jane's head shot forward, her eyes widened into saucers, her bony fingers clutched convulsively at the tongs. The three children at the same time looked at each other with terrified eyes. Each had heard an unmistakable knock at the front door.

"I tole ye so! I tole ye so!" whispered Aunt Jane. "You chilluns knowed frum de very first dat hit wuz agin my princibuls. Oh! my Gawd, I tole—" Her voice was drowned by the wind howling around the house with greater fury than ever. As it quieted down, the same knock—knock—knock brought tears to Bill's eyes and a sob from Ellen.

"Shut up, little fool," wailed Chester. "You are just telling it where to find us!"

"Oh! my Gawd!" moaned Aunt Jane for the second time.

In a flash Bill's face brightened. He heard the hum of his father's big car. He would know it if he heard it in New York.

The four waited in tense excitement and fear until Mr. and Mrs. Carson hurried into the room. The good parents, nearly frozen, did not notice the expression on the faces of their children. Mr. Carson stood at the fire and rubbed his hands before the glowing blaze.

"Well, well," he said, "it's good to be back again. As we came up the steps, I saw old Rover sitting in a chair and rocking away. The back of the chair was striking the wall of the house, and I am surprised that you did not hear the—but, what's the matter?"

Aunt Jane was jumping up and down in the middle of the floor, clapping her hands, and uttering in half-articulate cries,

"Boss, dis is a releabed nigger! Hit's de truf! Hit's de Gawd's truf! Hit's de truf if I eber tole it!"

M. B. WILSON, '24.

A REQUEST

To a man who knows all nature,
  He who meets each day his God,
In the grove and in the pasture,
  By the lakes where lilies nod,
Comes a vague unwelcomed horror
  When the ghostly white old tombs,
Corner marks of untold sorrow,
  Appear where roses ought to bloom.

Too many bare spots left unflowered
  For us to see and ramble past;
Too many white slabs left thus towered
  Above the place where rich young grass
And flowers could spring and beautify
  These spots, and leave things ever bright
Here 'neath God's blue and open sky,
  Where legend-ghosts stalk through the night.

Thus, when at last I lay me down,
  As one among that aery host,
I pray Thee let no tunic gown
  Shall then enfold my silent ghost.
Yes, let no marble mark my resting;
  Just lay me there beneath the sod
Again to live in flowers caressing,
  And giving pleasure, please, my God.

C. L. EADDY, '24.

U. S. G. S.

OFTEN as you have strolled about the campus you have noticed these initials cut in the top of a rock buried nearly flush with the ground. There are three of these benchmarks, as they are called—one in front of Dr. Snyder's walk, another near the left tower, and a third just off the road by the Science Hall. The initials stand for United States Geodetic Survey. They were established as references for the engineers of Spartanburg and vicinity. A line from number one to number two runs true east and west; and from number two to number three, true north and south. Their elevation is 816 feet above sea-level, and their latitude is 34° 57′ 30.072″ N. longitude 81° 56′ 07.174″ W.

In the Spring of 1876 a party led by Mr. C. O. Boutelle established a triangulation station at Wofford. They built a tower on the main building about seventy feet high, from which they could see lights burning at similar stations on Hogback, Paris, and Kings Mountains. At night they would measure the angles between the lights burning on each of the other stations with great accuracy. The instrument used to read the angles was called a Theodolite and measured to seconds. Then by trigonometry they would calculate the distances.

About 1800 the Geodetic Survey began a map of the coastal regions of the United States. They had finished this map as far as Alaska in 1900. Today, maps of every harbor on the coast are available. As the harbors are continually undergoing change, the Survey has to go on to keep these maps up-to-date. The work is very tedious, for the curvature of the earth must be taken into consideration. Something of the Survey's accuracy may be gained from the latitude and longitude above, given to thousandths of a second. Much of the United States has been triangulated. The Government has two great surveying organizations, the Coast Survey and the Geological Survey.

Thus these rocks stand not only useful but as monuments to the progress of modern science.

W. C. BOWEN, '23.

RETROSPECTION

Backward, yes, backward to the days gone by;
Place me, oh time, beneath that distant sky,

Where the sun still shines with its glittering rays,
That once shone on me in the by-gone days.

Give me the day that has long been past,
Just one day from Time's lap cast.

Give me the pool which we all did enjoy,
Where we swam and dived in the way of a boy.

Give me the river where we once did roam,
Staying all day till dark forced us home.

Give me the lot where we met and planned
Our schemes and games o'er the wide land.

Give me the playmate who seemed like a brother.
Stop, oh! hasty Time, advance no further,

For as I look again while dreaming of thee,
With a thought of gratitude I happily see

That today I live beneath the same distant sky
That shone on me in the days gone by.

J. A. BATSON, '24.

THE THREE SISTERS

D WIZAN possessed a strange inclination toward the three "w's," the "s," and the "m" which constitute the Alpha and Omega of life for some, and occupy a greater or less volume in the minds of all residing on this planet. The first "w" not being forthcoming under the Eighteenth Amendment, he substituted illicit whisky. Of the second "w" he was rather wary. The "s" he enjoyed hugely—he alone! And the "m" he sought for diligently—provided it did not require too much work or interfere with his freedom. For like all patriots, from the fabled fox who preferred want and freedom to plenty with chains, right on down, he chose liberty with want rather than great riches with bonds.

Today he rolled from the lumbering, groaning freight car out to the ground while the engine was stopping to take on water. He pulled his ragged cap from his blouse, ran his fingers through his tangled brown hair, gazed toward the setting sun, felt the vacuum whence nature called for supper, peered all around uncertainly, and then with a determined step started toward the setting sun.

For half an hour he hopped over long, undulating rows between the stalks of dead cotton. The dried stalks grabbed him as he passed, the thicket tried to hinder him, a deep ditch, backed by a barbed wire fence, obstructed his path, but he persisted and in a few minutes came in sight of a low-set, square farmhouse surrounded by many trees and much shrubbery.

"Ah, there's grub for me," decided Ed Wizan, and his abdominal cavity ached beseechingly.

"I wonder if there's a bulldog there," was the next thought. But as discretion is thought to be the better part of valor, Ed Wizan decided not to attack his prey from the rear but to go around and pay his respects to the lawful entrance.

So, detouring at great length, he came to the road running by the house. No monitory watch-dog was in sight. "Good,"

thought Ed. He straightened his modest black tie—originally white—yanked down his tight, dusky vest, which contrasted sharply with his reddish coat and gray breeches, straightened his cap, kicked a telephone post to disseminate the dust of two seasons, buttoned his coat's one button, and then, with head up, approached the light, white-washed gate. He diffidently opened it and slowly walked toward the low, banistered piazza.

A loud hubbub broke the stillness of the late autumn afternoon. The voices were feminine, and the noise was quarreling. Ed Wizan was wise. Even though hunger gnawed at his vitals and no possible refuge was in sight, he began to beat a retreat. But through the bushes between him and the gate he saw somebody coming. He slipped into the piazza, and seating himself behind a tall pot-fern, he waited. The strife within the house suddenly ceased. The man approached but proved to be only a darky carrying some milk.

Ed was congratulating himself because the man would soon be gone and he could escape, when to his horror the light in the parlor suddenly flashed on and the glow from the window lighted the piazza near Ed. He was only saved from discovery because the light came out of the window at an angle.

In a moment, being too startled to move, Ed collected himself and looked through the open window.

He saw three persons, a tall spare brunette who, he decided, lived on green persimmons as a regular diet; another brunette, not quite so old, who probably favored marmalade; and an eighteen-year-old who, he judged, ate candy regularly and loved to gaze at the moon.

The marmalade one was moping in a corner; the one of green persimmons sat smiling placidly, with a smile that seemed to radiate from and center in her long aquiline olfactory organ; and the young one with pensive eyes dreamed in a chair.

A sudden disturbance arose when a knock sounded on the outer door. After a hurried consultation, the eldest went out and soon came back bringing—she had him by the hand—a short, weazened, bow-legged man who had a long moustache

hanging on to his skinny chin, which was surmounted by an equally skinny face.

"Howdy, howdy, howdy," he greeted, replying to their "Hello, Uncle Silas," "H—do, Uncle Silas." But the eldest seemed to take the most interest in the middle-aged man.

"Take a seat, Uncle Silas; make yourself comfortable. I know you'll stay to supper with us!"

"Don't know but I will," he simpered, willingly.

"Martha, tell Granny to have an extra place at supper," she addressed her youngest sister.

Then they moved to themselves over in a corner and spoke rather low, but as they chose chairs near Ed's window, he could distinguish their conversation.

"It's shure bad you lost your pa."

"Yes, I—I—I—"

"Yes, I understand," he interrupted.

"But he left me half of his property," and her imaginary tears gave way to a smile.

"Ten thousand, m-m-m."

They simpered a while, and then:

"Isn't love a wonderful thing!"

"Sho is, that's what my third wife used to always say. Ah—a—let's go out on the piazza."

This brought Ed to himself. For a moment he thought that since they had invited the old man so readily, perhaps they would invite him. Anyway, that was better than no hope of satisfying his aching void. "Hope the youngest one meets me," he mused.

He jumped to the ground, came around to the front door, and knocked loudly. The marmalade one was coming. "Well, anyway," he ruminated, "supper'll be worth talking to that old hen a while, I guess."

"Why, how d'do? Come right in. Johnson's your name, I believe. I met you at, at—didn't I?"

"Yes, Johnson's my name."

"Wonder what the old hen's up to?" he cogitated. "But

just so I get supper, Johnson's as good as any other name." But here she was mentioning it!

"You'll stay to supper tonight, won't you? We'll be so glad to have you."

"Yeh; oh, yes, ma'am."

"And won't you sleep here tonight? We're all alone since poor daddy died, and we've nobody to protect us from rogues and tramps." Something shining like tears adorned her eyes, but they disappeared and a smile covered her face as she continued, "Poor daddy's gone, but he left me half his property!"

Ed was not especially kind-hearted, but he found himself thinking about the other girl. Two halves make one whole, and she was third! Maybe the old gentleman thought a little cash would help out the two elder girls, while the younger had beauty.

And then the door-bell rang again, and Ed caught a glimpse of Martha hurrying through the hall.

In his ear a modulated voice that reminded him of marmalade was speaking, "Isn't love a wonderful thing!"

He wasn't responsible, but his voice was speaking: "Yes; let's go out in the fresh air where we can see the stars."

Before they were out, Martha came in the parlor with a youth of twenty and one. Ed wondered how she had decoyed him. "The gift of Eve comes early," he reflected. Even now she was gazing demurely at the floor with a pensive look.

Passing by the open window after they went out, Ed thought—no, he was sure—he heard Martha say, "And Daddy left me half his property."

"Three halves make one whole," cogitated Ed. "Remarkable arithmetic!"

At the supper table each followed his own bent. The young boy and girl talked, and talked with animated interest. But the eldest sister noticed the cake which was near Ed's place disappeared rapidly, and she also noticed that his coat pockets were distended. The cook remarked afterwards that several pieces of solid plate were missing, but it is unjust to suspect Ed of that, even though he was one of the free men

of the road. The bearded, whiskered, old man ogled with such earnestness that he probably was unaware that he ate.

After supper Ed fell into a piece of luck. He was left alone for one moment in the parlor. On the mantel rested that documentary roll of paper which, noticing, he had wondered about for half the time since he came into the house.

He could hear voices rising from the piazza where two couples were, but with deft fingers, he slipped off the ribbon and read:

"Last will and testament of John Brown. Be it known by—" His eye ran on down until a paragraph arrested him. "The first one of my daughters who is married shall receive one-half of my property, more or less, to wit: . . .; the second who is married shall receive one-third of my property, more or less, to wit: . . .; the third one shall receive the remainder, to wit: . . ."

Some one being at the door, he quickly replaced the paper on the mantel and was gazing into the little fire on the hearth when the door opened.

It was the marmalade one. "Let's go out in the piazza," she suggested.

"All right," he agreed.

Wrapping themselves in big coats—she furnished one for him—they held a long conference in the swing at one end of the piazza. Then he went to bed, but all through the night Ed thought of her last sentence: "I've got the key to the car, so we'll leave here about 8:20 and get to the probate judge's office by 9:00 o'clock."

Should he surrender this free life and free air for marmalade? She was probably a shrew, too; see how she was going to outwit her sisters!

He looked across to the other bed and listened to whiskered, bearded Jackson, who was snoring for all he was worth. Marriage was a small matter for him, Ed thought. Ed decided to marry; the money was worth it. No, he wouldn't; freedom was beyond price. He soon fell into a troubled sleep.

Consternation prevailed in the Brown household next morning when it became apparent that Martha was missing. More consternation filled Ed when Marmalade came running to him, crying: "They've taken the car. They've taken the car. Oh, what shall I do? Oh, the thieves. What shall I do?" And she wrung her hands helplessly.

This appeal was too much for Ed. "Dear, get ready, quick! and we'll beat 'em there."

"I'm ready; I'm ready," she shrieked.

Hand in hand they ran to the barn, but the only means of locomotion apparent were a billy-goat and a sleepy-eyed donkey.

The morning was clear, with a big autumn sun peeping at them over the dilapidated barn. Ed hesitated a moment. Those hands were beginning to wring again. Seized with desperation, he secured a bridle on the donkey, and grabbing Marmalade by the waist, he flung her on its back.

It was then Sir Billy became agitated. Ed was bending over to get a whip Marmalade had dropped when very suddenly he felt himself rise up in the air without any apparent cause, execute a perfect parabola, and come down again, for all the world like some huge frog. Ed looked behind quickly. Billy's head was down. His hair was up. But while Sir Billy pawed, Ed found himself miraculously elevated to the top of a tall post.

In the meantime, Marmalade with a long keen whip had urged the donkey to take five steps toward the gate.

By some means that Ed could never remember afterwards, he finally got Marmalade out of the enclosure, leaving Sir Billy inside. Then they started across the fields toward town.

At the brook half-way to town, the donkey halted indefinitely. Ed beat him but he would not budge. He twisted his tail, stuck him, and the donkey did start off. But he took up the creek through the underbrush at a terrific rate, and poor Marmalade was deposited on the ground.

Ed picked her up with the chivalrous intention of carrying her across in his arms. He did—try, that is. But a treacher-

ous rock landed them in the cool, refreshing stream. They picked themselves up and reached the shore, an odd-looking, bedraggled pair. But they were across, and started on toward town with renewed vigor.

Perhaps they would have been consoled had they known Martha was on the road with a three-wheeled buggy, and whiskered Jackson was nursing a recalcitrant motor.

Finally, Ed came to the probate judge's office and met Martha coming out! Hope was not yet lost. Marmalade knew a preacher who lived around the corner.

Yes, they wanted a license immediately. Then, as the officer turned over the license, the eldest and Jackson came in.

"We want a license, Mr. Evans," Jackson asserted.

"Haven't you a wife, Jackson?"

At his answer the one of green persimmons sat down suddenly, and the bright little office grew dull and prosaic.

"I ain't seen my last wife for three years."

"Is she living?"

"I guess she is; I don't know."

But indomitable courage was an integral part of the eldest. Before her was a little bald-headed man and behind him sat three little children of consecutive heights and years. Why not marry him! Action closely followed thought.

"Mr. Evans, come on. Bring the license," she began, excitedly.

"Why—why—why, they don't—"

"But I'll lose all my money if you don't. Come on! Come on!" she shrieked.

Mr. Evans was a mild little man who believed in performing his public duty. Perhaps it would be well to keep this lunatic under his eye. So he went, followed by his three children. But the littlest clung to her cat and bantam.

Around the corner at the preacher's, she saw Ed in a flivver talking to the boy. The two sisters were evidently in the house.

The eldest ran up the walk, dragging Mr. Evans along.

Once inside, learning what it was all about, the probate judge voiced his indignation.

"This is outrageous. Three lunatics, I know, and their father before them ought to be in the asylum. Dragging me up here—" Then he choked.

Pride coming back, with head up, he started out of the house. The three consecutive steps followed him, followed by the cat, and the bantam brought up the rear.

The eldest sister threw herself on the sofa and burst into tears.

The preacher, who was somewhat of a diplomat, offered a suggestion: "You two young ladies get married at the same time and divide the inheritance."

But just then Martha looked from the window in time to see Ed and the boy disappear in a cloud of dust. And she knew they would not come back.

R. H. HODGES, '24.

THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS

THE SNOW was falling swiftly, softly, with a steady swish. Now and again the wind moaned through the pines and cedars. The leafless limbs of the oaks and poplars, becoming overburdened with their velvety blankets, creaked their protests. Here and there the rays of light from the windows of the few scattered farmhouses made the snow glisten and sparkle like so many diamonds.

From down the drive floated the soft, silvery tinkling of sleigh bells, then the crunching of the runners, and the dull thuds of the horse's feet upon the newly fallen snow. Hitching his horse and carefully wrapping him in a heavy blanket, Jo went toward the house.

Doris, the hostess, met him at the door. "I'm so glad to see you, Jo," she said. "Where's Irene?"

"Oh, she's coming with Mr. LeSmith, Bill's college friend. The football star, you know," Jo answered, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"Hero worship, eh?" said Doris, with a light laugh.

"Yes, I suppose so. And there's where my chances end; the only time I ever had my name in a paper was when I was run over by a truck. And then the reporter made it seem that I was a fool, or I never would have been hit by so large a vehicle," Jo replied.

"Oh, don't take it so seriously. Go find a partner," said Doris, as she shoved Jo toward a group of young people standing around the crackling log fire.

"Stop, Doris," said Jo, stepping to one side. "I had rather wait for you. I have something to ask you."

"I can go now, Jo. Come on, I know you are nearly frozen," said Doris, as she led the way to an adjoining room.

Jo sat for some time with his head in his hands before saying another word. Then, slowly raising his head, he said, "Doris, you see how Irene has acted. You know her intimately

and can tell me if—er, Doris, does she—do you think she—er—cares for—"

"Jo, you poor, blind boy," Doris interrupted. "Can't you see that she is crazy about you?"

"Well, why won't she—er—why don't she—give me a little cause to think so?" Jo stammered.

"Jo, you don't know women. That is her method of winning you," Doris said, with a catch in her voice which, fortunately, Jo did not note.

"She's got a mighty curious method, I'll say," Jo replied, in a somewhat relieved, though still doubtful, tone.

"But, Jo, you must show that you care something for her, too. Go in there and talk to her some. Treat her as you would have her treat you, and she will soon be—your wife," Doris said, with a voice which she kept from trembling only by severe effort.

"Doris, if I could only make myself believe what you have said," Jo almost whispered. "My! her love would make this Christmas a happy one for me."

"Go on, Jo, and you'll see that I am right," said Doris, still commanding her voice.

As soon as Jo had left the room, Doris burst into tears. For some time she cried as if her heart would break, and then, gaining control of herself, she dried her eyes and sat staring into the fire. "Jo, if you only knew what your love would mean to me," she whispered. "Oh, God! Grant that he may never know." And again she burst into tears.

A slight smile spread across Jo's face as he stepped into the room. He was happier, more confident of the future, than he had been in some days. For the first time, he noticed the beauty of the place. Evergreens were everywhere. Holly wreaths, in the center of which were little red bells, hung from the windows. Attached to the ceiling, directly over the center of the room, was a small sprig of mistletoe. A gaily decorated Christmas tree stood in one corner. The spirit of Christmas seemed to be a living thing, filling the entire room, and weaving itself about the hearts of all the young people present.

Carefully Jo searched the room, but Irene was not there. The old nervousness again came over him and he walked out into the hall. He heard low talking at the foot of the stairs, and was turning to leave when he recognized Irene's voice. His face flushed, his muscles became as rigid as steel, and walking to where she was he said: "Irene, I would like to talk to you for a few minutes."

"Why, Jo, what's happened to you? Are you sick?" asked Irene, somewhat alarmed at the flush in his face, which seemed more florid in the half-light.

"No," Jo answered, firmly.

Mr. LeSmith remained, looking wonderingly at Jo. "Mr. LeSmith, will you please excuse me for a few minutes?" Irene asked.

"Why, to be sure," replied Mr. LeSmith, walking away.

"Now, if you aren't sick, please tell me why you came back here in any such manner," said Irene, haughtily.

"Irene, I've been in the dark long enough," Jo began. "I love you—am a fool about you, but I—"

"Oh, I know that," Irene interrupted. "Tell me something new, more interesting."

"But I must know if you return my love," Jo continued, as if he had not been interrupted. "I can't go on as I have been going."

"Now, get real mushy," said Irene.

"I'm in earnest, Irene. Will you answer my question?" Jo asked.

"No, Jo. I will not," Irene replied, emphatically. "But I will say this, a girl loves a man whom every other girl wants; one who has accomplished something above the ordinary."

"A football star, eh?" Jo asked, a bit sarcastically.

"Well, that's a good example, at least," Irene replied.

"I was too light for football, you know," Jo said. "That ends my chances, does it?"

"No, old dear, it doesn't. I understand why you didn't play, and that is why I am going to give you another chance. I'm really fond of you, you know," Irene replied.

"Another chance?" asked Jo, in a puzzled tone. "What do you mean?"

"There are hundreds of chances in the West—you'll never get anywhere around here," Irene answered.

"Never get anywhere around here," Jo repeated. "I'm making three thousand five hundred a year now, and this is only my second year out of college. I'll never be able to better that in the West."

"Jo, you said you loved me," Irene answered. "Do you think I could live on so small an amount as that?"

"But that's more than the average man ever makes," Jo replied.

"Please remember, Jo, I don't want an average man," Irene replied.

"Well, how long will you give me in the West?" Jo asked.

"Two years."

"And you expect me to make a fortune in two years?" Jo asked.

"If you want me, you must," Irene said, serenely.

"I'll try," said Jo, as they rejoined the others.

Before the party ended, Jo called Doris aside and told her of the promise Irene had made. Doris turned pale and said, "Oh, Jo, she expects too much of you. And you will have to give up such a good position for a mere gamble."

"She has given me two years, Doris, and I'll make good or—"

"That's an awful short time in which to amass a fortune," Doris interrupted.

"But I will, Doris; I will!" Jo replied.

Two years passed and no word came from Jo. Doris was giving another Christmas party. As she stood looking out of the door, she did not see the cold, pale moon, which shed its dim rays upon the barren landscape; she did not feel the cold breath of the icy wind as it brushed her cheek. She was living in that Christmas two years gone. She saw the snow as it softly flickered down; she heard the tinkling of the sleigh bells;

she saw Jo as he stood beside her in the door. Her eyes became moist and a slight sob passed from her lips.

With a jerk, she was brought back to the present. The lights of an automobile flashed into the drive. She heard the sobbing and wheezing of the motor, and then the screaking of the brakes. The village taxi stood before the door. "Who can this be?" thought Doris, as she stepped back into the room.

A tall, handsome, neatly-dressed young man stepped out of the taxi and came toward the door. His step bespoke the strength that lay in those hard, well-developed muscles. "A man any girl could like," thought Doris. "Where have I seen him before?"

"Doris!" the man said, as she opened the door.

"Jo!" said Doris, stepping back as though she had seen a ghost.

"Gee! I'm glad to get back, and to see you again," said Jo.

"And I'm glad to see you, Jo," said Doris, extending her hand. "Irene is over there."

"Why hurry me away?" asked Jo, smiling.

"I know whom you want to see," Doris replied.

"Well, Jo, have you come to claim me?" asked Irene, as soon as Jo was in speaking distance of her.

"I'll know in a few minutes, Irene. I've failed so far, but I have one more chance. My foreman is to wire the outcome. But aren't you a bit glad to see me?" Jo asked.

"Of course. That's understood. Must I tell you you look better, more handsome than you did when you went away?" asked Irene.

The party was at its highest. Laughter filled the room. Irene had just been caught under the mistletoe by Mr. LeSmith, who had come to visit Bill again. Jo did not flush; he only smiled. Calling Doris, he again went into the adjoining room.

"Doris," he said, "I've been an awful fool. I've staked my all on the wishes of a frivolous girl, whom I thought I loved. One night, as I lay all alone looking up at the bright stars, the entire past flashed through my mind. My reason

came back to me. I saw the mistake that I had made. I found myself contrasting Irene with you, and I determined to win, not for her, but in spite of her. I saw that you were the girl of my dreams. My! how many things we see after it is too late. If I could only live these last two years over again."

"Jo," said Doris, bursting into tears. "It's never too late."

"What! You love me—a pauper, more than likely, who has lost all on account of another girl?" Jo asked.

"I have always loved you, Jo," Doris said.

"Doris! Doris!" exclaimed Jo, clasping her to his breast. As he stood thus, tears flowing from his eyes, he heard someone call, "Here's a telegram for Mr. Jo Grant."

As Jo started to go, Doris grasped his arm. "Jo, what if Irene accepts you?" she asked, blushing.

"I'll see that she doesn't," said Jo.

Jo took the telegram, read it, and handed it to Irene, saying: "Pronounce the sentence."

Irene read it slowly, and then, crumpling it up, she threw it to the floor. "Jo, you can't expect me to marry a pauper," she said.

Someone knocked at the door. The old darky who had brought the telegram was there. "Ah fergot ter tell Mr. LeSmiff," he said, "dat his wife done arriv on de nin' erclock special, an' wants him down ter de hotel right away quick."

The room fell into a deep silence. Mr. LeSmith rushed for his hat and coat, and hurried out of the room. Irene stood as if thunder struck, turned red, then white, and fell into a swoon. The party soon ended. Jo and Doris took Irene home.

"Doris, I've succeeded," said Jo, as they drove home. "Irene misunderstood the telegram, as I knew she would. It says, 'Struck water at three thousand feet.' She thought I was drilling for oil, but I was trying to strike water. There is a town three miles from my place that has to have it. It will boom now, and as I own most of the town, I must get back soon. Can we be married tomorrow—Christmas day?"

"My greatest Christmas," said Doris, pursing her lips.

ALTON L. FOSTER, '23.

THE ESTABLISHING OF THE "JOURNAL"

Washington, D. C., Nov. 29, 1922.

MY DEAR MR. BOURNE:——

Your letter asking me to write something for the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL—something in the nature of a personal narrative of the steps that were taken to establish THE JOURNAL—has not been complied with before now because of the press of work incident to the beginning of the extraordinary session of Congress.

Nothing would be more pleasant to me than such a task if I had access to some of the records that must exist somewhere that would serve to refresh my memory as to dates and particulars. My three years at Wofford College were the three most delightful and profitable years of my life. This subjectively.

I do not believe that Wofford in its history ever had a more congenial student body than during that time. The personal relations of the students, from Freshman to Senior, were such as to make it difficult to determine on the campus or outside the class-room the different classes.

I wish I had copies of the Wofford catalogue and had the time to read over the names of my college associates, for each name would bring up some incident of association that would aid me greatly in writing even a narrative of the founding of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. It was a pretty general impression among the student body that Dr. Carlisle, and perhaps a majority of the faculty, were opposed to the establishment of the college paper. Subsequent events, I think, proved that their objections were not to a college paper, but to such a one as they feared might be the outcome at that time.

Such college papers as had come to their attention, with certain exceptions of course, were not calculated to make them enthusiastic for their institution to embark upon such an enterprise. There were other questions than the mere literary one

or the effect upon the student body. The major question, as I found out afterwards, was the question of finance.

I had, as other students had, a very wholesome regard for Dr. Carlisle's opinion and authority on all matters touching the college. This very fear came very near wrecking the whole scheme, and certainly gave me a bad hour. After I had conceived the idea that it might be a good thing for us to have a magazine or a journal through which the students might in the proper way express themselves on matters that were of interest to students and their friends, I thought it best to canvass the situation in the town as to the possible support we might get for the venture in the way of advertising. I also very confidentially and cautiously approached certain members of the faculty who were supposed not to be absolutely opposed to such a project. The object in approaching these members of the faculty was to find out if they would contribute to the paper if we could demonstrate to Dr. Carlisle that the question of money and matter would not necessarily reflect upon the good name or the pocket of the institution. About the time that I had gotten my facts in hand the Doctor called me into his class-room to commune with me as to what I was up to. Those old students who remember the Doctor in his vigor can imagine the interview. The Doctor misunderstood my going so far without consulting him. Of course I intended, when I had gotten all the data that I could, to lay the facts before him and discuss the character of the publication and to leave him entirely to decide whether it would be published or not. Before the interview was over, he graciously gave his consent. I am not sure but what he repented of it, temporarily at least, upon the appearance of the first issue. This occurred in the college term of '88 and '89. The February, 1922, issue of THE JOURNAL in the editorial department has a short sketch of the founding of THE JOURNAL and its subsequent history. In that article the writer states that in October, 1888, Professor C. B. Smith conceived the idea of having the student body publish a monthly literary magazine, and that he urged me, his brother, to bring the matter before the students.

Rev. C. B. Smith was not at that time connected with the faculty, but my brother, Bishop A. Coke Smith, was. He, however, took no part in suggesting the movement. This originated solely amongst a few of the student body. The first issue of THE JOURNAL, as well as I recollect, was printed in a little printing office on the second floor in the rear of DuPre's Bookstore. The type, of course, was set up by hand, and, as I now recall it, was set up by a transient journeyman printer or typesetter.

One can hardly imagine our feelings when the first proofs were laid before us, what dreams of future literary and editorial greatness were to be ultimately obtained. These dreams, like other dreams, have faded, but THE JOURNAL has lived, and one would scarcely recognize the present clever, creditable product as having sprung from such a beginning. Of course, I do not mean that the subjest matter of the first issue was not more or less all right, but the typographical result of the first issue left a good deal to be desired. As well as I recall, Dr. Carlisle contributed to the first issue. If he did not, other members of the faculty did, and the Doctor contributed, certainly, very soon thereafter. The student body was loyal, and our advertisements did not leave too painful a draft on our remittances from home. Our local advertisers were also loyal, and in spite of fear and trembling and doubt THE JOURNAL lived through that first year, 1888-89. At the alumni banquet in June, 1889, at the close of the college year, Dr. Carlisle, to the surprise and delight of the students, took occasion to say some very gracious things about THE JOURNAL. THE JOURNAL was conceived by a few of the student body, was encouraged and supported by the entire student body and faculty, and I am sure that it has been a means of profit and pleasure to the entire college community.

I am sorry that I am so circumscribed that I am compelled to write sketchily and purely from memory. Here in the Senate of the United States, the influences of my associations with my teachers and my college mates of those years are the greatest assets I possess. At some other time, I would like to write

you an article on the influences of Dr. James H. Carlisle and the Wofford College Faculty, as seen in the lives of the men that have gone out into the world of affairs.

I certainly wish for THE JOURNAL a continued enlargement of its influence. Very sincerely yours,

E. D. SMITH, '89.

CHRISTMAS

Bare ghosts of trees, in serried ranks,
Mark the stark outline of the encircling hills,
And mutter in the wind like children
Scared at the passing of a shadow.
The whitened road winds the valley through
Seeking asylum, and the fences
Steal silently between the fields,
Hiding from the specters of the night.

In the cottage, a single fir sweeps the ceiling,
Groaning 'neath the largess of simple hearts.
The mother hurries noiselessly, with deft haste
Filling mantel-hung stockings.
And the father, wreathed in fragrant rings
That spiral from mellow briar,
Beams approval.

Kindlier grow the stark outlines.
The hillside sentinels mutter more gently
And the voices of the night are hushed,
For peace and love are abroad in the valley.

W. R. BOURNE, '23.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889

Vol. xxxiii No. 3

PUBLISHED THE 20TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE, PRESTON AND SNYDER LITERARY SOCIETIES

SPARTANBURG, S. C., DECEMBER, 1922

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter.

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Contributions must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Two medals are given by the staff at the end of the year—one for the best short story, and one for the best poem. The judges are appointed by the Editor-in-Chief.

Subscription per year, $1.25; single copies, 20 cents.

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Editorial Department

In This Issue

This issue is gaunt and attenuated for lack of material, but I have no suitable contributions wherewith to distend it into a symmetrical, well-rounded number. However, I believe that the artistic value of the several papers is higher than it has been for those printed in the two 1922-23 JOURNALS that have already become history, and I feel that this issue will be worth the reading.

You who read our magazine should note carefully the stories and other forms that fill our columns; note the plots, the paragraph and sentence structure, and the felicitous or infelicitous phrasing of every fancy, and then send in your opinions. Before we can ever acquire style, we must learn the basic rules of grammatical correctness; we must learn to write over and over again until we have produced the best contributions of which we are capable. It is absurd that papers should be submitted to the Editor of a college magazine filled with inaccuracies. Yet I can safely say that *I have not received a single contribution this year that was wholly free from grammatical errors.* Let every Wofford undergraduate who writes for THE JOURNAL take this as a personal challenge. But this is a little off the track.

R. H. Hodges has submitted the best plot idea for this issue, in my estimation, but A. L. Foster's and M. B. Wilson's offerings are easily the most carefully worked out. The "poetry" is, without exception, impossible.

I have long considered publishing a series of Alumni letters. Senator E. D. Smith, of South Carolina, the first Editor of THE JOURNAL, has written an account of the establishing of THE JOURNAL, and his letter is published in this issue. Mr. Smith's account, although composed wholly from memory, will be of exceptional interest to all those who are helping to make journalistic history in the colleges of South Carolina. In the

next number, another prominent alumnus of Wofford will have a letter which will, I trust, be as delightful a contribution as Mr. Smith's.

Exchanges

Since every effort has been, and is being, made on the campus to arouse interest in the publications, requests were sent out to colleges in every State of the Union, asking for copies of the literary organ of each school. College after college sent us word that it had discontinued its magazine and was centering attention on its weekly or semi-weekly paper. Such a step is, of course, unthinkable to us in South Carolina, where every college is fostering the study of literature on its campus.

A number of these schools are sending us copies of their papers, and of their magazines as well. These publications are placed in the library, so that the individual student can have the opportunity of familiarizing himself with the varying aspects of college life throughout the United States. At present only one paper, the *"Ka Leo o Hawaii,"* is sent to us from outside the confines of the country, but we expect to increase the number of these outside exchanges as rapidly as we can. The papers are kept up-to-date, as nearly as possible. That is, the new issues are substituted for the old as fast as they come in. If you are particularly interested in some college, regardless of its location, submit the name of that college to the Editor of THE JOURNAL, and he will be able, in all probability, to secure an exchange from that institution.

College Athletics and Studies

To the modern student it will seem that athletics and studies have no kinship, that the two never can be on speaking terms with each other. And it would seem that the chasm between the two is widening by leaps and bounds. It is, too; and therein lies the clear call to duty for the level-headed and sober-minded students who will control the reins of government within a decade or two.

In the mad rush to excel on gridiron and diamond, our colleges are sacrificing the cherished ideals and the broad principles of education laid down by the great and heroic-minded men of the world. No athletic trophy is worth the tawdry chicanery and the meretricious knavery by which athletes are so often maintained on a college campus in contravention of the fundamental laws of human honesty and decency. Athletics in colleges is rated as amateur sport, and so long as such is the case the school that permits a team which has been bought is a vile and contemptible institution, unworthy of the task of disciplining and teaching adolescent youth.

But even when athletics is sustained on an honest basis, the indictment against American colleges is just. To the institution of learning has been tacitly assigned a task, a task second in magnitude only to that which confronts the church. Youth clamors to know the laws that govern the whirling planets with minute exactness, to know the tongues that are spoken in the four corners of the globe, to understand the systems of philosophy that have been the warp and woof of the life of each succeeding age, to get breadth, and depth, and understanding. The mature mind is stunned by the infinite possibilities of aspirant youth. There is no reason in a mad people that refuses to recognize its duty to the future.

The world is ours, and the molding of it. The span of its growth is the measure of our capacity. Tomorrow pleads with insistent voice, and will not be denied. We must have our chance to tap the reservoirs of human knowledge, to beget power, and to wield it. And our greatest opportunity lies on college campuses. We know what we want; let us seek that thing.

Let us pledge ourselves to keep inviolate the source from whence springs our power. No exterior force must govern the policies of our colleges; no excrescence must be allowed to sap the vitality of them. Let us to arms then, and fight for our birthright!

This is no idle matter of which I write. But yesterday a college president and several members of the faculty were

compelled to resign *because they had not centered the aim of the institution upon the furthering of its football program.* This is no single incident, unworthy of note; it is an accurate, barometrical indication of the modern trend. Men of all ages have rallied to great causes; this fight is worthy of the energy and determination of every sane college man.

W. R. B.

Exchange Department

The Middle Border

There is a certain phrase that is so often used in criticisms of college literary publications as to lose its accuracy and force. It is overworked, to say the least; but we can find no substitute nor exact synonym that will permit us to dispense with this interesting expression. And since there can be no objection to its use in its exact sense, we venture to use it in describing the last issue of *The Middle Border* (Carleton College, Minnesota). For this magazine is undeniably "well-balanced." In this regard, there is only one observation that could be allowed in criticism, that a serious type of essay might be used profitably. But aside from this deficiency, the magazine is "the best-balanced" (if a superlative of that term be allowed) that we have seen this year.

Concerning the frontispiece, we are tempted to remark that the significance of its title, "Along the Mississippi," is lost to a reader from the coastal plain of South Carolina. We ask, "Where is the River? Does it run along the side of a sandy hill?" But we attribute this to a criminal lack of familiarity with the topography of that section of "the middle border."

"The Flash" is the best story in the publication. Its plot, though far from unique, is not trite, and is developed in a smooth and delightful manner. The vividness of the descriptive passages is remarkable. The action is graphic; the interest of the reader never lags. And, what is rather noticeable, the writer seems to have that priceless knack, so often lacked by college short story writers, of knowing how and when to stop.

"Rose" is rather disappointing. Whether it was meant for a short story or a character sketch, we are unable to determine; if for a simple character sketch, it is too long; if for a short story, it lacks development of interest, falls down altogether in climax, and gets nowhere; it is, indeed, a hybrid of the two,

resembling the former more than the latter. Part of the workmanship is excellent; the writer starts out most entertainingly and portrays the principal character most artistically, but the interestingness of the work lags toward the end, which, indeed, turns out to be the most badly turned part of the production. It lacks finish.

Of the poetry in the magazine, "Caveat" leaves the impression of being the most carefully finished piece of artistry; its theme is interesting to most people, and its treatment unusually excellent. The visual impressions created by the poem, "Before Dusk," are warm and colorful; it is a pity that the author left it in such unfinished form. In regard to the illustrations, we can sincerely compliment the Editor upon the excellency of his Art Staff. However, it might have prevented an unfair inference if the illustrator of "The Match and the Sun-Dial" had seen fit to place his half-moon in a possible position.

N. W. B., '24.

The Bashaba

In the October number of *The Bashaba,* the Exchange Editor invites us to "be a best friend by helping them to be their best self." With such an attitude toward us, we can feel free to criticise the issue. The magazine, taken as a whole, is not well rounded. It is only good in spots, and not fully developed. It contains a good story, a good essay, and two helpful sketches. Outside of these, there is nothing extraordinary in this issue. The pages devoted to such features as "Jokes," "Alumnae," "Athletics," and "Diving" might be better devoted to another good story or poem, for a high-class literary magazine. In our opinion, one story and one poem cannot suffice for a good publication.

The only story, "The Unknown Soldier," is a very commendable one and deserves praise. The author has a skillful way of treating the subject which appeals to us all. The two sketches, "Christopher Gadsden" and "A History of Georgetown," besides being interesting, are instructive. Our college magazines should publish more historical sketches than they do.

The essay, "Country Life," gives an excellent presentation of an interesting and apt subject, brought out in an extraordinary manner. It is appealing from beginning to end.

E. C. B., '25.

The Carolinian

The October-November number of the *Carolinian* afforded the reader a very pleasant hour. The magazine is well balanced in material, carrying four poems, three short stories and a few sketches. There is little comment to be made on the poems. The "Carolina Coronata" calls for the deepest sentiments that any man could hold for his Alma Mater, no matter what school it be.

One criticism that I have to make concerns the spelling and the printing of the magazine. In the story, "In the Tanglefoot," I find *signaled* spelled *signeled, anad* for *and, anay* for *any,* and *ldeal* for *ideal.* In "Marceline," I find *there* for *their.* In "Boarding House Football," I find *commotion* spelled with one "m" and in "The Problem" I find a sentence reading, *"And I do not Regectit."* It is not difficult to understand that it should be, "And I do not regret it." Such errors break the unity of the thought, as the reader must stop for a second to get the real meaning. I merely point out these mistakes and errors so that the responsible party may see them.

Of the stories, "Marceline" is the best. The authoress seems to be familiar with the life and setting depicted in her story. This is one of the best stories that we have read in any college publication of the year.

In "In The Tanglefoot," there is too much repetition of the word "and," the punctuation is careless, and there is too much of the improbable to give the story any merit.

H. B. B., '23.

The Criterion

In order to justly criticise the work of another, we must be very careful neither to overlook any good point nor to fail to point out mistakes. But we remember that we always profit by our mistakes, so that we are always glad to exchange criticisms with others.

It is very evident that the September-October issue of *The Criterion* lacks balance. It seems that in a "literary" magazine, the literary department should be by far the largest department. Yet we find that, in this publication, the advertisements alone take up about forty per cent. of the space.

Another feature that detracts a great deal is the frequency of mis-spelled words. In a few cases, there is hardly any doubt but that the carelessness of the writer is the cause; yet the majority of mistakes are typographical errors, which fact means that the proof-reader must be a little more careful.

Of the departments, the editorial department deserves special commendation. The several articles in this section are well written and are full of college spirit.

To begin the criticism of the literary department, we wish to congratulate the writer of the essay on Matthew Fontaine Maury on gathering so much information on this man's life in such an interesting and well-outlined way. With the exception of a number of mis-spelled words, this piece is very attractive, and we do not wonder that it drew a first prize.

"The Fifth Commandment" is one of the most interesting stories that we have read recently. The writer gives a great deal of insight into the habits and customs of the Japanese, and especially does she develop her subject well. A little better transition from one scene to another would add much to the story.

There is no unfavorable criticism of the other articles, "The Blues Cure" and "Memories of Childhood." Each of these—the latter is the only poem in the magazine—is filled with its own spirit and line of thought and is well written, both in regard to punctuation and to diction.

All evidence is that Columbia College can boast many able writers, and we hope that they will not hesitate to seize the opportunity of developing themselves in the art of writing by contributing largely and frequently to *The Criterion*.

S. J. M., JR., '25.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following publications in addition to the foregoing:

MAGAZINES.—*The Erothesian,* Lander College, Greenwood, S. C.; *The Orion,* Anderson College, Anderson, S. C.; *The Gonzaga* (Law number), Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash.; *The Indian School Journal,* U. S. Indian School, Chilocco, Okla.; *The Furman Echo,* Furman University, Greenville, S. C.; *The Clemson Chronicle,* Clemson College, S. C.; *The Concept,* Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.

PAPERS.—We are receiving regularly those papers which were listed in the November issue of THE JOURNAL. The following papers have been added to the list in the past month: *The Orange and Blue,* Carson-Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn.; *Ka Leo o Hawaii,* University of Hawaii, Honolulu, T. H.; *The Crimson,* Brigham Young College, Logan, Utah.

AS OUR NEIGHBORS VIEW US

The October issue of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is very creditable and very well balanced, with the exception of the poetry. "To a Beautiful Girl" is not exactly what one would call a poem, yet it is the only attempt at one THE JOURNAL contains. We found "A Chip" very interesting, with the plot well developed. The article on Cecil Rhodes is worthy of notice for the careful preparation and the knowledge of his subject which the author shows.—*The Concept.*

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BY
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WHEN WOMEN VOTE

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Vol. xxxiii FEBRUARY, 1923 No. 4

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889

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CONTENTS

		Page
Dr. Pettigrew (Story)	M. B. Wilson, '24	5
The Trail of the Catfish	W. R. Bourne, '23	9
An Old Castle in Luxemburg (Sketch)	E. O. Shealy, '25	17
When Women Vote (Story)	C. L. Eaddy, '24	20
Beauty (Essay)	R. H. Hodges, '24	30
Celestial Music	W. C. Bowen, '23	32
De Rebibal (Story)	Alton L. Foster, '23	35
Fire (Poem)		42
"Babbitt" (Review)	C. Herbert, '25	43
"Collected Poems and The Window of Souls" (Review)	W. R. Bourne, '23	45
EXCHANGES—		
Review of "The Pine Branch"	N. P. Y., '23	50
Acknowledgment of Exchanges		51
"Oursels As Ithers See Us"		52

Address

Editor-in-Chief ..... 200 E. Cleveland St. Business Manager ..... Telephone 1603

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.

The Wofford College Journal is published seven times during the college year, on the 20th of the month, by the Calhoun, Carlisle, Preston and Snyder literary societies. Contributions must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. All forms of prose and verse are solicited. Two medals are given by the staff at the end of the year—one for the best short story, and one for the best poem. Any member of the staff is eligible for either of these medals. The judges are appointed by the Editor-in-Chief.

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DR. PETTIGREW

"THAT DARN OLD 'PHONE again! It's a shame that a doctor has to live such a life." Speaking thus, Dr. Pettigrew kicked back his chair, stamped across the room, and jerked up the receiver.

"Hello! Yes—er—why, yes—yes, I'll come just as quick as I can." Again the receiver clicked, and the doctor turned to his wife, who had put aside her knitting and was looking up with a questioning face.

"I knew it!" he muttered. "Another trip for me tonight. I'll be"—

"But," interrupted Mrs. Pettigrew, glancing at the clock, "it is late and it is still raining outside."

"Now, Madge, in the name of common sense, don't you reckon I hear it?"

Mrs. Pettigrew sighed, but said nothing.

"And yet," continued her husband, "I am needed and I must go. It is a darn"—

"Who is sick?" broke in his wife for the second time.

"One of Pete Carson's children. Pete lives on the other side of Raccoon Fork. That's a rough road, too."

"Yes, you always go, Henry, whenever and wherever you are called. You should take more care of yourself, however. You must remember that you are getting old and that you run a risk when you go out in such weather."

"Madge, you know darn well that if bad weather could kill me you would have been a widow before now," blurted the doctor.

"Hm-m," responded his wife with a shrug.

Dr. Pettigrew put on his overcoat, rubbed his hands before the glowing blaze, and turned to go.

"Shall I draw you a cup of coffiee while you are hitching up Fanny?" asked Mrs. Pettigrew.

"No, Madge, the child is very sick and I must go." He uttered a hurried "Good-night" and stalked out of the room.

His wife picked up her knitting again with a sigh. She was accustomed to seeing her husband leave at all times of the night to minister to the sick. As the good woman listened to the steady patter of rain on the roof, however, she shuddered to think that he had to go this time. She almost wished that he had refused to take the ride. Presently she heard the old buggy rattle out of the yard. As the last sound died away she threw another piece of wood on the fire and settled back in her comfortable arm-chair.

"Well," she mused, "if Henry is gruff, he has always been a mighty good husband."

One hour later, a man knocked at the door. He said that he wanted to see the doctor. On learning that he had gone to Carson's place, he turned away, disappointed.

This was the only time that Mrs. Pettigrew was disturbed. When she finally put up her knitting, the clock was striking twelve—the fire had nearly gone out.

In the meanwhile, Dr. Pettigrew had worked faithfully with the sick child. He realized from the first, however, that his labor would be in vain. Each minute the child's breathing became more and more difficult. Finally, death came to cool the fevered little body, and the doctor took his leave.

Old Fanny, having stood for more than three hours in the rain, welcomed her master with a shrill neigh. Before unhitching her, Dr. Pettigrew glanced up at the sky. It had stopped raining, but the low, scurrying clouds caused an inky blackness that was oppressive. As the clouds passed on, occasionally a star would peep out, but it was soon obscured by other clouds tumbling in pursuit of those ahead. The rain dripping from the trees was the only sound save the croaking of frogs in a pond nearby.

After gathering up the reins, the doctor caught one side of the buggy in an effort to pull himself up to the wet seat. The weight of his body caused the buggy to tilt to one side,

and a puddle of water, which had collected on top, descended with a splash to his derby.

"Damn it!" he blubbered, rubbing his eyes and pulling himself together in the rickety old buggy. "If Madge ever tells me not to cuss again, I'll—oh! well—come up, Fanny!"

The old mare turned and went slushing down the muddy, crooked lane which she had crossed several hours before.

"Yes," thought Dr. Pettigrew, "when Madge tells me to stop cussing she might as well tell me to stop practicing medicine. It's a hang of a life that a doctor lives. Madge is a good wife, though. She knows me. Guess I ought to try and do better." His thoughts drifted to something else, and in a few minutes he was dozing away.

Old Fanny knew the way home. In fact, she was accustomed to choosing her own way. Her master generally slept when returning from such trips. She followed the road and soon came to the bridge which had to be crossed before entering Sandy Branch. Beyond the branch was Raccoon Fork. The old buggy rattled across the bridge, waking the doctor from his sleep.

"Well!" exclaimed Dr. Pettigrew, straightening up and peering into the murky blackness. He could not see his hand before his face. Old Fanny, however, was jogging along contentedly. Sandy Branch always had a peculiarly fresh odor, and as soon as the doctor detected it, he knew that he was nearing the stream.

"Ah! Sandy Branch," he said, half aloud.

The crickets were chirping in chorus and the katy-dids were chattering in confusion. Multitudes of frogs added their monotonous croaking to the racket. Occasionally the weird quiver of a screech-owl could be heard above it all. The sounds of the night made one feel all the more lonely.

Dr. Pettigrew was no coward. And yet he could not help feeling a peculiar sensation come over him as he entered the branch. Truly, he was traveling a lonely, forsaken road. Everything was weird, uncanny, depressing. He laughed at himself and tried to shake off the feeling, but he could not.

Indeed, it had such a hold on him that he was startled when Fanny first splashed into the stream. How glad he would be when he had reached Raccoon Fork!

Fanny was across the stream now and the buggy wheels were crunching through the wet sand. Suddenly the doctor's hands tightened on the lines. Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. He felt himself gripped by a terrible fear. He heard a noise—a noise different from any of those made by the insects and other creatures of the night. There was a horse walking by his buggy!

A few moments of dreadful silence followed, and then a coarse voice blurted out, "Ah! I have got you at last."

A thousand thoughts seemed to surge through the doctor's mind in that one awful moment. Why had he not carried a gun when traveling over such a road? He knew that the people in the neighborhood were of a desperate character. Who could this enemy be? He had harmed no one. What could he do? He was helpless.

"Well—it seems so," he managed to say at last.

"You see," grunted the man in a gruff voice, "I has a sick wife and I want you to go to see her. I stopped at your house and they said you was at Carson's, so I came here to stop you before you turned at the Fork."

There was a moment of silence.

"Won't you go?"

"Er—yes—er—why, sure I'll go, sir, but *damn* your way of addressing a man in the dark."

M. B. WILSON.

THE TRAIL OF THE CATFISH

A DECADE AGO, when peg-top trousers, box-coats and button shoes could be worn without calling out the police for protection, it was quite the thing for the beaux and belles of Augusta to gather in large numbers on a summer afternoon to indulge in the sport of canoeing. The same thing was true of the youth of other cities; and for aught I know may still be true in some parts of the country. But in Augusta the calm surface of the lake at the Park is rarely disturbed by the ripple of water cleaved by a sharp prow, or the merry voices of the canoeists; and the roiled Savannah has almost ceased to offer a challenge to the more venturesome spirits to embark upon its muddy waters. The passing of the sport is to be regretted, for it brought the youth of the city to the healthiest of playgrounds—the great out-of-doors.

There are a few boys who still possess canoes and use them, however. And it was my good fortune to know one of these rather intimately, and to spend a perfect summer exploring, in his company, the waters in the vicinity of Augusta. Many were the delightful hours we spent lazily coasting along a lee shore, listening to the drone of insects and the booming croak of monster frogs, or paddling at racing speed down the middle of the river, with shoulder muscles knotting and working, and perspiration warming our bodies to more vigorous action. I would not have exchanged the sheer physical exultation of such play for all the jazz dancing of our neurotic age. The whisper of the wind in the pines, the rustle of reeds lapped by gentle waves, the sullen boom of a far-off waterfall, the turmoil of a sudden storm, and at night the solemn calm of an over-arching sky that brings God down very close and charms a restless soul into peace: with what, I ask you, can you replace these things? Somehow, they reduce one's ego, burn out the dross of self-sufficiency, and bring understanding of the innermost recesses of one's

own soul. . . . I wonder if the Asiatic isn't about half right in his comparison of eastern and western civilization.

Bound by the restrictions of employment, my friend was not free until five-thirty in the afternoon—one o'clock on Saturdays. I, luxuriating in the freedom following my first year in college, was bound by no restrictions whatever. Meeting at the lake by six, we would launch the canoe, a sixteen-foot, staunchly-built Veazie, not to return until eleven or twelve. Come rain, come shine, it mattered not; those hours of freedom were employed according to schedule.

Three-quarters of a mile from the wharf the lake joins a canal, which extends about seven miles above the city, paralleling the Savannah. It is fed by a dam, locally known as the lower dam, with a drop of approximately three feet from the surface of the dam to the canal. Three-quarters of a mile above the lower dam, the Stevens Creek dam rises to towering heights, impounding water for twelve or fifteen miles.

The space between the two dams was considered an excellent place for fish. Not unnaturally we conceived the plan of purchasing fish baskets, sinking them in these favoring waters, and paddling up every other night to remove the fish. We procured two from an old negro for a consideration of three dollars, and the great adventure was begun. These baskets, by the way, are cylindrically shaped, woven of split oak strips, and about two feet in diameter. The strips are drawn down at one end and tied so that the cylinder is capped by a cone. At the mouth, the strips are secured to the rim of the basket, and extend inward in the shape of a cone, the inner ends being sharpened and left unfastened. Some kind of bait is then thrust into the basket, and it is ready for fishing. The theory is that the fish, attracted by the bait, will enter the mouth, the loose strips offering little resistance. When the fish gets ready to leave, he finds that the apex of the cone does not open to permit egress. And there you have it, just as simple as that.

The baskets were duly baited with cheese, and sunk one Thursday night. We expected to return Saturday afternoon; but Jupiter Pluvius took a hand, so that the rescue expedition was postponed. Monday the skies were overcast; but with the obstinate cheerfulness of youth we decided it would not rain.

"Gosh," Kendall said at the lake that evening. "What do we care if it rains a little? I bet those baskets are running over with fish."

"Sure," I echoed. "What do we care?"

And to emphasize my optimism, I held out the croker-sack I had brought for the fish, and estimated the number it would contain.

"Oh, put that thing down, you plaguey idiot," said my companion sweetly, "and help get this canoe in the water."

I did, and we did; and shortly we were swinging in unison, with the long sweeping stroke that sends a quiver through the cedar ribs and the water curling away from the prow in two white-capped ridges.

Deftly we swung into the canal and began to buck the current. The sky was dull and leaden from horizon to horizon, and there was a premonitory dampness in the air, a palpable thing to the senses, that was an absolute guarantee of rain. But we continued to assure one another that there would be no rain. We didn't really care, anyway.

The miles slip by so smoothly when one is in a canoe. It is entirely credible that the same steady stroke of the paddle would grow monotonous. But it does not. The regular, almost mechanical, sweep leaves the mind free to work out the details of any problem, or to steep itself in the calm beauty of nature. One may have traveled the route a thousand times; it makes no difference, for there is always something new to see, a new scent to analyze, a new plant to be examined. The tiny circular swirl from the backward thrust blade in front is a continuous cause for speculation. It is the Maelstrom off the coast of Norway, with Poe's old seaman swinging around and around, steadily descending to the vortex; or it

is the agitated swirl left by a prehistoric saurian diving to unmeasured depths; or—ah, well, fantasy knows no limits.

Before we were aware of the passage of time, the entrance to the locks was looming up before us. Kendall climbed easily up the steel-runged ladder and disappeared over the top. Two or three strokes and the canoe was inside the locks. Then Kendall swung the lock gates to, closed the lower spillways, and trotting to the upper end, opened the feed ports. In a few minutes we were out on the surface of the dam. And then—it began to rain.

Over the greater part of its surface the dam is dotted with islands. Slipping up under the overhanging trees along the bank of one of these islands, we quickly disrobed, and rolling our clothes into compact bundles, thrust them up under the tiny decks at either end of the canoe. A huge, wet, cold drop of rain trickled from the foliage above, and plopping squarely between my shoulder blades, started madly downward. I grunted, and murmured something under my breath.

Deep twilight had settled down upon the water by this time, so that we could barely discern the channel as it wound among the islands. Garbed in the glistening robes of our respective natal morns, we bent to our paddles with right good will, for that rain was cold and wet, and there was lots of it. If Richard II had been along, I believe he would have recanted on that "anointed balm" and "rough, rude sea" business. That rain would have washed anything away.

The first basket had been sunk at the mouth of one of those channels between the islands, and a long cord attached to it had been tied to the limb of a willow. After tugging at the cord to see that the basket was still in place, we embarked upon the real sport of the evening.

And, by the way, don't forget that it was dark by now, so dark that the tops of the trees on either side were but faintly outlined against the sky, and that the wind was rising and the rain falling. Some rain is damp, some is damper, and some is dampest. This was dampest. The canoe was drawn up close against one bank.

"Well," said Kendall cheerfully, "I'll light the lantern while you tie the hook on."

Having no knowledge of how fish baskets were worked, we had brought a hook and chain with which to grapple ours. Clumsily I began to loop cord through the eye of the hook and the end link of the chain.

"Gosh!" Kendall remarked to the world at large, after several minutes of silence. "This thing won't light. The matches get wet as fast as I take 'em out."

"Scratch 'em on your neck."

A caustic pleasantry, snatched away by the wind, was the only reply. No welcome flicker of light was visible in the bow, although I could hear Kendall busily scratching matches on anything that promised success.

The rain was growing colder, the wind rising. Steadily the water flowed down my body. Miniature Niagaras dripped from my fingers. I could understand why Kendall was having trouble.

"Try pullin' one through your teeth," I advised.

There was the quick rasp of a match on teeth, but no light, not even a spark. Kendall muttered to himself.

Suddenly a wet, rough claw scraped my back, and a fluttering, soft grasp enfolded my neck and head. Involuntarily I lunged forward. Caught by the current, the canoe had drifted out from the bank, so that I had been shoved into the overhanging limb of a tree.

"Ugh!" I grunted in quick relief.

Storm and wind bring a strange new timidity that shivers at the sudden snapping of a twig and cringes from any unexpected touch.

"Hah!" cried Kendall, as the match gleamed under his sheltering hand, "I got it now—struck one on the glass globe."

The wick of the lantern spluttered noisily, smoked, and a pale yellow flame flickered into life as the globe was closed. We had a light. My teeth were clicking audibly together like bones expertly rattled in the hand of a small boy. Kendall's were playing a rapid accompaniment. The tremor of chilled

limbs was spreading, so that, from head to foot, we both were trembling from the bitter lashing of wind and rain.

"Come one, shove 'er out," cried Kendall. "We'll both have pneumonia."

Quickly we "shoved 'er" to the cord, traced it until it shot steeply down. Chain in hand, Kendall leaned over the bow and grappled for the basket, while with slowly moving paddle I held the canoe head on. The light of the lantern blinded me so that I could no longer distinguish the outline of the trees against the sky, or properly orient the canoe.

"Put the lantern in front of you."

He did so, and crouched back to resume his casting. But success was not forthcoming. Once the chain tautened; but after a short steady pull Kendall's hands jerked up suddenly, with the chain dangling.

The slow minutes dragged by. The eddying current swept us to the right or left, with plucking fingers trying to carry us downstream. Occasionally, for seconds at a time, I could not determine whether we were over the basket or yards from it. The rain pattered monotonously, like the discharge of steam from an overtaxed boiler.

Suddenly Kendall straightened up.

"Here, take this darn chain and see if you can get it."

Back and forth I swept the grapple, trying to entangle the three-pronged hook in the woven interstices of the basket, but to no avail. My efforts were no more successful than his had been. Wet, cold, and thoroughly exasperated, each tried to outdo the other in excoriating comment anent catfish, fish baskets, and the idiocy of two bedraggled occupants of a sixteen-foot Veazie canoe, whose bottom at that moment was awash with rain water.

"All right, now," said Kendall, at the first lull, "I'm goin' to haul 'er up with this cord."

And suiting the action to the word, he began to draw in the slender marking cord. For a wonder it did not break, and in a moment the basket appeared at the surface. Euphoria

succeeded the sensations of fatigue and discomfort. There would be a dozen fish, perhaps two, in that basket.

"Watch your balance!" exclaimed Kendall, bending to lift the basket inboard. With body thrown well over to the opposite side, I helped hold the light canoe on an even keel while he drew it in. For a moment he stood upright, clasping the muddy, slimy thing tightly, the whiteness of his skin gleaming in sharp contrast. Then gently he lowered his filthy burden, thrusting the pointed end toward me. A sudden foreboding seized upon me; the basket was unduly silent. There was no flopping and twisting of fish, alarmed and gasping.

"I don't believe—" my voice trailed off dispiritedly, the thought unuttered.

"Come on, open it up," cried Kendall impatiently. "Let's see what's in it."

When the cone shaped end had been opened, and the contents of the basket dumped in the bottom of the canoe, we sat and eyed one another in grim silence. The flickering light of the lantern made a weird chiaroscuro effect of our bodies as we crouched at bow and stern, the empty basket between us, while the canoe drifted with the current. Then Kendall grinned sheepishly, and immediately we were both gurgling and bubbling. For in the bottom of the canoe lay the rocks used to sink the basket, and three mud-cats, two, three, and four inches long, respectively.

But the moods of youth are mercurial. Ruin, disaster, disappointment—they do not count long.

"Not tho' . . .
Some one had blundered,"

could we do aught but laugh.

"Better luck next time," cried Kendall merrily. "Let's go to the other basket. Maybe there's some there."

The other had been sunk out on the edge of the main boat channel. Lustily we drove the canoe out into the teeth of the wind, which was sweeping down the wide channel with the velocity of shot. We made short shift of raising the second basket. In a trice it was aboard, its contents dumped. There

were the load of rocks and two four-inch fish, both channel-cats.

Gently we heaved the five finny infants overboard, and turning stern to the wind began to swing our chilled arms. The rain had about ceased, a few stars were showing, but the wind still blew with unabated fury.

"Hot dawg! Me for my shirt and pants," chattered Kendall, clawing under the front deck for his garments.

Clothed, save for our shoes, we wriggled our toes in the water and mud in the bottom of the boat, and set to work in earnest. Once through the locks and in the canal again, fish baskets between us, we settled down to the seven miles ahead.

Warm and comfortable from the work, we planned the next trip, the disappointment of the evening already in the limbo of the past. The heavens were all agleam, the air damply invigorating to the nostril. And despite her weight, the canoe was skimming like a bird. . . . The only thing lacking was something to eat. Youth will be served, you know.

* * * * * * * * *

And that is what I mean by canoeing. The experiences that bring knowledge of sky and stream, of bird and fish, of nature—of self: ah, those are the things that count. What though we missed the last car and had to walk home? What did it matter? Freedom from the world of things, from the rigid conventions of society, from the puerile littlenesses that mark the relations of man when he is jammed too thickly in cities—those should not be the end of existence, but they should be its accompaniment.

And for the benefit of mothers who will honestly believe that we both afterwards died of exposure, I would add that neither was a sufferer by so much as a cold.

W. R. BOURNE.

AN OLD CASTLE IN LUXEMBURG

A Step Toward Perfection

THE LATE AFTERNOON sun cast a glowing pink over the heavens, here brighter, there deeper, like the fingers of some giant stretched forth to draw in the magnificence of the universe. The coolness of the air added a briskness to my pace and made me feel the comfort of the warm coat which buttoned high around my ears.

The outskirts of the small village were left behind in the sunset; before me lay gently rolling country, breaking here and there into hills and farther on rising higher and higher till the undulations met and blended with the horizon. The light reflected from the foliage and trees on their sides glowed here crimson, there orange and vermilion. All the colors and beauties of nature blended into the wonderful scene that stretched out and on—beautiful in the magnificence and splendor of the setting sun.

But these wondrous beauties of nature did not long hold my attention. An old medieval castle stood before me, now falling into ruin and decay. The moat that surrounded it was now half full of debris and rubbish that had been slowly accumulating all these seven hundred years since the fall of the feudal baron who once in splendor and richness tyrannized over the surrounding country for miles.

There stood the noble old building, a crumbling monument to the many struggles and conflicts on which our civilization has been builded.

The years of decay have dealt severely with its proud walls and towers that rise to magnificent heights. Here the wall has crumbled till it is only as high as an average man's head, there an entire tower has fallen, its proud pinnacle once lifted so boldly to the sky—now a heap of stones and rubbish—fallen like the proud and haughty aristocrats who once went forth to battle from yon spacious gates, or with valor and bravery stood upon the walls and battlements boldly

defying the enemy that would dare molest their peaceful tyranny and rule. Ah! what brave knights and fair ladies once came from those noble old halls! What mind can imagine the glory and splendor of those courts held within, of those feastings and drinkings held, alas, so often at the painful expense of the poorer peasantry. What splendid lines of stately knights have issued forth from those noble doors. My mind sees them now as with flaring colors, the glint of sunshine on steel armor, the blare of trumpets, the long column sweeps out of the courtyard. The drawbridge is lowered with a loud clang as the gates burst open and with distended nostrils and heaving flanks the war horses charge down the gentle slope, carrying the blue blood of the land to battle.

Faintly discernible on the crest of yonder smoothly rising hill is seen the gathering host of the opposing army. They halt for a moment only, like some great monster catching sight of its prey prepares to leap; for as they see our company, now nearing the plain, with a wild yell they gather into line and sweep down the hill in a wild charge. They meet, and there is the deafening clash of mail-clad bodies against steel, the shout of men in mortal combat, the scream of the wounded and the wild snorts of the horses, all mingling into one jangle of sound. The dust rises in thick clouds as if to blot out all the horrible scene of wanton bloodshed. With a shudder we turn our backs upon the scene. But slowly the dust clears away and the noise has ceased. The company that so boldly set out a few short hours ago is now returning. There are great gaps in its once full ranks, and there on the plain lie the broken, bleeding bodies of the fallen. For them never more will the trumpet call, never again will they enter those stately halls, never against will they grace the magnificent courts, or pay homage to fair ladies. Their battle of life has been fought; peacefully they lie, foe and friend, side by side, their bodies left to return to the dust. The castle alone remains as a monument marking the spot where the noblest have fallen, and where civilization took another forward step. And as we wander about those broken walls,

or view some crumbling tower, or stroll through those long decayed rooms and halls, on whose rugged walls once hung pictures of stately ladies and noble men, we may let our imagination wander back, at sight of some relic, to the days now old and musty in history, and at our will call forth the mighty legions of the past to parade before our fancies or do battle at our bidding.

Yet little do we think while sitting comfortably in our studies, calmly reading these facts of history, or even when we are face to face with the crumbling relics of those bygone days, that the same emotions, the same hopes and passions that ruled and governed our ancestors, the same motives that prompted them to do battle for their ideas of right, live on in us, governing us in our many struggles of life, and that they give to us the great and valuable heritage of profiting by their experiences.

But now the sun has sunk and left the old castle in the deepening shadows of twilight. As those shadows lengthen and deepen into darkness let us set our faces toward the village, where the fires crackle cheerily in the broad chimneys, where peace and happiness prevail, and our minds to the future with a new determination to advance civilization yet another step in the long upward climb to perfection.

E. O. S.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Eaddy has been compelled to drop out of college for a few months because of trouble with his eyes. He turned this story in just before leaving, and since he will be returning in the fall, I believe I can publish it without feeling that I am using the contribution of a man who is not a student at Wofford.

S I WAS SAYING, Half-Moon was in a state of agitation. On every convenient loafing corner a small group of undistinguished citizens were knotted together conversing, sometimes heatedly, then again laughing uproariously. At one of the corners, near a grocery store, about one-third the distance from the end of that rutty, dusty main street, lounged some half-dozen of Half-Moon's confirmed loafers. A few were gathered in a knot peering over the shoulder of Abe Bungler, the red-haired bricklayer. Business being slow for brickmasons in Half-Moon, Abe had ample time to follow his favorite occupation, not bricklaying. They were interested in a paper which Abe held, and from which he occasionally read a passage aloud.

"Now, what do you think Cap'n Spy'll say to this?" he said, pointing to a large headline on the second page and reading: "Mrs. Bedlam to speak to woman's society in town hall tomorrow night. Public invited."

"Lord, but won't Cap'n cuss, though," roared "Sheep" Carson, Half-Moon's professional harlequin.

Now, Cap'n Spy was Half-Moon's one distinguished man. He was one of the old school, as he stated himself, rather proudly. "From the old school, who used to have large houses to live in, houses of eight, ten, or twelve rooms and more. You don't see any more of them these days. The new school has taken charge now. They are content to live in a house of two eight-by-ten rooms, one a bedroom—the bed a folding one, made into the door, you only let it down at night—the other a kitchen. But, Lord, the garage! It's fireproof, waterproof, and steam-heated. That's the new school."

Everybody looked up to Cap'n Spy, for, as I was saying, he was Half-Moon's one distinguished man. He had held this

rank of distinction since the days directly after the Civil War. He had once gone to Congress; and came very near getting a high school building erected at Half-Moon. He had fought them infernal Yankees when they tried to tell us what to do with our niggers, along with about a dozen more of the men, who were all Half-Moon possessed at that time. But all these others got old and grew fragile; one by one they sickened and dropped off. So at the time of this story Cap'n Spy was the sole survivor of that splendid old collection of fossils.

He was a widower and childless. And one must excuse him if he was a little garrulous and quick-tempered (for ought not one to expect a man who had fought like Capn' Spy had to be quick-tempered?). And perhaps he was excessively fond of telling his same old stock of favorite stories with every-day frequency. But then they were history, and shouldn't we want to listen to history—even though it is dry sometimes?

Most men, by the time they have reached sixty, become pouchy and paunchy, or wither away and become extremely thin, with their bones bending in and out, resembling old trellises almost ready to give away under the old draping of life which covers them. But Cap'n Spy was sixty-two before his legs began to skew under him and force him to use a walking stick. He had carried one before, but only for dignity's sake. Now he needed one. He was still square and straight. Indeed, he gave one the impression of a square brick building made for strength. He wore a long, curling, gray mustache, which he had a habit of twisting when he was meditating over some serious problem. He had humorous grey eyes, which laughed pleasantly when he was happy, and which laughed anything but pleasantly when he was incited to excessive anger. But then it never occurred to Cap'n Spy to get angry unless there happened to arise an argument, when he was around, about woman suffrage or about the time when Sherman came through Half-Moon. He always did explode when anyone talked about women voting around him. This

had become almost a community joke in due length of time, and like all other good jokes, was worked on almost every occasion when Cap'n Spy was among the loafers. They loved to hear him talk when he was vexed over some petty problem.

And when, as he came stumping towards the loafing place this hot afternoon, those already collected there, including the Reverend Mr. Roland—he was a regular Wednesday evening member—saw that his face was red and radiant, and when they heard him shooting off his favorite expletive at every other step, they knew he was angry again about something. They winked among themselves slyly and knowingly, seeming to say: "We are going to have a good one this time."

"Goddel midey!" he was saying. "Goddel midey!"

The Reverend Mr. Roland, pastor of the Baptist Church, summoned enough spirit to remonstrate mildly with Cap'n Spy for the too frequent use of a certain word. He even ventured to remark that the Good Book expressly forbade the using of the name of the Deity in vain.

"Why, Goddel midey! pastor, that ain't cussin', that's just the way I talk," he exploded.

The crowd greeted this with a roar of laughter, greatly to the discomfiture of the Reverend Mr. Roland. Cap'n Spy, realizing what he had said, then forgot momentarily that he was "mad," and had to laugh, too. But he was too wrought up over his mission to stay glad long.

"Goddel midey, gentlemen, have you read what the paper said? Have any of you seen it? Why, them old hens in that women's society 'round there air gone and got an old widder to come down here from Meddlarsville to make a speech tomorrow night in our town hall. Now, just look what they're comin' to. I wish the women of today had common sense enough to stay at home and cook and tend to the house and try to keep some of these little young 'uns, running 'round here dirty as pigs on the street, cleaner, instead of trying to put on the men's breeches and go gallivanting about the country makin' speeches about what is women's rights and such tommy-rot, when they don't know what they're talking about.

Now, why can't they do like the late Mrs. Spy was always contented to do. She never even thought about voting. Why, Goddel midey, men"—and he stopped to catch breath and allow some of the blood, which had collected steadily into the veins of his face during the bombastic delivery, to subside. That young upstart, "Sheep" Carson, then committed the unpardonable sacrilege of interrupting Cap'n Spy when he was on the warpath, by saying: "Now, Cap'n Spy, I hear this widder is a real beau-catcher, a regular high-flier; paints, they say, and darn good-looking for a wrinkled old lady. I bet you fall for her before she leaves town two weeks from today."

It was a miracle how "Sheep" Carson escaped the indignant wrath—in voluminous and excessive redundancy—of Cap'n Spy. The worthy old gentleman grew redder and redder until his face was a livid purple, gave a snort, and heaved a great breath—like a horse when the saddle girth is loosened after a hard run—in preparation, when that notable personage under discussion turned the corner not many yards away escorted by two of the town wives, politicians incidentally, and swept serenely and grandly down upon this crowd of gossipers. So that enormous bellows of wind which Cap'n Spy had drawn in with the intention of making deadly use of just eased out with a kind of wheezy sound.

The lady in question was walking between two native ladies of Half-Moon. The one on her right was a blonde of the large type; the one on her left was a brunette of the small type. But the widow was neither big and blonde nor small and brunette. She was of no particular type, nondescript, of medium height, with grey-streaked hair appearing from under the edge of her small turban, traveling hat. Her face was pleasant and smiling. Nor did she have the determined chin and tight-drawn lips that Cap'n Spy and the rest were expecting in a he-woman who went around the country making speeches and voting.

She swept gallantly by, talking all the time to her companions, but taking in the entire crowd with a patronizing glance. Then, her eyes settling finally upon the distinguished

figure of Cap'n Spy, she condescended to give him a gracious, smiling nod.

Cap'n Spy even retained presence of mind enough to sweep off his hat gallantly and to bow.

That young upstart, "Sheep" Carson, seeing it all, now slapped his hand over his mouth and exploded in a subdued fit of laughter.

"She shore ruined Cap'n Spy," he giggled, still holding his sides, after the ladies had swept out of hearing.

Curiously enough, for once, Cap'n Spy didn't even notice the laughing young scapegrace. He was too much elated over the fact that the lady had spoken to him. "Picked me alone out of the whole crowd, bedam. Why, Goddel midey, gentlemen, Reverend Roland wasn't in it at all. She didn't even know he was there," the old fellow had related proudly a few days after that incident among a few of his most patient victims—they stayed and laughed at his jokes longer than the rest.

But "Sheep" Carson wasn't through yet. He knew when Cap'n Spy was up in the air, and he was determined to have his fun. He hung on doggedly. "Cap'n Spy, you going to hear her tonight?" he asked irreverently.

There was a daunting little pause. Two or three men straightened themselves free where they leaned against the front of the store. There was a perceptible tenseness in the air. Every man present had a premonition of an impending storm. They waited. Cap'n Spy grew red, then white, then a livid purple again. He knocked his cane violently upon the ground, but the storm didn't burst. For the second time, "Sheep" Carson was miraculously saved from the punishment which should have been meted out to him for his impiety.

Instead of replying, Cap'n Spy gave a contemptuous snort and made his exit from that stage haughtily, but nevertheless greatly discomfited. He made it to the hateful tune of a derisive chuckling and giggling behind him.

But Cap'n Spy couldn't stay "blowed up" long. Accordingly, later in the evening, when "Sheep" Carson came running

into the crowd of loafers, his face distorted with a teeth-accompanied grin, Cap'n Spy was among them.

"Why, Goddel midey! son, what's wrong now? Who have you been playing some of your pranks on this time?" Cap'n Spy asked rather sharply, for he had not forgotten the actions of "Sheep" in the earlier part of the day.

"Why, look here at this—ha! ha!" laughed "Sheep," with honest tears of fun standing in his eyes. "That widder wanted some bills printed about her speech, and she got me to carry them around to the printer's"—here he stopped to laugh uproariously again, bending over and holding his sides, as was his habit of doing when he became tickled.

"Go on and tell us what happened, you darn fool," interjected Cap'n Spy.

"Well," after a moment, "I took them around. But she had her subject punkshated wrong, and I changed it to the right way. Her subject was, "Woman: Without Her, Man Would Be a Savage." But I changed the comma over and it reads like this," he laughed, holding up a postor in one-inch type, "Woman, Without Her Man, Would Be a Savage."

The single note of "Sheep" Carson's laugh changed to a general braying.

"Gosh! that's a good 'un," said Bob Dayman, the job carpenter, when the laughter had changed from a tutta forza to a diminuendo.

But Cap'n Spy hadn't joined in the laughter. He didn't like for his townsmen to play dirty tricks on a stranger lady, he explained later. He now knocked his stick upon the corner of a box to bring all eyes to bear upon him.

"Now, gentlemen," he exploded, and then began swelling up like a pouter pigeon, while his face was gradually taking on an unhealthy, apoplectic shade of red.

However, they never knew what Cap'n Spy had intended to say. For whatever it was was prevented by the arrival of the Methodist minister's wife. This gaunt, leathery, monocled lady was the leader of the Women's Society.

"Why, here you are, Cap'n Spy," she said. "We want you to come around tomorrow night to the speaking. And, please, won't you consent to make a short talk by way of giving Mrs. Bedlam a word of introduction? You know you are good at speaking," she cajoled.

At this point "Sheep" Carson, catching Cap'n Spy's eye, slapped his hand over his mouth and disappeared around the corner of the store, convulsed with laughter.

Capn' Spy turned redder. But he finally consented—the chance of talking to so gracious a lady was not so bad, after all, he thought—and walked off down the street with the minister's wife. He could not bear the idea of facing "Sheep" Carson just yet. And for this reason he stayed away from the loafers' corner all of next day.

But literally speaking, things began to happen the next night. A half-hour before the speaking began, "Sheep" Carson marched down to the third row from the front with six of his "pals." "We just had to come down to see what had become of our love-smitten old duffer," he explained.

When Cap'n Spy came upon the platform escorting the speaker, "Sheep's" face—with one eye shut and his mouth spread to an enormous dimension—was the first to catch his eye. He scented trouble in the air at once. So, instead of making the little speech which he had so carefully prepared, he only gave a brief word and sat down. But even the presence of "Sheep" Carson and the gang could not prevent him from taking a seat by the widow in the minister's car that night.

Two weeks had passed and not a single time had Cap'n Spy been seen among the crowd of loafers. "He's gone plum wild," explained "Sheep" Carson. "That widder's done got him knocked plum cold. He can't do nothing 'cept just sit on the porch over there, by her side, with his mouth wide open, and blink and blink them big eyes and twist that mustache. I passed there three times today and throwed up my hand at him, and, bless my soul, the old duffer won't even notice me. I never ain't seen a man change like Cap'n's done. Why, they

say he's even quit cussin' just cause she don't like it. They say she's down on cussin', sure enough. Guess the old codger'll marry her. Anyhow, they say he's goin' to."

"He's shore changed," added the bell-boy and proprietor of the only hotel in Half-Moon. "He ain't been down to see us in a'most two weeks."

"Gentlemen, and bums," spoke up "Sheep" again, "I move that we do something to keep our old fellow townsman from making such a grave mistake as to marry this he-woman and bring her here to live in our midst. We don't want her." And all agreed heartily. But failing to decide upon this "something," they finally adjourned—at nightfall—without having settled upon any definite plans as to how to go about rescuing the Cap'n from so direful a fate. No logical way seemed available by which to prevent the old Cap'n from becoming a "married man." "And now, mind you, at his age, too," was the ejaculation upon every tongue in town.

Cap'n Spy was immune to the effect of all gossip. He did not realize the slander he was causing to be raised. Not that it would have made any great difference with him had he known. He didn't care. He continued his courtship unmolested by public opinion. He was old enough to 'tend to his own business, he supposed. If others didn't like it they could go and stay put. Of course, he would have put it differently before he met the widow, but now he had quit cursing.

Things rolled on in this manner until the evening before the day set for the departure of the widow. Cap'n Spy, who was hibernating in the wrong season of the year, had not been seen uptown in a coon's age, as "Sheep" Carson put it, with the few exceptions when he came with the widow and the minister's family. "He just won't let us get a chance at him," complained "Sheep" Carson one day.

But this evening luck played in "Sheep's" hands. He saw Cap'n Spy coming stumping along, and was prepared for him when he arrived. Why hadn't he been around before? What had he been doing? When was he going to be married to the widder? Was he going to stay at Half-Moon? How many

step-children was she going to bring him in? And—he was going to continue when he caught his breath again; but Cap'n Spy exploded in the interval: "Now, see here, young man, none of your impertinent insinuations! You have been gitting too big for your breeches around here lately, and need to be taken down a button-hole or two."

"But we want to know about the widder and you," "Sheep" interjected exasperatingly.

"Mrs. Bedlam is a real, jenuine lady—"

"They say you even stopped cussin' for her. You must shore be stuck," "Sheep" put in, seeing that there was danger of the Cap'n getting "strung-off."

"Now, see here, young man, I suppose a man has a right to stop cussin' if he wants to, hasn't he?" blurted Cap'n Spy, visibly getting angry.

"Yes, but I wouldn't let a widder woman suffragist hen-peck me that way," argued "Sheep." "She'll do that enough after you marry her. You gonna let her vote for you, too, Cap'n?" "Sheep" goaded.

Cap'n Spy was prancing now. His face was as red as the neck of a strutting turkey gobbler, and he acted not unlike this noble bird of the barnyard.

"No, you young scallawag, no woman'll do my voting. You ought to have respect enough for ladies—" Cap'n was working himself into a rage now.

"Sheep" stopped the outburst by yelling: "But, Cap'n, we want to know how many grown daughters the widder has to vote too."

This was too much for Cap'n Spy. He could stand the exasperating taunts and jeers of "Sheep" no longer. He forgot all the promises he had made to the widow, all the resolutions he had made to himself. He cussed.

"May the devil take you, you young scapegoat! And be damned to you, the widder, and her daughters!" he bellowed, just as this august lady stepped out of the department store about twenty yards in front of the Cap'n, with the minister's wife.

The two ladies marched by with heads raised and eyes set to the front, but for one look of rage and scorn flung at the trembling old Cap'n.

He was sick, some one said next day.

The widow left town, anyway, the next morning. "Sheep" Carson and three of his pals were at the station to "see her off." The train pulled away with her, and Half-Moon became peaceful again.

"Let's be good to Cap'n when he comes out again. I saw the widder when she went in the store. And I had to make Cap'n cuss," "Sheep" explained. And they promised.

C. L. EADDY.

BEAUTY

WE ARE BEGINNING under a faulty title, perhaps, for we are not concerned with abstract beauty so much as with the love of beauty. Somehow, in the Divine scheme of things, persons or things, noble sentiments, or vices, are of no moment to us save as we honor or love or fear them. Conditions or objects are nothing to us, except in the inmost recesses of our spirit, as they arouse or inspire some attitude of mind. But from whence does beauty come, and what is its effect on us?

Beauty grows from the harmonious accord of all parts, of all elements, of all feelings, to a natural, spiritual whole. The harmony inherent in all nature, none will question. We know of no beauty inharmonious. The deep sobbing of yonder sea, the delicate symmetry of every leaf, the shaded hue of every flower, seem to say: "Nature is harmonious." And nature, too, is our test of beauty. This must be true, for from the earliest dawn of memory we have seen the birds and the flowers and the stars and owned them beautiful. If, then, an overwhelming part of all that we own to be beautiful is natural, from the limitations of human nature, what is not natural cannot be beautiful. Today we might term a gaudily adorned automobile beautiful, but ten years from today it would seem hideous. All that would be called beautiful must follow the lines and curves of nature and strive to seem natural.

In nature, all living things that face the sunlight are beautiful. Every animal, every plant, every shrub, has a subtle beauty all its own. But where does the concord of every feeling come in? we ask. The reply is: Where man enters. But two members of the race possess real beauty: he who faces the sunlight of truth fearlessly, accepting every challenge, following truth for truth's sake, and acting at her bidding; and he —usually she—who grows, in so far as possible, unthinkingly, like the rose beside the doorstep. Truly, all things that na-

ture formed are beautiful, and man is not least of her creations.

The spiritual, too, enters only where man enters. Things grow physically, but man must also grow intellectually and spiritually. And each of these parts must be developed alike to form the symmetrical, beautiful whole. Who has not seen people with finely formed, delicate features, who lack beauty? Every element of physical beauty is present—but look in the eyes, or that line beneath, or that curve at the corner of the mouth! And who has not seen people, even with physical infirmities, who seem to radiate sympathy and kindness? And we think of them as beautiful. Beauty, in its highest form, is but the expression of a great soul. A painting, a statue, a book, can be no greater than the soul which produced it. The physical basis, however, whether of skill or material, is indispensable to the highest beauty. For Beauty, truly, is the expression of a harmonious accord of all parts, of all elements, of all feelings, to a natural, spiritual whole.

There is, too, a certain godliness in the beauty of nature which makes us wonder if a man could really love beauty and be evil. The gleaming sunset with its halo of glory and light seems to bear a message through its golden, effulgent beams. The colored leaf of autumn, urged on by a rustling wind, sinks to earth without a sigh. And we wonder if man can as truly fulfill his life as the leaves of the trees: green, tender in spring, strong in summer, serene in autumn. When life flees, they clothe themselves in the glory of the rainbow, give a little color to the world, and flutter to earth, urged on by a gentle breeze. The limpid stars shed their soft luster of light o'er a troubled earth and seem to comfort with a word. For aeons have passed under their gaze and still they brighten the souls of men with hope and joy and a soft luster of light. Each pensive flower, each purling brook, each towering summit, seems to strike a chord on the human harp called Beauty. He who formed us with infinite wisdom must have desired that we love the Beautiful—He made so much of it.

R. H. H.

CELESTIAL MUSIC

IN THE PAST TWO YEARS the radio telephone has become almost a household necessity. Its story is the most romantic of all the sciences. Twenty years have barely passed since William Marconi sent the first message across the Atlantic. Today hundreds of messages fly to every continent and every isle where man has settled. Tonight the writer has listened to a concert in Davenport, Iowa; and it is not uncommon to pick up a serenade from Havana. Little did Samuel Smith realize when he penned his immortal "America" that some day music would swell the breeze and ring from all the trees.

Perhaps the reader has wondered how radio telephony and telegraphy (for the two are identical) is accomplished. The answer to this query is not difficult. It must be presumed that the reader has an understanding of elementary physics.

One has stood on the banks of a pond and hurled rocks into it. When the rock strikes the pond it sends out a series of waves in concentric circles. If a stick lies in the path of these waves it will bob up and down. The principle upon which the radio is based is identical with the pond waves described above. The radio transmitter is the rock which causes waves to start out in all directions. These waves travel through space with the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) until they cause the receiver (the stick) to respond. The medium through which the wireless waves travel is in dispute among scientists today. For a long time it was thought there existed throughout space a substance called ether. Steinmetz and others have disapproved the ether theory, and hold that the waves are powerful electromagnetic fields.

The reader can see that if all of the radio stations were to set up waves of the same length nothing but confusion would result. Fortunately, radio waves have different lengths. These lengths vary from 200 to 25,000 meters. Different bands of these wave-lengths are assigned to different stations

and different purposes. For instance, radio telephony uses 360 and 400 meters. These different wave-lengths give rise to the term called tuning. In order that a station transmitting a wave of 400 meters length be heard the receiver must be set to respond to 400 meters. The wave-lengths can be changed by varying the relation between the plates of a condenser, or by rotating a coil of wire in another.

Since these waves travel so fast and have such high frequency, they must be rectified before they can become audible. There are several devices used to rectify them. It was found that certain minerals had the property of rectifying, but this type of detector (as radio men call the device) has not proved very satisfactory. The most sensitive and most commonly used detector is the DeForest audion tube. This tube is about the size of the ordinary electric light bulb. Indeed, the electric light led to its discovery. Thomas Edison discovered that an incandescent filament in a vacuum threw off into the space surrounding it hundreds of thousands of tiny particles of negative electricity called electrons. Prof. J. A. Fleming inserted into this vacuum tube a plate of nickel and charged it with positive electricity. He found that the electrons were all immediately attracted by this plate and that a current of electricity would flow from the filament through the space to the plate. In 1906, Dr. Lee DeForest inserted a third plate called a grid between the filament and the plate. By altering the charge on the grid he could control the amount of current flowing in the tube. As radio waves are similar to alternating current, they can be made to control a current in a tube, making this current pulsate. This pulsating current makes clicks in the telephones, and thus, audible sounds. The audion is used also in long distance telephony (land lines). It can be made to generate high frequency electricity, and is thus used in transmitters. It has even been made to send waves across the ocean.

Radio telegraphy is different from telephony in that telegraphy is merely an interval between two wave trains, causing the dots and dashes in the receiver. Telephony is acomplished by impressing the sound waves on to the electric waves.

The history of radio dates from 1899, when Marconi sent signals over a mile in Italy. He applied the principles discovered by Prof. Heinrich Hertz in 1890 and given above. Hertz reasoned that if the theory enunciated by Clerk-Maxwell, now known as the light-wave theory, was true, he could discover it. He found that a Leyden jar condenser, when given a very heavy charge and then suddenly discharged, set up waves in space. Since Marconi first sent the letter S from Newfoundland to Carnavon, Wales, many engineers and noted scientists have entered the field. Every day new devices are being invented, but the principle of wireless remains the same.

Who knows what benefits this wonderful invention will bring to mankind? It has already made the farmer a nightly attendant at grand opera and the Chinaman the next door neighbor of the American college professor. "The voices of the nations fill the air and the stars really make celestial music."

W. C. BOWEN.

DE REBIBAL

WITH MUCH HISSING of escaping steam and grinding of brakes, the freight train came slowly to a stop. Two negroes slid cautiously out from under one of the coal cars and flattened themselves in the shadow so as to avoid detection. One was a tall, heavy-set, jet-black African of about middle age; the other, a small, chunky darky a year or two younger and a shade or so lighter than the first. They were truly the "Mutt and Jeff" of darkytown.

Twilight was just beginning to deepen and darkness was folding the landscape under its wings for the night.

The train moved off, and soon no sound could be heard but the light rustling of the leaves in the evening breeze. The two negroes rose and peered about them uneasily. They had expected a cop to tap them on the head with a billy and escort them down to the city jail. But nothing of the kind happened. The full realization of where they were came upon them slowly. Nothing was in sight but a water tank completely surrounded by swampy woodland.

When these facts burst across the threshold of Shorty's mind (this was the appellation given him by the larger negro in his calmer moments; most of the time, however, it was plain "nigger"), he was truly scared, and said:

"Good Gawd! Beelzebub, what we gwine ter do now?"

Beelzebub felt his superiority over Shorty greatly. Had he not been a janitor in a college at one time? And, furthermore, had he not actually attended a school for two weeks in his early youth? It was truly a hurt to his pride when he found that he and Shortly were to be traveling companions. And had Shorty not been from his own home town, he would never have even thought of so degrading a thing.

Shorty realized his great handicap and had profound respect for the wisdom of Beelzebub. So by mutual consent Beelzebub was chosen leader of the party. It was Beelzebub who saw after the passports, the railway tickets, the hotel accommodations, and all of those annoying little inconve-

niences of travel. So it was only natural that Shorty should turn to him in this extremity.

"We gwine ter walk inter town, dat's what we gwine ter do," Beelzebub answered, in a tone of supremacy, tinged with contempt. But Beelzebub was puzzled. He had only answered in this manner so as to keep up his own courage, and to keep Shorty from knowing that he had gotten off at this forsaken place unintentionally.

"What town? How we kno' dere is er town, much lessen ef we kin walk ter it?" Shorty asked, very much perplexed.

"Nigger," Beelzebub answered angrily, for he saw he was in a trap and was likely to expose the true facts to Shorty at any moment, "Do yer see dat water tank dar? Wal, do yer think it ud be situetted whar dere warn't no town? Huh? Does yo'? An' furder mo', do yer think it ud be so fer dat we can't walk der remainder ob der distunce? Nigger, yo' haid sholy mus' am all ibory."

Shorty wanted to say more, but he could almost feel the tenseness in Beelzebub's voice; he pictured the general set of his muscles as they tightened and relaxed under the heavy coat of sooty skin; he saw himself lying prone on the side of the railway. These mental pictures would have stopped a stronger man than Shorty, and he gave them scarcely any thought at all.

The faint, weird notes of a hooting owl was wafted in on the light breeze. Shorty's eyes became as large as saucers. He turned to look at Beelzebub, and as he did so the large fiery form of a jack-o-lantern rose slowly out of the marsh.

Two minutes later Shorty overtook Beelzebub as he was entering the incorporated limits of the little town of Pickensville, a mile from the water tank. Beelzebub's surmise had been correct.

"What we wanta git off here fer, anyhow, Beelzebub?" Shorty asked, between long gasps. "Whyn't we go on home on dat car?"

"Nigger," said Beelzebub, "does yo' want all de fo'kses ter laff at yer when yo' git dar? Whar's all dem fifteen dolla's er

day what we writ back we uz er makin' in dem mines? Nawsuh, Ah'se goin' back in stile, Ah is."

"Yo' gonna git er job here?" queried Shorty.

"Not lessen Ah gits on de gang," said Beelzebub. "Ah'se got er ijea. Sho'ty, how much sponjuliks is yo' got widjer?"

"Fo'ty cents," said Shorty, in a moment of forgetfulness. He had learned never to tell Beelzebub when he had money, or at any rate how much he had.

"Lem'me hab it, an' wid ma quarter Ah'll sho' yer how ter 'crease our capital dubble in no time," Beelzebub said, in a non-commanding, but firm voice.

Shorty had misgivings as to Beelzebub's idea, but not as to his brawn, so he handed him the forty cents and plodded on in silence.

Next morning Beelzebub led Shorty into the yard of one of the most promising looking houses in the little town.

"Lady," he said, "is yo' all got eny wood we kin chop?"

"No! We have positively nothing for you to do," she replied.

"Ain' yo' got no garden what needs workin', lady?" Beelzebub continued.

"I told you I had nothing for you to do," the lady replied.

"Well den, lady, can't yo' gib us po' niggers a mouful ter eat?" asked Beelzebub, when he felt assured that there was no work to be done.

The lady stepped back, gave a low whistle, and a pug-nosed bulldog shot out of the door. Beelzebub lost no time in getting over the fence, but he landed on the other side minus a small portion of his coat tail. Shorty had made his get-away while Beelzebub was thus entertaining the dog.

"Is dat yo' ijea?" he asked Beelzebub, when they were together again.

Beelzebub made no reply, but looked at Shorty with such an expression that he decided not to press the question.

Turning a corner abruptly, Beelzebub collided with a medium-sized mulatto youth of the type designated by the negroes as "cake-eaters."

"Why-ont chu'all look whar"—the mulatto began.

"Yaller boy," Beelzebub interrupted, putting his hand on the mulatto's shoulder, "yo'all is 'tirely too fresh fo' yo' helth. Efen yo' don' wanta bump yo' haid inter ma fis', yo'all better had be quiet. Does yo'all lib in dis yere town?"

"Ah does, toe be sho'," said the mulatto. "What yo'all gwine ter do 'bout it?"

"Yo' tater cullerd houn'," Beelzebub said, his eyes sparkling as he tightened his grip on the mulatto's shoulder. "Yo'all is sho' gwine ter git hurted terectly. Ah wants ter kno' ef yo'all kin tell me whar dey's gwine ter roll de ibories dis nite?"

"Ah sho' kin," responded the mulatto, in a softer tone. "Yo'all meet me here at dis perzact place at seben erclock dis ebnin' an' Ah'll 'scort yo' 'roun' ter de verry place whar yer wants ter go."

The mulatto was true to his word, and at the appointed time he met Beelzebub and Shorty at the corner, and led them to a small negro shanty in the very heart of the colored district of the town.

In the wee small hours of the morning Beelzebub's voice could be heard roaring, "Hit 'em dices; read 'em an' weep; lil joddy, quarter mo' Ah makes it." And Beelzebub was lucky. A large pile of quarters, dimes, and nickles lay on the floor in front of him. But he became too uproarious and his voice was heard—by a passing policeman.

Shorty went out a window, taking the frame with him, not because he wanted it, but because it was more convenient for him to do so; but Beelzebub stopped to gather up his money and was caught.

"Fifteen-seventy-five or thirty days," said the judge next morning. Beelzebub reached into his pocket and pulled out all of his available wealth. Slowly and carefully he counted it: "Fifteen an' er quarter, fifteen-fifty, fifteen-sixty, fifteen-sebenty, fifteen-sebenty-five." He handed this to the judge and left the jail. He had one lone nickle left.

At the foot of the steps Shorty joined him; he had waited

there all morning. "Beelzebub, le's go eat," said Shorty, flashing a two dollar bill before his eyes.

"Whar yo'all git dat?" asked Beelzebub. "Is Ah dreamin', Shorty?"

"Ah foun' er suit-satchel in er automobile what was parked on a side street, an' Ah pawned it fer de ermount what yer see on dis yere greenback," Shorty replied.

"Sho'ty, yo' is got er lil sense," Beelzebub felt compelled to confess.

After a hearty meal of ham and eggs, Beelzebub decided to continue the operations Shorty had so successfully begun. Beelzebub took one side of the street and Shorty took the other. But luck had changed. And it was three o'clock before Beelzebub took something out of a battered old Ford and motioned for Shorty to follow him.

Shorty walked for about two blocks at a leisurely gait, and then feeling that they had not been seen in the act of robging the car, he quickened his step and caught up with Beelzebub.

"What yo'all foun'?" he asked, in a low voice.

Beelzebub pulled something from under his coat, hastily put it back, and walked on in silence.

"Ma Gawd!" exclaimed Shorty. "What yo'all wanter steal er Bible fer?" Shorty thought it no harm to steal money, or chickens, or suit-cases, or anything of like nature; but to steal a Bible! that was an offense for which one was liable to be struck dead at any moment.

Beelzebub's conscience troubled him far less, and he did not deem it necessary to answer Shorty's question. Instead, he asked:

"Sho'ty, kin yo' sing?"

"Lawd, yes," said Shorty. "When Ah uz in France Ah out-singed dem bullets."

"Ah 'spects yo' uz goin' fastern dey wuz, too," said Beelzebub. "Ah means kin yo' sing dese here rebibal songs?"

"Yo' bet Ah kin," answered Shorty. "What yo'all wanta kno' dat fer?"

"Sho'ty," asked Beelzebub, "does yo'all 'member eny ob dem frenchy names?"

"Ah does," Shortly replied.

"Wal den, Ah wants yer ter gib me one er 'em an' yo' ter take anudern. Ah is now er great rebibalist an' yo' is ma leadin' singer. Wha's our names, Sho'ty?"

This took Shorty by surprise. He had not expected that his knowledge of French names would be called upon, so for some minutes he walked along thinking deeply. By the time they had reached the colored district, he had thought of two names that pleased Beelzebub immensely.

A big, fat, robust, shiny negro, who had the appearance of never having struck a lick of work in his life, sauntered out of a house and on to the sidewalk.

"Scuse me, brudder," said Beelzebub. "But kin yo' tell me whar de pawson ob dat church yonder kin be foun'?"

"Yo'all is talkin' ter dat verry pawsonage now," the negro replied. "Ah is de Reberend Jawn D. Flax, ob Mount Mariah Church."

"Ah's chawmed ter meet cher," said Beelzebub, bowing. "Yo'all is talkin' ter de honorable Reverint Tout de Sweety, frum Iowy, an' his mos' larned singer, Mr. Parley Frenchie. We all's come fer ter carry on er rebibal in yo' church, efen yo'all'll jes low us ter do it."

"Yo' betcha life Ah'll low yer to. Ah losted ma Bible, an' Ah's so upsot Ah feels lack Ah jes can't preach no mo' fer a mont'. Ah'll jes res' till yo'all gits fru," the Reverend Flax replied.

"Whar kin we fin' lodgement?" asked Beelzebub, after thanking the minister for his kindness in turning over his church to them for the revival.

"Yo'all kin stay rite here wid me," said the Reverend Flax. "Ah's got er spar' room fer jes sich 'mergencies."

Again Beelzebub bowed and proffered thanks. "We'all'll start de meetin' termorro' nite," he said.

That night Beelzebub, in turning through his Bible to find a text for his first sermon, a very difficult feat to accomplish, as his ability to read was only imaginary, found an old, worn

and tattered dollar bill. He was greatly pleased with this discovery, for he easily guessed the purpose it had served, and was wishing for one to use for the same purpose when he found it. A broad smile spread across his ugly, black face; luck was surely with him.

The next night the revival began. Shorty opened the service by singing "Heben." Beelzebub made the necessary introductions, and explained why he and Shorty had given up good "persitions" just to enter into this work. Then he made a few "pernouncements," and they all "jined" in singing "Standin' in de Need ob Prayer," after which he announced his text in a loud and sonorous voice, saying:

"Bredderen an' Sisteren, Ah takes fo' ma subjec' ternite dat vu'se in de Bible what say hit am mo' blessed ter gib dan ter receib, fo' dem what gibs shall be regibbed, an' dem what receibs shall sho'ly lose it. Me an' Mr. Parley Tootey—Ah means—er—Parley—("Frenchie," whispered Shorty.) Frenchie—er, me an' Mr. Parley Frenchie here done 'skivered dis fac', an' we wants ter pass it on ter yo' fo'kses so yo' kin 'njoy liben er lil bit mo'. We don't wan' no money fer ourselves. Dis money dat yo' good bredderen an' sisteren am gonna gib dis ebnin' is goin' fer ter he'p some po' wan'ering chilluns fer ter git back hom'. He'p dese po' chilluns. Dis may be yo' las' chance fo' yo' is called fo' de jedgemint bar. Der cullectors will now git busy."

Shorty visibly winced at these last words of Beelzebub's; why, he did not know. He did not know this was base hypocrisy. In fact, he was altogether unable to analyze his feelings. But there was something in the atmosphere, something in the whole procedure, that caused his conscience to work overtime. He thought of running away and leaving the affair where it now stood, but one glance at Beelzebub assured him that this would be the wrong move entirely. So by severe effort he got control of his nerves, and arose to assist in taking the collection, a task that Beelzebub had insisted that he help do.

Beelzebub slipped the worn dollar bill in one of the col-

lection plates, as a starter, and stood watching the collectors as they performed this important part of the service.

The Reverend Mr. Flax sat on the third row of seats, in the middle tier, and as luck would have it, the plate in which Beelzebub had placed the starter was selected for his tier of seats. When the plate passed him, a queer expression came over his face. He rose slowly, walked up to the pulpit, and picked up Beelzebub's Bible.

"Uh, huh!" he said, "dat's whar ma Bible went ter, eh? Ah sees yo' game." And with this he made a lunge for Beelzebub. But Beelzebub was gone. The broken pane in the back window showed the method of his flight. And Shorty had gone out the door in no less of a hurry.

In telling of the experience later, Shorty said:

"Beelzebub beated me hom' two days. An' Ah mos' starv' ter deth on de way cause Beelzebub he don' et every blackberry dey wuz twixt here an' dere, green uns an' all."

ALTON L. FOSTER.

FIRE

THE JOURNAL'S POEM FOR FEBRUARY

A radiant youth, crystal-eyed,
Upon a college roll inscribed his name
One day. No bleared soul his,
No foul and shadowed cells
Of hateful self, by self dismayed,
Were there recessed.
For life was light, and light was life
For him; and he honor knew.

A lustrum, lacking one, its
Arrowed minutes sped,
And a youth, no longer young,
Went forth—nor honor knew.

An obligation did not oblige
Upon that campus. A pledged word
No fulfillment carried in its train,
And man to man, in tempered bond of honesty,
Did not its students move.

"BABBITT"—A REVIEW

"BABBITT," the new novel by Sinclair Lewis, the author of the much-discussed "Main Street," is a satire on the modern commercialistic spirit. It tells the story of George F. Babbitt, a middle-aged "realtor," as he so loves to be called, living in Zenith, a city of two or three hundred thousand, with "Zip, Boom and Bang." Babbitt is a good fellow: a member of the Boosters Club and of several other organizations essential to a "man with vision."

The story begins in April with a description of an average day in his life: his rising, breakfast, ride to the office, morning work, luncheon at the Zenith Athletic Club with his friend, Paul Reisling, a slightly shady real estate deal, supper and the evening at home. Paul Reisling, his old college roommate, is a tar-roofing salesman, but everyone who knows him well thinks he should have been a violinist. That summer, Babbitt and Paul persuade their wives to let them go on ahead and spend a week in the Maine woods before the families follow them up there. During this week they "cuss and smoke much as they please," play poker till two a. m. with the guides, and have a general "good time." When their wives and families arrive, they settle down from "dead game sports" to "family men."

On the return to Zenith they turn again to the drab and colorless rush and hustle. Babbitt is increasingly successful. He is active in a political campaign and gains recognition as an orator. The climax comes when he is elected Vice-President of the Zenith Rotary Club. Then his friend, Paul, in a quarrel with his wife, shoots her, wounding her dangerously, though not mortally. He is sent to prison and Babbitt enters into an existence with nothing in it to live for since Paul is out of it.

Babbitt becomes a friend of the Radical lawyer, Seneca Doane, and loses many of his business friends as a consequence. In his disgust with life, he begins to go with a Bo-

hemian set and is increasingly intimate with a widow, Mrs. Judique. He drinks more and more liquor and often stays out very late at night, to his wife's dismay. His wife is suddenly taken ill with appendicitis and then he realizes that he loves only her. In his agony of mind while she is being operated upon, all desires for the Radicals and Bohemians leave him. During Mrs. Babbitt's convalescence, his former friends, such as the Gunches and Littlefields, make overtures of friendship and he receives them with open arms. He becomes a violent opponent of Radicalism, and Seneca Doane is as bane to him. He is reinstated as a Good Fellow and a member of the "Roughnecks' Table" at the Athletic Club. The book ends with a humorous incident about the marriage of his young son, Ted, who is in college, and Eunice Littlefield, a typical flapper.

On the whole, I think the book emphasizes too strongly the sordid and mean in modern life. Everyone is selfish and there is no such thing as squareness in business, according to this book. Ridicule and satire are flung at the church, civic enterprises, and at both Radicals and Conservatives. It speaks of nothing except to sneer at it, not openly, of course, but in a keen, shrewd way. If the world were like "Babbitt" makes it out to be, it surely would be a rotten place in which to live.

Notwithstanding the general air of the book, it is very good literature. Babbitt and the other characters are real people. You could easily recognize any one of them, if you had the good fortune to go to Zenith, which is a real American city. Some of the little interludes and side incidents remind one very much of Dickens, and, indeed, Mr. Lewis would seem to rank very well with that author as a sketcher of character. In fact, the entire book, in one sense, is a characterization of the modern business man; how fair a one, each one must judge for himself. I think that it is worth reading.

C. HERBERT.

"COLLECTED POEMS AND THE WINDOW OF SOULS"

AMONG THE BOOKS that have come from South Carolina presses during the past year is a new anthology from the pen of a South Carolinian, Mr. Henry E. Harman, entitled "Collected Poems and the Window of Souls." The author has requested the college magazines of the State to give, severally, an honest opinion of the literary worth of this compilation. Such comment is usually immature, and consequently, worthless; but, at any rate, here is ours.

The pride of home and the bond of locality are such impelling influences that we are immediately prejudiced in favor of the neighbor who has accomplished something. If Jim Smith invents a new kind of pipe, or writes a book, we are interested. Oh, yes, we know Jim; we didn't think he had it in him. But we hie ourselves to the nearest store and buy one of his pipes, or purchase his book; and then woe to the man who turns up his nose at Jim's accomplishment. Certainly, the clannish loyalty begot by acquaintanceship, or neighborliness, is not much aid toward critical and analytical fairness in our judgment of the work of the man in our own section. This author and poet, then, should be measured by a standard yard-stick, and not by one of our own making.

In these "Collected Poems" there is not the power of a mighty Milton, the universality of a Goethe, or the transcendent beauty of a Wordsworth. No majestic grace of expression rings through and through inspired lines. This man is not a genius. But he has within him the poetic conception of beauty, and if he has not added a name to the roster of the world's great, he has written, simply, of sights and sounds, of thoughts and feelings that are an integral part of every simple life. If no mystic flame of composition in him could write—

> "Tiger, tiger, burning bright
> In the forest of the night,
> What immortal hand and eye
> Could frame thy fearful symmetry?"

still he has known how to catch and hold an occasional gem from the transient ecstasy of fear that sweeps us at times, as—

"When lights are lowered in the hall, if we
Into the hidden future's face could see
And know that but a little span remains,
How tender would the good-night kisses be!"

He has composed endless lines about love, most of which have no subtle glow of passionate tenderness, but are rather prosaic and tame. Even so, I almost believe he has composed at the level of our comprehension and commonest feeling. For instance, doesn't—

"If I were king or seraph
Secure upon a throne,
With all the world could give me,
These gladly I'd disown,
If Time would change to other days,
Where childhood's memories twine,
And you and I could love once more
Way down in Caroline!"

make you nod slowly, and smile reminiscently? It makes no difference that the same thing has been written a thousand times, with some little difference of phrasing. All the world loves a lover, and thus we read and trace memory's pathway back to youth—or dream about the girl around the corner. But sometimes the sentiment is too flatly insipid. Take this, for instance:

"We've seen the structure tall
In hopeless ruin fall
And Hope's fair star shine out with feeble gleams:
But Love, Sweetheart, is true
As we begin anew our house of dreams."

Now and then the unruffled calm of nature speaks from a line:

" . . . . And
Where the sloping hill
Touches the vale, ten thousand daisies lift their heads and thrill,
Because of you."

And again, the lines—

"The dogwood fringes woods with white,
The leaves new fragrance bring,
While jasmine hangs its yellow lamps
To light the way of Spring."

would ring clear and true, if the writer had a more accurate knowledge of botany. But sometimes the music of the rhyme is pure and sweet, blending in with the sentient spirit of nature, untainted by insipidity. Read the passage—

"Dear woods, I pity him who never yet has known
Thy solitude, the peace which everywhere
Bends like a benediction, softly blown
O'er all thy space, like answer to a prayer."

from "Call of the Woods." Its meaning settles down upon the troubled mind and smooths it into tranquility, like oil upon a restless sea. It is the true note that impels the reader to search through pages of mediocrity.

While the poet treats usually of familiar sights and feelings, of field, stream and sky, and of love, there seems to be, here and there, a morbid and useless protest against heredity, particularly the transmission of sin to posterity. Again and again he turns to the theme and offers his lament—

"I cannot say from whence it came and some would
tell, perhaps with shame;
But in my blood the warm South flows and fire of
Eastern romance glows,
And burns with steady flame.

. . . . . .

"Perhaps, within some age of sin,
My father passed as Beduin;
Perhaps, within my veins there hide,
The warm bloods of a Moslem's bride;—"

Elsewhere he writes—

"One cannot shun the heritage
Some parent gave in ages past:
While history turns its page on page
The mark of birth goes to the last."

And again—

> "Through open windows of her soul
> I looked—and there, alas! to see
> The taint of olden sins unfold—
> The gift of blood to such as she."

Hatred of the inevitableness of heredity has tinged his work. His aroused spirit cries out again and again until we begin to anticipate it. For myself, I find it unpleasant.

Finally, we may say that his is no majestic sweep of power. At times the verse is mawkishly sentimental; and often the meter will not bear inspection. This volume cannot be one's companion—a comfort in time of sorrow, a pæan of joy in gladness. It has not the depth and vigor for that. But it will do to keep on a shelf, and half-forgotten, to be taken out now and then through the long years, and leafed through for the sake of the occasional purity of note. It may be cherished further because it is the work of a South Carolinian.

* * * * * * * * *

In this same volume are three short stories under the title, "The Window of Souls." The author has said of them that they are "Three short stories from every-day life, illustrating the Power of Heredity and its influence on character." The capitals characterize the work better than could a critic's pen. It is that of the fanatic who is driven by one idea only.

These stories are immature in treatment, formless in execution. They comprise a series of pictures, poorly connected, without unity. Plot, coherent action, setting, and characters—the author does not concern himself with these; and he forgets that the means comes before the end. It is inevitable, then, that the stories should bring no pleasure in the reading.

Continually the writer moralizes. He writes a few paragraphs, and then, stopping, points his finger and says: "There, you see it couldn't have happened otherwise. This woman had too much pride, so she had to be punished." But we are not blind. We can see when the characters are having a rough time, without the author's cramming the information down our throats. Too, we want him to go ahead and tell his story. Too much interpolative comment breaks the thread

of the narrative, and we grow restless, so that shortly the book is thrown down in disgust.

The author has a peculiarly irritating style of composition. There is no easy stepping from idea to idea, no smooth flow of thought rising and falling with the exigencies of the action. No one of these stories is a mellifluous concatenation of paragraphs. The latter are often incomplete in thought on a small scale, as the stories are on a larger. On one page there were as many as eleven paragraphs, not one containing conversation. Tenses mean nothing to this pen. The historic present, a tense most difficult for even a masterful writer to employ correctly in narration, is thrown in apparently at random. For example, he writes:

"The student *was* jolly from over indulgence and soon *became* very friendly, inviting the two to join him at a nearby inn for refreshments. They *demur* and *ask* him to their private home, which he readily *accepts*."

It might be noted, too, that in this passage *which* has no antecedent.

Whatever this writer may be able to do with verse, he does not write readable prose. According to literary standards, plot and setting are not forcefully constructed, and character is but feebly portrayed.

Finally, the simple tenets of mechanical correctness are sometimes violated. Now and then the reader finds the thought unexpectedly brought to a halt by a semi-colon, and at other times, a comma carelessly dropped into the middle of a phrase. And again, a long sentence runs on an on, unbroken by any mark of punctuation. Several typographical errors also help to take away the joy of reading. Such carelessness in so dignified a work is not to be excused.

Perhaps the writer of this critical sketch has criticized too harshly. Such, however, was not his intention. He has tried to read with unjaundiced eye, and to comment with unbiased fairness. If he has failed, it is through no fault of his own, for his commentary has been actuated by a determined intent to be unswervingly honest. And if his commentary is short, it is because he has tried to compress his thought into compact form.

W. R. BOURNE.

Exchanges

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

Here at Wofford we are desirous of working up a much larger exchange list than the one we now have. But it is difficult to discover just what colleges have the kind of magazines we want to read. Often, in the exchange column of college magazines and papers, we find a review so attractive that we immediately want to get a copy of the publication reviewed; but, unless we write to the school publishing the review, we often have no means of knowing the address we desire. It would be quite a help to a number of exchange editors if the addresses of unusual or new exchanges were published each month. We are publishing the addresses of the magazines and papers that come to us from beyond the confines of our own State, in the hope that they will be of some help to others.

The Pine Branch

The December number of *The Pine Branch* is the last issue we have received. This appears at first glance to be a compact and well-edited magazine. On examining it more closely, however, one is struck by the brevity of its contributions. But perhaps it is necessary to be brief in order to make room for its numerous departments, such as "Local Happenings," "Society Notes," and "Humorous." Such departments, in our opinion, greatly detract from the value of a college magazine—in that it restricts the field of circulation to those who are closely connected with the present student body. It would be far better to exclude such matter from the monthly magazine and put it in a weekly publication.

Let us consider the articles in detail. There is one short story, and it is a good one. It is entitled "His Second Affair."

The writer has chosen a theme which cannot fail to be interesting when well-developed. The two poems, "After the Time of Job" and "Where the Trouble Lies," both have a deep lesson to convey. In the first poem the meaning is couched in an intricate verse style and is at first obscure, but once the thought is grasped the poem is beautiful. On the contrary, "Where the Trouble Lies," with its simple versification, carries a truth without obstruction to the mind of the reader.

The articles, "The Trials of a Sixth Daughter," "Safety Valves of Student Life," and "Washing Dishes," were not written to come under the cold, calculating eye of criticism, but are written in the nature of heart-to-heart talks to fellow-students. All three are written with the general idea of helping to solve the *little* annoyances of a student's life.

N. P. Y.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following publications, in addition to the foregoing:

MAGAZINES

STATE.—*The Collegian, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Criterion, The Chronicle, The Chicora Magazine, The Newberry Stylus, The Bashaba.*

NON-STATE.—*The Aurora,* Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn.; *The Ripon Scribbler,* Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.; *The Wake Forest Student,* Wake Forest, N. C.; *The Wesleyan,* Macon, Ga.; *The Pine Branch,* Georgia State Woman's College, Valdosta, Ga.; *The Aurora,* Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.; *The Robert College Record,* Constantinople; *The Canisius Monthly,* Buffalo, N. Y.; *The Dartmouth Literary Magazine,* Hanover, N. H.; *The Argus,* Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio; *The Maine-Spring,* University of Maine, Orono, Me.; *Al-Kulliyyah,* American University of Beirut, Beirut, Syria.

HIGH SCHOOL.—*The Columbian,* Columbia High School,

PAPERS

The following papers have been received this month, in addition to those previously listed: *The Lafayette,* Lafayette College, Easton, Penn.; *The Albright Bulletin,* Myerstown, Penn.; *The Anchor,* Hope College, Holland, Mich.

"Oursels as Ithers See Us"

Reviewing the October issue of the WOFFORD JOURNAL was a pleasure. The prominence given the Literary Department is commendable for a magazine of this type. The splendid essay on "The Art of Debating" deserves its place in THE JOURNAL. "Mr. Miras" is interesting chiefly because the reader gets a real surprise in the end. The author of "The Chip" knows a good detective story when he sees it, and "The Chip" is thoroughly enjoyable. The biographical sketch of Cecil John Rhodes would be an asset to any magazine, and adds a great deal of value to THE JOURNAL. Few college magazines have printed better book reviews than the excellent review of "Gentle Julia." The writer certainly handles his subject with skill. Mr. Foster's evident understanding of small boys makes "Gip" a clever little story and very amusing. The poem, "To a Beautiful Girl," may not measure up to some critics' idea of real poetry, but it undeniably would measure up to some girls' idea of a real line. We would suggest more poems for such a magazine.—*The Wesleyan.*

The first magazine that we received was THE WOFFORD JOURNAL. We congratulate the editor on this first issue, for it makes a creditable showing among other magazines. The choice of articles is good, only we wish there were more of them. The addition of a few poems and a play would increase its literary value. "The Art of Debating" treats a subject of interest to both sexes and treats it well. The two short stories deserve mention. The plot of "The Chip" is original and well worked out. One wonders if the ending

could not be improved; for you cannot imagine a murderer admitting he is sorry he killed a man at such a critical point. "Gip's Finish" has an effective climax, and it gives a true glimpse of life. More articles like "Cecil John Rhodes" should find their way into college magazines. It is both interesting and instructive. From this sort of article we become acquainted with great men of the past, whom we have heard of, yet know little about. "The Undergraduate Tendencies" in the Editorial Department deserves the attention of all students. Let us classify ourselves and see where we fall.—*The Bashaba.*

THE WOFFORD JOURNAL contains a number of excellent short stories and essays. A few poems would add greatly to the attractiveness of this publication. The essay on "The Strategic Importance of Constantinople" gives some information that is especially valuable at this particular time. The short story, "Heart of the South," is good. The writer is to be commended for the skillful manner in which he handled the conversational part of the story.—*The Clemson College Chronicle.*

For a magazine that devotes itself entirely to serious writing of a high and dignified nature, leaving all matter of local interest to its weekly paper, THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is exceedingly thin.—*The Criterion.*

Wofford College has considerably improved the quality of her Journal, although the quantity of material is scarce. Let this be said, however, that what is there is worth reading. There are four short stories, a large number to be sure, but the two read were rather exceptional. Poetry is rather scarce. But the stories are the best seen by this writer during the year. Let us suggest a few essays for the next issue.—*The Furman Echo.*

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL was one of the first publications to reach our desk this session. We congratulate the staff and student body on their splendid beginning. The issue contains two well-written essays, and the editorials are timely and charged with meaning. We like the short story, "The Chip." It reminds us somewhat of De Maupassant's "Piece of String," and we cannot help but feel that the writer has been influenced by him. If two or three poems were added, this magazine would be better balanced.—*The College of Charleston Magazine.*

THE JOURNAL, published by Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., is an excellent example of a college magazine. The stories are especially well written and show careful planning and clear thinking.—*The Mountain Eagle.*

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Vol. xxxiii MARCH, 1923 No. 5

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CONTENTS

		Page
Dawn of Spring (Poem)	J. C. Bailey, '26	4
When Mother Passed Judgment (Story)	B. E. Elks, '24	5
Somebody's Darling (Sketch)	W. K. Wynn, '25	13
The Law's Challenge (Story)	F. J. Knight, '24	18
Nationalism or Internationalism? (Oration)	L. Q. Galloway, '23	30
Forgetting (Story)	N. W. Bennett, '24	35
Thorny Points—Reduced (Story)	M. B. Wilson, '24	39
Is the Hindu Right? (Essay)	R. H. Hodges, '24	44
The Dawn (Sketch)	N. W. Bennett, '24	48
Thomas and Tommy (Story)	W. R. Bourne, '23	50
Johnnie in Town (Poem)	R. H. Hodges, '24	59
Life (Poem)	R. H. H., '24	60
Age's Reflection (Poem)	B. E. Elks, '24	62
EXCHANGES—		
Review of "The Orion"	D. A. W., '25	63
Review of "The Wesleyan"	M. B. W., '24	64
Review of "The Argus"	G. R. F., '24	65
Acknowledgment of Exchanges		65
"Oursels as Ithers See Us"		65
ADVERTISEMENTS		67

Address

Editor-in-Chief ..... 200 E. Cleveland St. Business Manager ..... Telephone 1603

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.

The Wofford College Journal is published seven times during the college year, on the 20th of the month, by the Calhoun, Carlisle, Preston and Snyder literary societies. Contributions must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. All forms of prose and verse are solicited. Two medals are given by the staff at the end of the year—one for the best short story, and one for the best poem. Any member of the staff is eligible for either of these medals. The judges are appointed by the Editor-in-Chief.

Subscription per year, $1.25; single copies, 20 cents. For advertising rates, see or write the advertising manager.

DAWN OF SPRING

The flowers are gently sleeping,
Awaiting the breath of Spring,
The warm rain, and the sunshine,
To call them to life again.

The buds will soon be swelling,
And the sap will begin to rise;
The trees will stretch forth their branches
Toward the warm Spring skies.

The birds will soon be singing
Their loveliest gay melody;
And soon will the merry plowman
Be shouting with joyous glee.

Hurry on, oh! Gentle Spring!
And wake the sleeping flowers,
Fill our hearts with gladsome song,
And quicken our slumb'ring powers.

J. C. Bailey.

WHEN MOTHER PASSED JUDGMENT

A SOMEWHAT CYNICAL smile played over her delicately cut features. Apparently she had just noticed the title of the book she had been indifferently reading. She closed the book, letting it drop into her lap, and began vacantly to stare into space.

Mary Ethel Haines was twenty-six years old, five feet, seven inches tall, slenderly built; she had light hair, blue eyes, and nearly four million dollars, which had been left her by her deceased father. She liked to dance, swim, play games, and perhaps sometimes to smoke; but, more than any of these, she liked to cook and help the servants with the house work. A tendency toward doing such menial tasks was unusual for a girl of her birth and wealth. And Mrs. Haines, who had been born a Degrand, was dumbfounded by these actions of her daughter, and, on reflection, attributed such degrading traits to Ethel's father, who from a poor farmer boy had worked his way up until he was one of the richest men of that State.

Ethel, while in school, had secretly taken a course in domestic science, and had led her class in that course. During the war she had put her theoretical knowledge into practice.

While the war was going on, both her father and mother had suddenly died, leaving her alone in the world with only four million dollars; a guardian, an old friend of the family, Mr. James Haban; and an ardent lover, Tom West.

Tom, on his side, had pushed matters pretty fast. And as he was a successful young lawyer, a partner of Mr. Haban, and, by the way, his cousin, and as he was a perfect master of speech and "elocution," he had very ably upheld his side. Their engagement had been announced; but Tom's mother, a dear old Southern lady, who, after her husband's death, had moved up north to be near her son, and who was inherently prejudiced against the idle, rich society girl, especially if she

were a Yankee, demanded that Ethel visit her before any definite date for the marriage was set.

Ethel dearly loved Tom; but knowing that his mother disliked her—not personally, but her class—had somewhat reluctantly consented to spend the following week with Mrs. West. All the evening she had been wondering how she could overcome her prospective mother's prejudice. She had abstractedly picked up a book and unconsciously began to read it. Not until she had read several pages did she notice its title—"The Prince and the Pauper."

The title had made a smile ripple across her face, exciting a new line of thought.

She was disturbed by the entrance of the footman, closely followed by Mr. James Haban. Mr. Haban was such an old friend of the Haines that he considered himself at home when he dropped in, and consequently ignored all formality.

"Well, Ethel, what are you dreaming about?" he asked jovially. "I bet you were thinking about that scamp of a partner of mine."

"You're right there," candidly confessed Ethel. "I was thinking about his mother more than I was him, though. You know, sometimes I dread that visit next week. I almost refused to go, but Tom insisted. He says his mother hasn't such bad ideas, after all. She's just a bit old-fashioned."

"She's just prejudiced against you because you're rich. She thinks every rich city girl has got to be one of those fast-living, cigarette-smoking flappers. You'd change that idea in a couple of hours."

"I don't know. Tom says she is pretty hard to convince. That's why he insists that I go spend a week with her."

"I know her. I've known her all her life, and can pretty closely tell what she will do. By the way, I got a job for you. Do you know where I can get a good cook? Mrs. West is getting pretty old and is not any too strong, which she knows; so she sent me a letter this morning asking me to send her down a good, reliable cook. She says she only wants her for the week that you're visiting. She wonders what you would

think if you knew that she regularly did her own cooking, and says that she would like to see you cook a meal such as any girl who is expecting to have a home of her own ought to be able to cook."

"I guess she has a surprise coming to her. Don't you think so? But about the cook, I don't know where you can get one unless my cook would consent to go down. There won't be any need of her here. I expect she will like to go."

"That's the very thing," Mr. Haban exclaimed. "Couldn't be better unless you would do the cooking yourself. Wow! wouldn't that get the old lady—a millionairess cooking!"

"I would like to show her how I really can cook," laughed Ethel. "Wouldn't it be fun to see her open her eyes? Say, did you ever read this?" she asked, picking up the book, which had been lying in her lap, and extending it toward him.

"The Prince and the Pauper," he read. "No; can't say that I have," he said, turning the leaves carelessly, "but it fits in with the idea of you playing the cook, doesn't it?"

"Well, not exactly, for the hero rose from a street gamin to a king, while I, the heroine, would drop from a millionairess to a cook."

" 'Bout the same thing in the end, however." And then, his interest in the book having waned: "You say you will see your cook about going down there?"

"Yes; she is off duty now. I will see her in the morning and will let you know whether she will go or not."

"I certainly will appreciate it if you will. Well, good luck to you on your visit. I hope you can win the old lady as completely as you have Tom. I suppose I better go down and see what my young partner has up his sleeve. I needn't, though, for Tom is a hustler. You know I hate to see you rob me of my dear little cousin's affection like you are doing," he ended maliciously, as he prepared to leave.

Left alone, Ethel picked up her book again and, opening it at random, noticed these lines:

" 'Oh, prithee, say no more, 'tis glorious! If that I could but clothe me in raiment like to thine, and strip my feet, and

revel in the mud once, just once, with none to rebuke me or forbid, meseemeth I could forgo the crown!'

"'And if that I could clothe me once, sweet sir, as thou art clad, just once'—

"A few minutes later the little Prince of Wales was garlanded with Tom's fluttering odds and ends, and the little Prince of Pauperdom was tricked out in the gay plumage of royalty. The two went and stood side by side before a great mirror, and lo, a miracle! There did not seem to have been any change made!"

"Too fanciful," she muttered, casting the book on the table. "And yet"— she had an idea. She knew how to cook, and Mrs. West had never seen her—why couldn't she go as the cook and send someone else in her place? What a chance to show Mrs. West what she could do, without having to overcome any prejudices against her. But who would go in her place? Neta. Yes, Neta Barnes was the most reliable maid she had ever had, and besides, she was good looking and a good enough actress to carry out the deception. If Neta would only do it—yes, she, Ethel Haines, a millionairess, would cook and scrub pans for a week. What an adventure it would be!

That night she told Neta her plans.

"You cook and run errands for an ill-tempered old grouch? Why, I wouldn't do it to win the best man in the world," Neta exclaimed, not believing that her mistress would stoop so low.

"No, she isn't ill-tempered; she's just wrongly advised," Ethel defended. "If you'll play the lady, I'll play the cook, all right. It will be some adventure for us. What do you say?"

"Oh, I'd have a good time. I'd love for someone to show me a good time for a few days. Sure, if you really want to cook, I'll help you all I can. But how long are you going to keep up the deception? If you don't finally let her know who you are, your drudgery will be in vain."

"I'll let you know when I'm ready to become myself again. Don't worry about that."

It was drizzling rain when Ethel alighted in Melbrook one morning three days later. She was expecting someone to meet her; and was sincerely hoping that someone would, for her suitcase, packed with "cooking apparel," was very heavy. But there was no one looking for a cook. She gave her suitcase to an eager taxi-driver and directed him as to her destination. She, with some apprehension, considered anew the step she was about to take. At a distance, playing the cook had seemed romantic, a grand adventure; but now, when she was only a few blocks away, it was different. Suppose Mrs. West had seen her picture; doubtless she had. What explanation could she give? It was not too late to retrace her steps even now. She leaned forward and picked up the speaking tube. She hesitated. No, she had gone this far, and she would see it through. Having finally resolved that, she settled back in her seat more nearly satisfied.

Fortunately, the driver carried her suitcase to the porch. No longer hesitant, Ethel rang the bell with a firm grip. A gray-haired old woman, with sympathetic eyes and with a face marked by maternal cares, opened the door.

"My dear, I wasn't expecting you until the next train," she began. "Come right in. Why, you are right wet. I'm so sorry I didn't have someone to meet you. But I am glad you came early, so you will be used to things before Tom's little girl comes. Tom, my son, had to fall in love with one of those rich girls who are perfectly helpless. I suppose she will expect us to be ready to wait on her. She is coming down in the morning. Take off your wraps, my dear, and dry; then I'll go show you your room. What is your name, my dear?"

"Ethel—Neta Barnes." Ethel had been thinking what a fine mother Tom had; so different from her own mother, who had cared only for her own pleasures and her ability to lead in the social realm of her city. She had been so enrap-

tured by Mrs. West's tenderness and motherliness that she had almost betrayed herself when asked her name.

"Ethel Neta Barnes," Mrs. West repeated, slowly. "Why, Ethel is the name of the girl who is coming to visit me—Mary Ethel Haines."

The next morning Neta arrived, and by all indications carried out her part to perfection. She had dolled all up in the latest "fantasies," and had brought along a pack of cigarettes, which she intended to attempt to smoke so as not to disappoint Mrs. West.

Everything, for a day or so, seemed to be going on fine. Neta was having a jolly time, as she put it; Ethel was confident that her plans were going to work out even better than she had dared hope; and even Mrs. West was satisfied—she had a good cook, excellent she said, and her apprehensions as to her possible daughter-in-law's character had been proved true—she had no reason to worry.

But matters were developing too well; something had to happen. The third day after Neta arrived, while she and Mrs. West were at dinner, Tom unexpectedly dropped in to see how the young and the old ladies were getting along. As usual, he rushed into the house without ringing, and on into the dining room.

"How's everybody?" he saluted. "Why, Neta! Where—?"

Neta, seeing him enter and fearing that he would ruin everything, jumped up and rushed to him, throwing her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Tom! why didn't you let us know you were coming?" she said aloud, and lower: "Don't say anything. I'm Ethel. I'll explain later." And aloud again: "Gee, Tom, I'm glad to see you, even if you did surprise us."

Confused, Tom did not say anything for a moment. Then, seeing that there was some hidden scheme which he was supposed to support, he with a great effort resumed his natural composure. He gave his mother a kiss, and taking a seat beside Neta, nonchalantly began to ask how they had been enjoying themselves.

A few minutes later, Neta excused herself. On leaving, she looked at Tom and then nodded towards the kitchen.

When Neta had gone, Tom asked his mother what she thought of his little girl.

"Well, Tom, she may be all right," his mother began, "but somehow she does not appear to be just the kind of young lady I would like for a daughter. She doesn't know how to cook, keep house, or do anything except dress. I know I ought not to say it, but I'd rather you would marry the cook which Cousin James sent me than this girl. I was comparing them only this morning."

Tom said nothing. He looked down at his plate and seemed to be in deep thought.

"She is a wonderful cook," she continued, "and in spite of being only a cook, she seems to have a certain dignity and good-breeding about her. She has the most lovely eyes—pale blue, and seem to speak of a great intelligence and tenderness behind them. In fact, I am simply carried away with her. If she will stay, I am—although I have always said I would never have a cook—I am going to keep her permanently."

"She must be a hummer if you take to her like that," laughed Tom.

"She is, and I am going to see that she gets a chance to better herself. No girl like her should wear herself out in a kitchen. But here, have a biscuit. No, wait. I'll get some hot ones."

"Sit down, I'll get them myself," said Tom, grabbing the plate. "I want to see that wonder cook, anyhow."

"Go ahead. You'll like her, all right," she predicted.

Neta came back in just as Tom left.

"Where's Tom?" she asked, taking a seat and beginning to strum on the table with her fork.

"He went in the kitchen after some hot biscuits," replied Mrs. West. "He'll be back in a minute."

They waited. Five minutes passed. Five more, and still no Tom. They waited five more, and then, seeing no reason

for such delay, Mrs. West got up and advanced toward the kitchen door.

"I'll see what's keeping him," she said.

Neta, with an amused smile, followed her.

"Tom, what does this mean?" Mrs. West demanded, seeing on opening the door Tom and Ethel sitting on the kitchen table with their heads close together, oblivious to all disturbances, whispering words of love.

"We are going to be married," Tom calmly stated.

"But Ethel, here?" she questioned, turning a perplexed face towards Neta, who was smiling happily. "What are you laughing at?" Mrs. West exploded, noticing the smile on Neta's face. "Don't you realize—?"

"Mother," cried Ethel, rushing to her. "Forgive me for deceiving you. But I knew you were prejudiced against me because I was rich and because you thought I did not know how to do anything useful; so, when I found out that you wanted a cook, I sent Neta, my maid, in my place and came as the cook myself. Won't you forgive me?"

"Tut, tut. You needn't have gone to all that trouble, however, for I would have known you were no average girl, no matter in what garb you disguised yourself. You didn't fool me, either; I was just telling Tom that you were no average cook. Tom, I'm ashamed of you for ever letting me hold any such delusion about this sweet girl."

"Mother!" cried Tom, running to her and grabbing her up in his arms. "Mother, you're a trump. And isn't Ethel a dear?"

"Yes, Tom, and a fine cook. Now I'll lose the only cook I ever wanted," she added, mischievously.

"But, mother," he remarked, covering her happy face with kisses, "think what a cook I'll have!" B. E. ELKS.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

ONE SUNDAY MORNING, as usual, the usher, whom I met at the entrance of the church, had given me a bulletin and had directed me to a seat midway the auditorium. It being several minutes before time for the services to begin, I was occupied in reading the order of worship for the day and the announcements of the religious activities for the ensuing week. I had scarcely begun my reading when I was interrupted by a pattering of feet down the aisle next to me. The utter inappropriateness of the place for races caused me to glance backward. My curiosity was immediately satisfied—I repented over and over again for that satisfaction.

A small boy, probably eight or ten years of age, had entered the church through a side door and was running down the aisle with all his might. At the time of my investigation his speed had been reduced considerably; the little fellow was then looking for a place to land, as it were. The significance of my curious glance and the smile which I could not repress were erroneously interpreted by the boy. When he saw me, he accelerated his speed until he reached the aisle at the end of the bench on which I was seated. Then, making a leap which any ambitious kangaroo would have envied, he landed in the vacant seat by my side. No prophet was essential to predict future trouble; I immediately predicted it. While the boy was panting for breath I was deeply absorbed in the study of his physiognomy.

The little boy's cheeks were aglow with nature's coloring, which would have been even more radiant had they not had the competition of so many freckles. The broad smile on his face revealed the absence of two prominent teeth. The sparkle in his dark eyes was as easily interpreted as if it had been a placard suspended from his neck with the word MISCHIEVOUS written on it in Gothic type. His hair showed only faint signs of ever having been brushed. He wore a blouse which had doubtless been white only a few hours before, but

was now changed to a dull gray. This transformation, being now a thing of the past, worried the boy no more than did the absence of his necktie. The neatness of his trousers I admired very much, but this admiration was soon lost when I saw protruding from beneath his trousers two bare legs and feet which had only recently been used in the exploration of a mud puddle. Regardless of all these defects, he bore numerous signs of a mother's expended energy. In my mind's eye I can see that mother now as she holds the little fellow with all her strength and as she goes through the painful process of face-washing and hair-brushing. I feel certain that the only reason he had on no shoes and stockings was that his mother's energy had been completely expended at this point in his dressing.

"Look what I got," the boy exclaimed after a few sighs, at the same time holding up a new Bible which his Sunday School teacher had given him. I took the little volume, which still had the protecting paper on its cover, to examine it. I had scarcely had time to determine whether it was a Bible or a novel when he jerked it from my hands with another assertion: "I got another one at home, too." I asked him did he read them. "Nor, I ain't got time. Bet you ain't got none tall." I informed him that I had one, and furthermore, that I read it, and was in the act of giving him some good advice when he interrupted me.

"Bet yer don't know whats this fer," said he, showing me a church bulletin which he, too, had secured from one of the ushers. All the time he was making this assertion he was tearing the bulletin into strips. I at once admitted my ignorance concerning the matter if the bulletin had first to be torn to fill its intended mission. "I'll show yer." With these words on his lips he crammed one of the strips which he had torn from the paper into his mouth. After going through the motion of mastication, he took it from his mouth and crouched behind the bench directly in front of us. Then with an unbelievable accuracy he hit a college student, who was seated several benches in front of us, just behind the left ear. The

young man looked around, but just too late to see my little friend drop from view behind the bench. When all was quiet again, the little boy came from his concealment and took his place at my side. I reproved him in a positive tone of voice. The only effects which this reprimand seemed to have was that of rapidly increasing the output of his ammunition and doubling the shots which he fired each minute. I saw at once that if I resorted to physical force, as I had threatened, the boy would alarm the entire congregation by broadcasting his S. O. S. signal. I remained passive, realizing my helplessness as much as I realized his hopelessness.

While the boy was making one of his rapid descents into the firing position he thoughtlessly left the remaining portion of his ammunition sheet on the bench at my side. I took the bulletin, or more correctly the ragged fragment which remained, and concealed it. I thought this was an infallible method of stopping his misbehavior. He soon crawled from his hiding position back to his place at my side. He realized at once that I had been the agent in destroying his bulletin. He asked me for it. I made no reply. He then proceeded to rifle my pockets, but to no avail. Before I had time to know just what his intentions were he stood erect on the bench, and clinching his fist, he gave me a blow which caused my ears to ring. Immediately after this act, he jumped down and ran into the aisle. I thought that I would be bothered by him no more, for he continued to run towards the main entrance of the church. This happy thought soon vanished, for I saw him returning with a new bulletin in his hand. He was now climbing over the benches instead of walking in the aisle.

"I got another 'en, bet yer ain't go get this 'en," he panted as he seated himself. By this time I had become so fully exasperated that I decided to direct no more attention to him regardless of his actions. This resolution soon proved impossible to carry out, yet I did remain silent. My silence, however, failed to produce the desired results. I had hoped that it would prove highly contagious to my little friend; contrarily, it seemed to augment his desire to talk and to direct more of his attention to me between his firing periods.

As the first note of the organ sounded, the little boy jumped from his place on the floor into his seat. He remained perfectly quiet for fully five seconds with his eyes fixed on the organ; he then exclaimed: "I like to hear one of them things." I sincerely trusted that his love for music exceeded his love for misbehavior. It did, for exactly thirty seconds. At the end of this time the little fellow's eyes began to sweep over the whole interior of the church. Sitting more erect, with a visible, swelling pride, he said: "My daddy painted this here church." I now saw that he was again growing restless, but as he had used all the available bulletins I felt certain that he must at least stop this particular form of mischief. When he saw that he had no more paper, it scarcely took him three seconds to decide definitely just what to do. He took the protecting cover from his Bible and again resumed operations. I made another bold attempt to intimidate him; with a gruff but muffled voice I told him that church services had started, and if he continued to throw his "spit-balls" I would take him out. In a voice that was everything but muffled, he replied: "I wish I had my bulldog here; I'd make him tear ther seat of yer breeches out." It was a distinct effort to restrain myself from laughing. I again assumed the attitude of one deeply interested in the music.

A new thought now entered the boy's head. I knew from my past experience that he did not deliberate long on his new thoughts before he set about making them realities. He crawled under the bench in front of us and graspd a foot of one of the young men, at the same time pulling and jerking it alternately with all his strength, causing the victim's entire body to shake. This young man had been the victim several times before and seemed to understand the boy thoroughly. The little fellow continued to pull and jerk, and the young man attempted to defend himself no more than a sand-bag would under similar conditions. It did not take long for this form of enjoyment to grow tiresome for the boy. Finding little pleasure in tormenting an inanimate object, he crawled from under the bench.

I had been busily engaged in guessing who the next victim would be and to what form of torment he would be subjected when the boy returned to his seat. I greatly feared lest I should be the next object of his attack. However, much to my delight, he was attracted by something in the rear of the church, and taking his Bible in one hand and the remains of his cap in the other, he departed in the same abrupt manner in which he had come. Mine was not the only sigh of relief which was heaved at the time of this departure.

I now prepared myself to hear the sermon, which had just begun. I do not know just how long I had been listening, but long enough to become intensely interested and to forget momentarily my past experience with the little boy. The little fellow, who was now somewhere back of me, evidently realized that he held no place in my thoughts, and did not intend to remain in oblivion there. A stinging sensation, accompanied by a soggy thud, caused me to forget the sermon, the preacher, and all except the little tormentor, who I knew at that very moment was wishing for his bulldog to make his joy complete.

This was my last experience with the boy. However, I spent the remainder of the service in terrible apprehension of this sharpshooter who was in concealment somewhere back of me. I soon found myself picturing the little boy returning home and telling his mother that he had been to Sunday School and to church; then how, without a qualm, he accepted that sincere appellation of his good mother—"my darling boy."

W. K. WYNN.

[1]Note.—Those who attended the morning services at Central Church on November 19th will doubtless recall this instance, which I have attempted to reproduce with a certain degree of accuracy.

THE LAW'S CHALLENGE

The wind whistles merrily 'mid the pines
Around the shack where the law confines
Prisoners of this frozen mystery land,
Sent there by the Royal Mounted's iron hand.

IN THIS VAST frozen region of the great Northwest, where the long traverse is, where often a traveler goes, but from whence no man ever rereturns; where romance and adventure both entice, and where the law of the pack is the "survival of the fittest," are countless fugitives from justice. Rogues shudder when the name of the Royal Mounted is mentioned, for it is they alone who rule this vast wilderness, and their voice is one of supreme authority. They are both hated and feared by the ignorant inhabitants of this region, as well as by some of the intelligent and shrewd, who earn their living by doing work that is slightly without the law. Thus, in this frozen region lived men without honor or religion, and among them dwelt the great factor of the North, Ferdinand St. Clair.

I

Above the noise of the great snowstorm sounded the call of the timber wolf. The snow fell in great flakes, large drifts covered the ground, and a mantle of white was everywhere. To be out in such a storm as this was to court destruction, for a person caught in such a storm would be obliterated almost from the face of the earth. Two figures appeared on the distant landscape, fighting their way apparently against the elements. They must be members of the Royal Mounted, for they wore the uniform of that organization. The first to arrive was a handsome young chap about twenty-five years old. He had coal black hair and a pair of dark, piercing eyes, was closely shaven, and very stern-looking. His shoulders were broad, and every move suggested unusual strength. The other one of the pair was a little older, both in years and experience; he had a heavy beard, and seemed to be some officer in the Royal Mounted. His aged body bent with weakness from

the struggle against the elements, being almost too weak to continue.

The pair came to a dead halt, and the older man dropped in his tracks. Dick O'Reilly, for that was the young man's name, rushed to his comrade's side and put the canteen to the unconscious man's lips. Then the older, Lieut. Jim O'Reilly, opened his eyes, and spoke in a quiet, slow voice:

"It's no use, Dick, to bother with me any longer. I'm about done for, but you'd better go on and try to find your man, for he can't be very far away. You've done all you could for me, Dick, but it's no use. The bullet has nearly finished its mission."

"Oh, you'll be all right shortly," said Dick. "You'll soon be able enough to travel." But a sigh escaped his lips as he left the wounded man to search for some shelter from the storm, for he knew that Lieut. O'Reilly was sinking fast, and that it would be only a matter of a few hours before he would cross the great traverse. At the end of that short span he would be alone in the world, for Dick was an orphan boy, and Lieut. O'Reilly was the only father that he had ever known. Since eighteen, he had belonged to the Mounted; and everybody had learned to love him at the post. Because of his great courage he never failed to bring his man in, and it was rumored around the post that the chief had recommended him for promotion. About the time that this rumor gained considerable ground, he, with his foster father, O'Reilly, was sent to the province of Winnipeg on a very important case.

II

Several years before this, one of the Mounted had been murdered by a desperate person named Lone Jim, who was apprehended and sent to Ottawa for trial. He was convicted and spent several years in prison, but one night he killed the guard and made his escape into the vast wilderness near Winnipeg. Dick and O'Reilly were sent there to run him down and capture him, dead or alive. Very few criminals ever escape the vigilance of the Mounted, and both were very determined to get their man, Lone Jim.

They went to Winnipeg, and after following several clues which amounted to little, they learned that a stranger answering to the description of the fugitive had just the day before stopped at a boarding house in the small town of Goldville to spend the night. He had excited the suspicions of the landlady by his nervous manner in avoiding coming in contact with the other boarders, and had left before day in a great hurry, not even paying his board bill. Her description of him tallied in every detail with theirs. He was seen by a trapper in the early dawn traveling at a lively gait, going south. As soon as they learned these facts they set out in hot pursuit, for this was their man.

Before a day had passed they discovered a fire which had just been used very recently, and they knew that their man couldn't be very many miles ahead of them. After a pursuit lasting well into the night they camped by a small spring for the rest of the night. Dick went off in search of fuel to build the fire, and had been gone about five minutes when a shot rang out, breaking the stillness of the night. Dick dropped his armful of wood and ran in the direction from which that shot had sounded, and shortly came to the spring where he had just left O'Reilly. He called for him, but no answer came to Dick's call; as he came up, he was startled to see O'Reilly lying unconscious in a pool of blood. Dick rushed up to him and spoke very excitedly to the unconscious man:

"Speak to me, O'Reilly, for God's sake—you can't be dead?"

Then he lifted the wounded man tenderly and put his canteen to the lips of O'Reilly, who opened his eyes, as he said in gasps:

"What has happened?—Oh, yes, the face, the face. I see it. Take it away—away. Don't shoot me, for God's sake—shoot then, you coward, shoot. After you had left me by the spring trying to build a fire—my back was turned—suddenly something pinched me in the back, a savage voice like the snarl of a wolf told me to put my hands up. I threw my hand up and saw a face terrible to gaze upon, as he made me

turn around. It was that of a man, with blood in his eyes, dirty, emaciated, while across his neck was an ugly gash about six inches long. Then he hissed at me between his tobacco-stained teeth:

" 'I've got you now—following me, were you—well, this will be the last man you'll ever follow—you cur. I've got you where I want you, and nothing can save you now. The Mounted saved your life once, but they won't this time. Damn them all—you yellow cur, prepare to die.' Slowly the hammer came back—I was not going to die like this, helpless, for life seemed too sweet to lose. Just as he pulled the trigger, I sprang. Something black seemed to crush the very breath out of me, and as I fell he ran in that direction, east, I think. How long I lay there I don't know. You know the rest, Dick."

After Dick had gone off in search of shelter, the wounded man muttered to himself:

"Dick isn't my son—he thinks so, but he isn't. I'm going fast, and when he returns I'm going to tell Dick his past history so some day perhaps he can find his real father." Just then Dick returned and said to O'Reilly:

"I've found the best place for a shelter, a deserted cabin just a few hundred paces away. Are you feeling better, Dad?"

"Not much, Dick; it seems as if I'm growing weaker," said O'Reilly slowly.

"Cheer up, Dad, there's plenty of hope, and when I get you out of this terrible storm you'll feel lots better," replied Dick, as he took the wounded man to the cabin in the glade. After much effort, Dick managed to put O'Reilly in a crude affair of a bed in the cabin, for Dick was exhausted almost from loss of sleep. As he turned to build a fire, the wounded man raised himself on one elbow and, gasping, said, while Dick held him up:

"Dick, I've got a confession to make to you—my time is very short, so I must tell you who you are before I die. You think that you are my son, but you are not. One day when I was a young man in the Mounted, I came upon a group of

bandits around a fire branding something, and I rushed up and began to fire at them. They scattered, and I rode to the fire to see what they had been up to. Much to my surprise, I found a little boy tied and bleeding. In agony he pointed to his chest, and there steaming in the flesh was the letter "L." I adopted that little chap, who was quite handsome and intelligent looking. That boy, Dick, was you. In vain did I search for your parents, but neither of them did I find. Twenty years have passed now, and perhaps some day you might locate them, but it isn't probable, as both are probably dead. But I learned from a note found near the fire where I rescued you that your father was very rich; he refused to pay the ransom that was demanded by those bandits, so they branded you in hatred of your father. Dick, I'm going home—promise me that you'll get Lone Jim, for he is my murderer—swear it—Dick," said O'Reilly as he fell back in the embrace of death. Another page ended in the book of life.

"Almighty God, please give me strength to avenge O'Reilly. I will get his murderer, if I have to go to the end of the world for him," said Dick, as he knelt beside the body of his beloved companion.

After a rude grave had been dug and O'Reilly, in the uniform in which he had kept faith, tenderly placed there, Dick sat down while he wept silent tears for his beloved companion of all those years. Perhaps he might find his real father, but now he must keep his vow, find Lone Jim. Then he packed all his earthly belongings and set out in hot pursuit of the murderer.

The trail was fresh for a few miles, but the snow, falling in great flakes, soon blotted the trail out; he followed on—where, he did not know. Swish, swish, fell the snow; far across the frozen waste came the howl of a coyote. The fates had intervened again in favor of the pursued, thought Dick, as he stumbled blindly on. After several hours had passed, the snowstorm increased in violence until it was a raging blizzard. Upon seeing three pine trees, Dick made for them, thinking perhaps he might find shelter. As he came closer he

saw a sign, partly covered with snow, on one of the trees. He rushed up to the tree, brushing the snow off with his numb hands, and read the following:

"Keep off—no trespassing—we take the law in our own hands for those who disobey.

"FERDINAND ST. CLAIR,
"Factor, Fon-du-lac."

"I'll show them who the law is," said Dick aloud, angered at this bold sign, as he stumbled blindly on. His eyes became blurred, his body grew numb, but he pushed on, with nothing but relentless white around him, piercing his very heart. His head raged with fever, while awful pains shot through his weak body. Oh, for just a sip of something hot to drive out that terrible devil, who tore at his very life! After driving on for ages, as it seemed, Dick looked and saw—ah! he must be dreaming—he saw those same three pine trees, also that offending sign again. Then the awful realization came to him that he was traveling in a circle, and that he was lost in the snowstorm. He beat his hands against a tree in despair. Just then above the grinding noise came a sound that almost made his heart stop beating. Loud and terrible came the call of the chase, the howl of the timber wolf. Men who have been lost in snowstorms know that grim death is stalking its prey when that sound is heard.

Lost—with those fiends hot on his trail. Dick sank to the ground almost unconscious, but in a moment regained his feet. He was weak in body, but was as strong as ten in courage, so he determined to face death with a smile, in the same uniform in which he had smiled at death so many times before. How easy it would be to put his pistol to his head and pull the trigger; but just then a larger thought dispelled this coward's thought—he remembered O'Reilly. On he would fight, though the odds were against him. He grasped his Colt's tighter; again, much nearer this time, came the howl of the timber wolf—not one, but a whole pack fresh on his trail, howling for his blood. He turned and fled—where, he knew not—just anywhere to escape those relentless pursuers.

He had just turned around, when a large dark object shot into view not two hundred yards away; then another, still another, on at his very heels they came. As he looked back, he saw their bared fangs, their long red tongues hanging out of their mouths, their long grey bodies gaunt from hunger. Tottering and staggering, he reached a low pine tree, which he tried to climb—just then the great leader, covered with scars of battle, sprang at his throat.

At the same moment Dick pulled the trigger of his trusty Colt, a sharp report rang out above the snarls of the pack. The great beast stopped in midair, as two more shots rang out, and fell toward the ground with a thud—dead. Before he reached the ground the entire pack jumped on him and tore him to bits. Thus the law of the wild worked; another wolf was due to become leader. Dick had now reached an upper limb in safety, for the wolves in devouring their leader had given him the chance to climb higher. He looked at his pistol in wonder, for there were still five cartridges in it not used, while there had been three distinct reports when he pulled the trigger. Where had those other shots come from?

He didn't have to wait very long to find an answer to his question, for on leaning down too far, one of the brutes grabbed him by the leg; a sharp pain ran through his numb body. Dick was kicking him off with his other foot, while trying to take aim with his pistol, when another shot rang out, and the pressure on his bleeding leg was relieved. The wolf fell down to join his former leader. Then a volley of shots rang out, and wolf after wolf crumpled up; then shortly the few that remained hastily beat a retreat.

He looked in surprise at the long grey bodies on the ground, and then looked toward the spot where those shots which had saved his life had apparently come from. Then he saw several men wearing trappers' garb coming toward him, speaking a dialect of mixed French and Spanish. Then things began to grow blurred around him. He looked at his torn leg, and fell to the ground senseless, exhausted from loss of blood, and hunger.

III

How long he stayed unconscious, he did not know, but when he opened his eyes he gazed in wonder. Where was he? Who were these strange people? Who had saved him? whizzed successive thoughts through his burning head. Then he tried to raise himself on his elbow, but fell back as a sharp pain ran through his arm. Then strange sights came to him; he saw his childhood days, his mother, his father, and in a fit of delirium he cried aloud:

"The wolves—oh, God! save me from them—they come—O'Reilly, speak to me. I'll get him yet. Save me from them, father. I want you mother, come." Then his mutterings ceased.

How long that burning fever stayed with him, he knew not; but day after day it tore his very head apart. One day Dick began to see things plainer, as the pain ceased, but he was so very weak he couldn't even raise himself on his arm. His delirium was gone, and hearing a sweet voice nearby singing an old familiar song, he opened his eyes. At his side, not a yard away, Dick saw smiling at him the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Hair like the gold that glistens in the noonday sun, eyes blue as the violet in the spring, teeth like the pearls of the sea in their whiteness, and lips red as roses that bloom in Killarney. Her face was tanned by the outdoors, and here and there a little dimple played on her cheek. Who was this beautiful angel among all these ruffians? He thought surely he must be dreaming, when his reverie was broken by her voice speaking sweetly to him in plain English:

"How are you feeling now?"

"I feel lots better, but who in the world are you?" replied Dick to her question. "Where am I?"

"You are at present in the home of the factor of this region, Ferdinand St. Clair, and I am his adopted daughter, Margaret; and who are you?"

"I am Dick O'Reilly, of the Mounted," answered Dick feebly, as he closed his eyes.

As he opened his eyes again he gazed in wonder at the

beautiful room he was now in, contrasting it with his rugged shack at the post. The factor must be very wealthy to own such a magnificent home in this barren wilderness. As to Margaret, he had never seen one who had impressed him more at first sight. Although he had been the girls' favorite at the post, he did not care much for them, as they did not suit his ideal of pure, lovable womanhood.

But with Margaret it was all different, for she was beautiful, educated, and kind. Surely, who could fail to think of her frequently? The more Dick tried to go to sleep the more he thought of her, until he found himself madly in love with her. Then he sank into quiet sleep, with Margaret only in his dreams.

The next morning Dick awoke feeling very much better, and he smiled at Margaret, who had been holding his hand. Margaret blushed as she let it loose hurriedly.

"Who is your adopted father, this Ferdinand St. Clair you mentioned yesterday?" asked Dick, as all at once those words on that sign came distinctly to him.

"He is the owner of the great region of Fon-du-lac. He is very wealthy, and has many slaves to do his bidding. On account of his sternness he has sent many men to their death for disobeying his word, which is law in this wilderness," answered Margaret.

"You are mistaken," said Dick sternly. "The law of this land is represented by this uniform that I wear."

"Please don't say that—not now, anyway—for I'm afraid for your sake—please don't," begged Margaret. "Here's papa now," she said, as she ran to answer a quick knock on the door.

Into the room strode a man very similar in build to Dick. His face was covered with a thick beard, and his hair was streaked with grey. His complexion was dark, his eyes small and piercing, and a sad look was visible to a close observer. He walked to the bed after Margaret had kissed him, and glared down at the sick man.

"Well, who are you, and what do you mean by trespassing on my land—don't you know what the penalty is?"

"I am Dick O'Reilly, sir, of the Mounted; in trying to catch the murderer of a close friend of mine, one of our men, I lost my way in a blinding snowstorm, wolves attacked me, and I was saved from death. I owe you my life, sir," replied Dick.

"Margaret was the one who saved you; she was out with some of my men going over my trap line, when the incident occurred," said St. Clair roughly. Then Dick knew that Margaret was more to him than he had ever imagined. His eyes turned toward her.

"I owe my life to you, Margaret. How can I ever repay you?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied Margaret sweetly.

"Take good care of him, Margaret, for I want him strong and well when I begin teaching him not to trespass on my land," snarled St. Clair, as he left the room hastily. Margaret followed him out of the room. Outside she put her arms around his neck and looked into his eyes, as she said pleadingly:

"Oh, papa, please don't harm him. He is so young, as well as handsome, and besides he looks so much like that photo of you, taken when you were twenty. Please spare him for my sake, anyway." Then St. Clair gasped with surprise as an idea seemed to come to him. He ran to his safe, and from a strong iron box drew a tattered, stained piece of paper, almost falling to pieces, and read the same heart-rending note that he had read so many times before:

"Either send us $100,000 in gold, or we'll brand your son with our mark and leave him to the wolves. "L."

St. Clair lowered his head, and in a disappointed tone said:

"It can't be him, for he was murdered by those fiends twenty long years ago."

IV

Six weeks later Dick sat by the fire as Margaret read to him. He looked at her, and she said slowly, as she smiled at him:

"Dick, I've begged and pleaded with papa to spare you,

but it's no use. Today is the day set for your punishment, and I've prayed and prayed it might never come; perhaps this will be our last meeting, but if they were to harm you it would kill me, for every part of your life is also a part of mine."

Then Dick clasped her in his arms, as he said:

"Dearest sweetheart, I hoped to ask you some day to be my wife, for life without you would be unbearable; but I couldn't ask one so rich to be the wife of one so poor, but you have answered my prayers, which I made the first time I saw you," and he kissed her red lips time after time.

"Forever mine, aye, sweetheart, till death comes."

Just then the door flew open, as St. Clair, followed by several of his men, strode into the room. He snarled as he snatched Margaret from Dick's arms.

"What is the meaning of this, you young cub? I'll put you out of the way right now." And he advanced toward him with a pistol in his hand, with rage in his face. The hammer came back slowly. At that instant Margaret screamed, then looking behind him, Dick saw Lone Jim, the man who had killed O'Reilly, the man that he was pursuing, about to spring on him from behind, a knife in his great ape-like hands. Dick sprang backward and caught the arm of Lone Jim as the knife descended. Immediately a shot rang out, and the knife fell clattering on the floor, but a fleck of blood was on the blade, for it had cut a slight gash in Dick's arm. Then Lone Jim crashed to the floor—dead.

Dick saw Margaret, with a smoking pistol in her hands, and as a bit of warm blood trickled down his arm Dick fell unconscious to the floor. Margaret rushed to him, tore his shirt open, while she kissed his pale face again and again. She called for water and bandages. Just then St. Clair, all reasoning gone, picked up the bloody knife, and swearing, sprang toward unconscious Dick. At that instant he pointed toward the torn shirt and fell to the floor in a stupor. Margaret looked, too. There in the flesh was the huge letter "L." Dick opened his eyes, clasping Margaret in his arms, as he said exultantly:

"Thank God, you are safe, my sweetheart."

St. Clair quickly recovered from his stupor, rushed over to Dick and embraced him. He put his arms about the pair as he said meekly:

"My boy, my boy, my long lost son, suppose I had killed you while you were doing your duty? Forgive me."

"Oh, Dad, I've always prayed to God that I'd find you some day. That prayer has been answered," said Dick, as they knelt in silent prayer. Then Dick arose as best he could, and spoke quickly:

"I must report to headquarters at once to tell of the end of my mission, for Lone Jim is dead, then I'll return for you, Margaret."

"No, you won't," said St. Clair. He sent for a priest, who in a few minutes made Dick and Margaret man and wife.

Dick was promoted to a lieutenancy in the Mounted for his bravery, while St. Clair was given a commission also. He faithfully worked to uphold the same law that formerly he had evaded.

As two happy souls clasp hands by the fire, far out over the snow comes the call of the wild, the timber wolf. Then the light in the cabin flickers lower, still lower; finally, it goes out.

F. J. KNIGHT.

A man is either honest or dishonest, true or false, a believer in law or a disbeliever. An honor system is a code of laws formulated by a student body. Does that mean anything to you?

NATIONALISM OR INTERNATIONALISM

THE PRESENT AGE undoubtedly marks the zenith in the course of the sun of civilization. Many centuries have elapsed since first the mellow light of its reflected rays burst forth upon a world, enshrouded in the darkness of ignorance and savagery, gradually transforming the blackness of night into the dawn. Then slowly rising above the horizon, it has through all these years, as it climbed higher and higher in the heavens, shed with ever-increasing brilliancy its golden light of knowledge throughout the earth. Today we stand half-dazed in the glare of the noonday sun. Truly, this is a wonderful age. Great progress in every field of human endeavor has led us to heights of achievement never before attained in the history of the world.

Yet, gazing retrospectively, we see strewn along the path of time the decayed ruins of many civilizations which once also flourished in pomp and glory. History records the various causes of their fall. Numbers have been destroyed by the ravages of war, which has ever been the deadliest enemy of the progress and happiness of the human race. No less true is it today. If we will but look, there are to be seen darkening clouds in the sky, threatening to cut us off from the source of our illumination and to send us reeling backward through centuries of steady advancement, perhaps resulting in complete destruction.

A search for the secret of universal peace, one which would prove lasting, has been made by each succeeding generation. Every materialistic plan conceivable by the human mind has been used in the attempt to abolish war, but all have failed. Modern science, the boast of our civilization, has made war even more frightful. But was not the World War fought with the stated purpose of preventing its recurrence in the future?

Why, then, are the nations today not enjoying that universal peace for which the very flower of earth's manhood

so recently fought and died? Millions made the supreme sacrifice, while countless others, robbed of health and happiness, are now left to pass the rest of their days in unspeakable anguish and pain. All are familiar with the heroic record of their sacrificial deeds, and as Americans we take great pride in the part which the gallant sons of Columbia played in that gigantic struggle. Yes, they gave their all, inspired by the noble purpose that this was a righteous conflict being fought to abolish forever the causes of war. Theirs was not a narrow, selfish patriotism, but one which recognized the common brotherhood of man, the inter-dependence of one nation upon another for a realization of the continued progress of civilization.

However, we are now prone to forget the splendid ideals which during those four memorable years reigned supreme in the hearts and minds of men. The overthrow of cruel tyranny and the idea that might makes right; the abolition of international hatreds, rivalries and jealousies, which have ever been the roots of war; a strong desire to substitute for these the spirit of lasting peace, based upon mutual friendliness, harmony, and co-operation among all peoples, regardless of race, color or geographical location; these, I repeat, were the lofty purposes that led the hosts of freedom through four years of terrible struggle, unparalleled in cruelty, bloodshed and destruction.

Indeed, their victory was a glorious one. The forces of autocracy had been crushed, the supremacy of right and justice again established. Years of conflict had drawn together in united effort the most influential nations of the world. Soldiers mobilized under different flags, between whom there had formerly existed impassible barriers of separation, their spirits then aflame with common ideals, fought side by side beneath the banner of freedom which had been disgracefully insulted by a proud and defiant Germany. It seemed that at last the lesson had been taught that only by friendly and helpful co-operation can the great obstacles, threatening to thwart the progress of our modern civilization, be successfully over-

come. Apparently each nation realized the necessity of maintaining that spirit of international good will among its citizens which then prevailed and which would make possible the enjoyment of universal peace, so coveted by a world weary of centuries of repeated wars. Accordingly, a League of Nations was formed. America, blinded by political antagonism, was the only great nation refusing to join in this worthy effort, whose chief purpose was the promotion and practice of such ideals as would lessen the possibility of war in years to come.

For man at last realizes that war is his worst enemy. Not only does it destroy lives and resources, not only does it bring temporary misery and unhappiness, but it blocks the streams of progress and so paralyzes the power of human achievement as to require decades to recover from its disastrous effects. To prevent war we must remove its causes, principal among which is the prevalence of that spirit of narrow, self-centered nationalism which does not permit any citizenship to extend its thought beyond the limit of geographical boundaries, along which through the ages have been erected insurmountable barriers. Thus each nation, proud, selfish, with scarcely any regard for its neighbors, seeks to establish within itself the wealth and power of the world. Sparks of jealousy arise on every hand. Soon some are fanned into flames of intense hatred and civilization finds itself again submerged in the blood of war.

Germany was possessed with this dangerous spirit, causing the storm to break in 1914, from the abnormal results of which we shall suffer for years. The pages of history are crowded with similar examples. Shall it ever be thus? Present day conditions forecast the repetition of history. Sad but true is the fact that the international mind, which was dominant during the great war and immediately following, has again been supplanted by one of narrow creed.

America was the first to fall from those high ideals. Other nations have since been drifting back into the ancient channels. Today we hear of wars and rumors of wars. All is in a state of disorder and disturbance. That peace of which the

world dreamed as a result of the triumph of right in 1918 can nowhere be found. Indeed, we see daily evidences of those same self-centered motives shaping the policies of nations that existed prior to 1914 and plunged mankind into a state of chaos, perhaps unequaled in the annals of history. What of the dissensions among the allies which have permitted the return of the unspeakable Turk—the sick man of Europe for centuries—to all of his former power and possessions on the continent? What of the widening gulf which now separates England and France? What of the intense hatred manifested in the relations between France and Germany, which may at any moment again fan into reality the flames of war? Coming nearer home, what of America's selfish policy of isolation in this age when the welfare of the entire world depends for the proper solution of its menacing problems upon the friendly and willing co-operation of all concerned? Can we find an answer to the failure of the numerous conferences, recently held, in their attempts to adjust these international differences which sooner or later must inevitably lead to another war? To those who have closely followed the course of events during the last four years the answer is unmistakable. An intensely blinding nationalistic spirit again predominates.

The challenge comes—shall we acknowledge permanent defeat and passively accept the present attitude? Some claim that it will never be possible to effect a change because of the traditional ties of patriotism and loyalty which bind the individual to his native land. Indeed, he owes his first allegiance to the flag, which symbolizes his ideals and whose protection he claims, but this should not blind him to those broader duties which, as a citizen of the world, should be no less faithfully performed. A keen feeling of sympathy, understanding, and love should flow in never ending streams around the world, joining each individual to every other in the bond of common brotherhood.

Those few who, with a world-wide vision, dare to advocate the substitution of the international for the national mind are branded as foolish idealists and impracticable dreamers. Nev-

ertheless, there is a power which, if instilled into the minds and hearts of men, would calm the present raging storms of misunderstanding, just as the angry waves surging on the bosom of the Lake of Galilee were hushed nearly two thousand years ago at the command: "Peace be still." That which brute force, knowledge, learning, science, diplomacy and other human powers have never been able to do, Christianity, if applied to all individual and international relationships, can certainly accomplish. Its principles must be woven into the warp and woof of any civilization which would successfully stand the tests of time.

Not until then will there exist that intense world patriotism which will cause the individual and the nation to forget personal desire for wealth and power in a passion for the common welfare and happiness of the human race. This transformation should first begin within the hearts of those who dwell beneath the Stars and Stripes, from thence spreading to those in every land, beneath every flag.

Then shall dawn that Golden Age of which prophets have ever spoken and poets ever dreamed, when all mankind, regardless of race or color, shall have enthroned in their hearts the principles of right and justice. Then shall all envy, jealousy, greed and suspicion disappear; then shall armies and navies be cast into the recesses of oblivion, and the white-winged dove of peace shall descend upon the world to herald the advent of that new era of the universal brotherhood of man.

L. Q. GALLOWAY.

FORGETTING

UNCLE WESLEY DUDLEY slushed along from the cow lot to the back porch with a full milk-pail in each hand. He stamped his feet heavily on the bottom step, scraped the mud off on the end of the step, and set the steaming milk-pails on the water-shelf.

"Here you are, Sarah," he called.

There was no answer from the kitchen, but feeling sure that his wife had heard, he took the washpan from the nail on the wall and prepared to wash his face and hands. He rubbed the bar of soap between his hands to make suds, and deluged his face and neck with a great spluttering and splashing. "Uh! Whoo-ee! I tell you it's gettin' cold!" This last word was pronounced with a prolonged accent that sounded like the sweep of the winter wind around the housetop. He scrubbed his face with the towel until it glowed, and then stood looking into the west, where gray clouds were hiding the setting sun behind a somber curtain.

"Looks mighty like snow to me. But I got all the cows in, for a wonder, and the turkeys shut up, and there's hay in the loft, and corn in the barn, and wood under the house, and turkey dinner coming day after tomorrow, and a tight roof above us; ain't there, Sarah?"

No answer from the kitchen replied to his exultation; so he went inside. Sarah was calmly lifting some hot-crusted biscuits from the oven to a plate. There was the smell of bacon and eggs in the air. He sat down at the kitchen table and watched her anticipatingly, conscious that there was lightning in the air as well as savory odors. He was a heavy-built, brusque kind of man, getting to be a little gray. He brushed some straying strands of hair back from his eyes with a big red hand, poured out a glassful of water and swallowed it at one gulp, turned round halfway in his chair so as to cross his legs, and watched his wife, who had advanced from taking up biscuits to cutting some cold potato pie. The sight of the potato pie seemed to reassure him and he ventured a remark.

"Did you finish the apron you had started for Jim's wife?"

"No."

Having been satisfied thoroughly as regards the completion of the piece of feminine apparel under question, as well as reassured of an indefinite danger from more questions, he took in his sails and settled down to let the storm blow over. He knew it would, if he let his wife alone. There *was* something he had forgotten, but, ding it! he couldn't remember what it was. Buttons? No. Sugar? No. Well, whatever it was, it didn't amount to anything, he knew. And he had learned from experience that the safest course for him was always the silent one. It would come soon enough; he knew that. He didn't propose to take time by the forelock this time. He'd at least eat his supper in peace; and so he proceeded in morose and cautious silence.

His wife sat opposite and looked at him rather reproachfully out of rather rebellious eyes. She didn't say anything, though, and after eating only a very little went out after the milk and started straining it, while he was winding up the potato pie. She could make good pie, that was a fact. And her biscuits were not bad; no, not bad at all. He very complacently reached for his tenth. In the twenty-seven years that she had been cooking that same kind of biscuit for him he didn't ever remember them having been any better than they were tonight. Of course, he was thoughtless, but a busy man does have to forget some things. How could he remember every little troubling article that she wanted from "the cross"? It was unreasonable in her. He dismissed the subject as he pushed back his chair and walked heavily into the house and took his seat before the fire, reached for his pipe from the mantle, and tore a straw from the broom to light it with. Calmly smoking and rocking, he waited for Sarah to come in.

Perhaps the rush at the store had been the cause, but when Uncle Wesley Dudley, who had gone to "the cross" that afternoon to buy some cloth and thread, as well as some other Christmas goods for his wife, was leaving for home he had forgotten to ask for a package that was at the postoffice.

Sarah had laid particular emphasis upon the necessity of getting this box, for, she had warned him, there were some Christmas presents in it that she wanted to get fixed up. But he, as usual, had forgotten it, and Sarah knew it; and although she usually did not keep silent, she resolved to punish him in another way. So tonight she would do nothing. After straightening up the kitchen and putting up the key to the milk house, she took her accustomed seat in her rocker in silence. And the night wore away until at last Wesley put up his pipe, with a great gaping yawn, and went to bed. She followed him.

Christmas Eve came and went, but no mention did Sarah make of the package, and Uncle Wesley, deceived by her false show of peace, thought that all was well. There had been something he had forgotten; he knew that, but he just about decided that it wasn't much.

"I'll kill the turkey for you right after breakfast, Sarah," he had said while eating breakfast with great satisfaction. "I reckon it oughter had been killed yestiddy, but I forgot it, having to go to town. Since Brother Nolan's folks are goin' to eat with us I reckon we'll need a big one. I got all the cranberries and pickles, and everything to go with the turkey, didn't I?" This last was added very carefully and meekly.

"Oh, yes; you got plenty to go with him."

There was an ominous accent to this reply, but he couldn't catch the significance. "Well, I've got to step over to old man Griffin's this morning to see about that ditch he won't clean out. You don't need any help, do you?"

"I think that I can do everything that has to be done."

He went out and soon came back with the turkey. Then he started to old man Griffin's, leaving his wife alone with her plans. First, she cleaned the house. Then, after she had dressed the turkey, and had put all of her dinner on to cook, she put on her coat and hat, went out to the lot, hitched the gray mare to the single-seated buggy, and with a grim look on her face drove swiftly away to "the cross."

Christmas came with a few flurries of snow that kept

everyone in close to the fire, except those who were preparing for festivities in the homes of neighbors or relatives. Of this number were Wesley's brother Nolan and his family, who came blowing in at eleven-thirty, with wraps and capes, a spaniel, and a baby. Sarah was busy in the kitchen, as was natural for a woman who was having to cook a turkey and all the other dainties that go along with it, and so her husband very kindly took it upon himself to entertain his guests. He had not eaten a big breakfast, for he didn't believe in not enjoying a good dinner. But, although he was beginning to feel the effects of his abstinence, he nevertheless very graciously attempted to engage his brother in conversation.

"Yes," he began, "they say business in town is not so pert as it has been. I was at 'the cross' yestiddy and things were rather dull."

"I hope you are not as absent-minded as Nolan," put in Nolan's wife. "I told him to stop at the postoffice for me and get some presents I had ordered for the children, and he came home without it. And so I says, 'You'll have to hitch up and go back after 'em, for I've got to have 'em,' and he went and got 'em."

At this moment faint recollections that were beginning to dawn upon him were broken by the appearance of Sarah in the doorway. As she did not say anything, he assumed the responsibility.

"Come on, folks. Let's go out to dinner. It won't be overly much, I don't reckon, but let's make a joyful occasion of it." He held the door open and graciously waved them all past him, and then stopped to put some wood on the fire. As a consequence, all were standing silently around the table when he came in. He glanced at Sarah and noticed a very set expression on her mouth. He looked at the table. There was nothing there except an ordinary dinner.

"Why, Sarah, where's the turkey? Didn't you cook it?"

"How could you expect me to cook it with no roaster!"

"No roaster! Why, we ordered a new"—grim remembrance flashed upon his dazed mind. The new roaster was in the package in the postoffice!

N. W. BENNETT.

THORNY POINTS—REDUCED

IN THE LITTLE TOWN of Thorny Points, old Fanny was indeed holding her own against Tin Lizzie. There civilization had not yet reached that point at which a man, who dared to ride in a buggy, subjected himself to ridicule, laughter, and scorn. We must not say, however, that Thorny Points was altogether backward in progress, for such a statement would greatly offend her patriotic inhabitants. To them, it was the metropolis of nations—the garden spot of the world.

Now, surely, no place can be considered a town unless it has a postoffice and at least one dry-goods store and one grocery store. Thorny Points had all three; no more, no less. Although the postoffice was rather small, the dry-goods store made up for it both in size and appearance. During the war, this store had been erected by a man who, unfortunately, had more money than judgment. It was equipped with electric lights and all other modern conveniences. Just about the time of its completion, the war came to a close and there was a general fall in prices. The poor owner, who was now both *senseless* and *centless,* found that the store was a white elephant on his hands. He could not use it, neither could he sell it. Finally, a Jew, Abe Hobensky by name, consented to rent the store for enough to pay the taxes on it.

After writing in glaring colors on the window, "Great Sale Now Going On," Hobensky moved into the new store—the pride of Thorny Points. In spite of the fact that he decorated the windows with gaudy colors, in spite of the fact that he advertised profusely, in spite of the fact that he bought a "talking machine" to attract the crowd, Abe Hobensky did not get rich. And so, in the course of time, it was rumored that, as soon as he could get rid of his present stock of goods, old Abe was going to move out of town.

Now, if Abe Hobensky could not make money at Thorny Points it would be unreasonable to think that Hiram Jenkins,

owner of the grocery store, could. This proprietor, a big, fat, bald-headed man, was perfectly content to smoke his pipe and let each day take care of itself. It little worried him whether the bacon in his store was becoming rank or whether the cabbages were rotting for want of customers. The only thing that he was particularly careful to do was to abide by the *first* part of the old saying, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

And so life in the town went on in its uneventful way until one night a tragedy occurred—a tragedy which reduced Thorny Points from a town to a grocery store and a dinky little post-office. The dry-goods store, the beautiful new building, the pride of Thorny Points, mysteriously caught on fire and burned to the ground.

The next morning, Thorny Points was indeed a dreary place. The ashes of the store were smouldering and smoking in spite of a slow, drizzling rain. An old hen was scratching among the wet papers, orange peelings and sardine cans, which were scattered around the steps of the grocery store. A dirty poodle dog was chasing some noisy geese through the muddy street. No person was in sight. Indeed, the entire male population, gathered around the stove in the back of Hiram Jenkins' store, was carrying on the following conversation:

"Wal, I s'pose now, bein' as thet store caught afire, folks won't hardly take much 'count o' Thorny Points enymore," opined Farmer Jones, stroking his tobacco-stained moustache.

"And s'posin' they don't?" questioned Hiram.

"Man alive!" ejaculated little Mr. Thimble, the postmaster. "Can't you see the devastatin' effects, you might say the ruination, it would be to yer town?"

"Wal, can't say as I do?" answered Hiram. "Fer as I can see, folks what's allus been a-livin' here allus will. I ain't as yet seen eny outsiders take much int'rest."

"And ye ain't likely to as long as ye can't see beyond yer own counter," cried Mr. Thimble, adjusting his glasses on his crooked nose and shaking his finger at Hiram.

"Maybe so, maybe so," responded Hiram, "but if I could, fer as I know, there wouldn't be nuthin' to see cep'n you a-sittin' over thar in thet little postoffice."

"Well, if I had to talk that way 'bout Thorny Points, I'd leave," cried the indignant little postmaster.

"Then thar wouldn't be nuthin' left to Thorny Points cep'n the postoffice, sho enough," observed the grocer.

"Wall, I'll swar if you-all don't talk liken as if us farmers ain't countin' fer nuthin' 'round here. I calc'late that we is as upliftin' to Thorny Points as you what lives right in it," broke in Farmer Jones.

"Hiram Jenkins, you beat my time!" continued Mr. Thimble, who was unwilling that the conversation be interrupted. "You mean to say you can't see what that fire means to Thorny Points?"

"Wal, er—I reckon it does take offen a little from the beautification of the place, Thimble."

"But that's not all," panted the little man, who was now red in the face. "Where will our people buy clothes from, now?"

"Come to think about it, Thimble, I reckon as how I could take some o' them cans offen the shelves and take on a little cloth 'long with the groceries."

"That's jest it. You always a-thinkin' 'bout *your* store, and that ain't bein' a patriotic citizen of Thorny Points. Not on your life, it ain't!" Mr. Thimble, to make emphatic his statement, stamped his foot. It landed on the old cat's tail. That poor animal, which had taken no part in the conversation, thought, perhaps, that it was unjust that the force of Mr. Thimble's argument should be directed against her. Be that as it may, she protested by a scream which made the little man tumble headlong across a box.

"B-b-b-b-blame that cat!" panted Mr. Thimble, his few strands of hair standing straight up on his red head.

The coarse guffaws of the men lasted for several minutes. Mr. Thimble, very much embarrassed, did not continue his harangue.

Peter Thompkins, who hitherto had been unable to squeeze in a word, reopened the conversation.

"Guess ole Abe got hit pretty hard by the fire. Tough on him, all right."

"Who? Abe Hobensky?" cried Jimmy Baker, after washing down a mouthful of dry crackers with a gulp of Coca-Cola. "Why, ole Abe had them goods insured lessen a month ago."

"Be pretty hard fer the devil to catch ole Abe, much lessen a fire," said Hiram.

"You mighty right," joined in Farmer Jones. "I bet old Abe, this prezact minute, is the goldern happiest man in this here county."

"That ain't all, either," cried Jimmy. "There weren't no stuff worth talkin' 'bout got burnt up. Lord knows whar they been a-goin', but them goods been a disappearin' out o' that store for more'n a week. One o' my niggers swore he seen a wagon load o' stuff goin' down the road after twelve o'clock the other night."

"That is strange as hang," remarked Peter.

"More strange than that is how that store burnt down in sech a jiffy," said Hiram, raising his eyebrows knowingly.

"But that ain't so strange as how everybody what was near the fire smelt kerosene," snickered Jimmy.

"Wal, I'll swar!" gasped Farmer Jones, opening his eyes and scratching his head.

"A rat must have found a match and set it on fire," chimed in poor little Mr. Thimble, awaking from his embarrassment.

At this remark everybody roared with laughter, and the humiliated little postmaster volunteered no further opinions.

"No, suh, no match light set it on fire, nohow," chuckled Jimmy.

"Maybe them 'lectric lights done it. I always did say I'd ruther have a lamp eny day," declared Peter.

" 'Lectric light nuthin'!" sneered Jimmy.

"Wal, Jimmy, what kind o' light done it, then?" asked Hiram.

"It sho weren't no match light nor no 'lectric light," answered Jimmy. "The light what set that store on fire was a"—

At this moment, Abe Hobensky entered the store. He walked up to the stove gesticulating with his hands and jabbering:

"Vell, gintlemen, it vus a terribul loss, a terribul loss."

The Jew's appearance seemed to put an end to the conversation. Farmer Jones winked at Peter, and the two fished a greasy checker-board from behind a box and began playing. Later, however, when Mr. Thimble was sympathizing with Hobensky, Hiram, with a grin on his face, whispered:

"What kind o' light was that you was a sayin' set it on fire, Jim?"

"A *Israelite,*" winked Jimmy, and they both broke out in a laugh.

M. B. WILSON.

IS THE HINDU RIGHT?

BEFORE ME is a cradle. And in that lies a baby with big questioning eyes and brownish hair. He tries to suck his chubby fists, he twirls his tiny toes in air, he gazes on all the world wonderingly. But a year and a day pass, and now he is crawling on the floor playing with his dog. He pulls its ear, and twists its tail, and lifts it up by one foot, in cruel innocence. Then a miracle happens. The little thing learns to talk and to say "Mama" and "Daddy," while the dog looks on, wagging its tail eagerly. But time passes and the child wants his building blocks and his colors. Then he wants his dreams, his fairy tales, his pictures. Then the boy wants to be a soldier. And now he stands between boyhood and youth, uncertain.

That process is the history of the world. Somewhere in the distant ages of gloom and darkness man learned to talk. Then, somehow, with signs and symbols he learned to record his actions, and there we have the dawn of history.

The child-man wants glory and color; so Babylon and Assyria and Egypt come and go. Then the child wants his dreams, his fairy tales, his pictures; so Greece comes and passes on. Then every boy wants to be a soldier; so Rome comes and goes. Next, is not the darkness and uncertainty of the Middle Ages very like a boy as he stands between boyhood and youth, uncertain?

Before me stands a youth in his teens. Is he not the net result of every thought, every act, every experience of his life? So it is with history. The world today is the net result of every influence let loose since the dawn of time. Why do we study the history of Greece and Rome, and we hardly know Mexico has a history? India is but a name to us, and China and Japan and Peru—mere names. We study the nations that made the biggest gifts to our civilization. The Hebrew gave us our religion. Greece gave us art and literature, philosophy and science. Rome gave us military and political

organization. But did Greece originate this and Rome that? No! Man has originated nothing. Everything man has was potentially given to Adam in the Garden of Eden. Each has but investigated and expressed some recess of the human mind or heart or soul.

And now, though man has come far, many divergent forces of progress are still in evidence. For instance, the Hindu looks askance at our civilization. He sees all our hurry and strife and turmoil, and he calmly sits back and asks, "For what?" The difference is this. We magnify the external; the Hindu magnifies the internal. We look upon man as having a soul; the Hindu looks upon the soul as living in a body. In the eyes of the Hindu, we are very much like that farmer out west. This man went west poor, but by dint of hard work and extreme frugality he became rich. Then one day he died. So, of course, all the local papers wrote long obituaries extolling his virtue, but the most pointed was that of the village wag. An out-of-town acquaintance engaged him in conversation. "I hear old Mr. Jones is dead, eh?" "Yep, he's dead." "Well, what sort of a fellow was he, anyway?" "Oh, he was a pretty good fellow, but he went through life tied to a steer's tail. He always tried to raise more corn, to get more money, to buy more steers, to raise more corn, to get more money, to buy more steers, to raise—etc."—

But now, is the Hindu right? Well, let's see. What is man's object in life? It seems to be to attain happiness, content. And as the chief means to this end, he endeavors to acquire money. Will money, through physical pleasure, bring happiness? No! Man can enjoy but so much physical pleasure in this life—the rest lies within. The product of the means always equals the product of the extremes. Little physical pleasure, much enjoyment; much pleasure, little enjoyment. Nature is just! The occasional satisfying of appetite brings to the frugal one all the pleasure of many gratifications to a satiated taste. And again, the poor man envies the rich man because he doesn't have to work. And yet, in his occasional day off, the worker comprehends all the pure enjoyment of

the rich man's many indolent days. And again, the rich man lives in his mansion and the poor man lives in his hovel, and both worry, and both strive, and both are dissatisfied. Now, what is the difference? It seems to us that the joys of life lie within, not without.

Mr. Edison is probably the greatest inventor of all time; and yet he hasn't done as much for his people as Socrates did for his. Tesla is undoubtedly a great inventor, but he hasn't done as much as Marcus Aurelius did. He who builds a bridge, or cuts a canal, or digs a tunnel, is great, no doubt. But he who leads a single human soul to happiness is greater. What? I repeat it. He who makes a bridge, or cuts a canal, or builds a skyscraper towering in the blue, is great. But he who scatters happiness is greater. If I be a man, I can be just as happy in a cottage as I could be in a kingdom. Which is wealthier, he who has much and wants more, or he who has little, but is contented?

Is, then, the Hindu right? Is something wrong with our civilization? Is the material inherently opposed to the inner man? Therein lies the enigma. The Fall of Man, as narrated in Genesis, was not that an advance in material things? According to our standard, which is more advanced, Adam in the Garden eating fruit and berries, or Adam out in the field plowing for himself?

Now, if the Hindu be right, and his reasoning is certainly not bad, there must be two standards of progress—the material and the spiritual. And man has advanced in both from darkness to where he now stands. But has man really come so far? Why, man is the sovereign of the world, you say. With his genius of intellect, he is going forth to conquer all nature.

Man is a pigmy trying to cross a road.

But I submit to you, sir, man flies in the heaven above like a bird, he swims beneath the sea like a fish, he has a strange, mysterious power come in and light his halls.

Agreed! But man has only touched the forces of nature. Electricty is an unexplored field. Out there is a great sun

shooting its rays through the universe. And our little ball of mud flies around and around and around and intercepts some of these rays; and yet, the heat that we receive would turn every wheel on the globe, and then we would have used but a modicum of our supply.

Well, medicine?

All the medical skill in the world can not heal a cut on my finger, a quarter of an inch long. We may learn to give nature a better chance; that is all.

Well, religion, you won't question that?

In religion, man has advanced. Yes. We no longer burn men at the stake. We no longer sacrifice children on the altar. But we don't mind scrapping the Hope of the world for partizan reasons.

Man is but a child stumbling in the night. Is there, then, no hope—nothing? I look to the east. Darkness! Darkness? Oh, there must be some hope—something. There must be! I look again. Look! What is that? A reddish glow heralds the approach of dawn. Man is but a child, but He is leading onward. Man must still bump his head and stub his toe and burn his finger. But He understands. He is leading. And in His own good time, He will lead to the light.

Then the gloom will flee as a snowflake before the morning sun. And in purer light of a new day we will understand, the Hindu is right. R. H. HODGES.

Are you going to be any nearer perfection tomorrow than you are today?

Are you fiercely glad that each fresh dawn brings you a new chance, or only indifferent?

*THE DAWN

I HAD NEVER felt the delicate sweetness of the daybreak until that morning on the Waccamaw. We had rested that night on the crinkly brown leaves beneath a majestic oak, whose cool branches spread themselves over the top of a bluff in a bend of the river. With our heads resting near its massive trunk and our weary, aching limbs covered with a light blanket, we closed our eyes and drank in the fragrance of the honeysuckle and the chill freshness of the falling dew. A mocking-bird trilled its silvery notes in the top of a tree across the smooth-flowing river; and, as we listened to the clear sweetness of its song and the soft rustle of the southern breeze in the branches above us, and mused on the distant-sounding murmur of the pines, we grew drowsy and soon fell into a deep and peaceful sleep. But once during the night did I awake—when the sudden cry of a whippoor-will in the tree above startled me into vague fear at its utter desolateness; yet this disturbed me but for a moment, and I soon slept without a dream, and awoke as the first faint flushes of grey light tinted the east.

I lay with my chin on my hands and looked out across the swamp beyond the river at the coming of the day. A soft, cool breeze was touching the tops of the trees, sweeping the white mist away, and setting my blood tingling with freshness. The same mocking-bird that had sung during the night began to sing again, not so softly, but joyously, as if the delicious coolness of the dawn had entered into and strengthened his melody. Slowly, as he sang, the flush in the east deepened into rose and extended up into the sky, and drowned the stars in a lambent flood. Venus alone shone resplendent near the horizon, sparkling, serene, a great glancing jewel. The dark mass of the foliage below in the swamp took form, and I was able to distinguish the treetops. Objects nearer by were be-

*Taken from N. W. Bennett's "Bugs and Beetles."

coming clearer, too. A silver tracery of dewy web hung in the air; and as I put my hand out on the ground and felt the leaves to see if they were wet, a timid rabbit hopped away through the brush. He paused a minute on a rotten log, then vanished, soft-footed in the dewy leaves. I strained to hear him, but could not; there was no sound save the patter of dew falling from overladen leaves. My attention turned to the east again; it was now a rosy red against which a fish hawk slowly sought its fishing grounds. I followed its flight until it lost itself in the misty distance, and was turning back to watch the sun peep above the horizon, when I heard on the river below me the hollow knock of a paddle against the side of a bateau.

THOMAS AND TOMMY

THE HYSTERICAL rattle of a little Ford scurrying to safety, as it groans a warning to its brothers and sisters, is a touching sound; the fearful wail of the dodo, grieving for its defunct brood, is still worse; but the final, ear-gripping, heart-expanding depth of inconsolable grief is not realized by the listener until he has heard one lone Thomas cat apostrophize the moon, or lift up his voice in sorrow at the passing of a loved one. Everything else stops; the dead tremble, and the living swear by the holy pink-toed prophets to "kill that d—n cat" before another moon can wax or wane.

Tommy Milton muttered awful things to himself as he slid carefully out of his chair and slipped to the window, shoe in hand. The sash slid up; Tommy looked out; but all the air a solemn stillness held. Bathed in the full rich glow of a June moon, the house next door to Mrs. Bocbier's Select Boarding House for Gents—All Peddlers Go to the Rear—was silent as a negro graveyard at the stroke of one A. M. Tommy waited patiently, but the urban quiet was unbroken save by the occasional hum of a motor or rattle of a car.

Composed in mind once more, Tommy took up his book to follow the career of the James brothers through to the last thrilling word.

"Mieuw—ow—ieow—ieow—." This time the Thomas kitty was lamenting the passing of all the members of his immediate family, the degradation of his feline ancestors from the dawn of time, and the loss of eight of his own personal lives. His voice was growing steadily less tuneful.

With three books, two shoes, and a tumbler in the crook of one arm, Tommy rushed madly to the window and opened it wide. And again a heavy and solemn silence enveloped the neighborhood. Tommy waited for fifteen minutes, but there was no further sound.

But Tommy was learning fast. Leaving the window open, he brought a basin of water, and turning off the light, squatted

down under the window. In the adjoining room there was the sound of someone moving about, then quiet again. Suddenly there was a slight rustling from outside the window. Tommy pricked up his ears and took a firm hold on the basin. Thomas was due an unseasonal bath, Tommy was certain.

Stealthily he raised the basin, thrust it out the window, and with one vicious sweep of his arm flung the contents downward. And before he could peer out the fun began.

"Oh-h-h-h—h—" howled Thomas in a distinctly feminine voice. "What've you done? Oh! Oh!"

Tommy reconsidered his intention to stick his head out of the window and gloat over his *coup d'habité*. Plucking at his chin with lax fingers, he sat down on the floor very gently, and stared into the darkness. He heard the man in the adjoining room step to the window.

"What's the matter bei you?" cried the new participant in the evening's activities. The slur of his native speech was thick on his tongue.

"Oh—h-h, Mr. Smolensky, what have you done? I'm all wet all over."

"Ow, Miss Bocbier. Was ist's? What is it? What is it?"

"Yes. You say, 'What is it?' And you just threw water on me. You just wait."

Mr. Smolensky was inarticulate. He spluttered, he fumed, he choked.

Tommy grinned a mournful little grin, and made three degrees less than no noise at all.

"Aber ich habe—I have it not getan. Es tut mir leid, aber ich habe es nicht getan."

Decidedly, Herr Smolensky was excited. But the landlady's fair daughter was obdurate.

"Stop that racket," she commanded. "You just wait'll I tell ma." And the rustle of her passage to the front of the house floated clearly to Tommy's ears.

Smolensky's hall door slammed, and there was a clatter of

heavy feet down the uncarpeted stairs, then thick, heavy silence. Tommy sat and thought the situation over.

We might as well stop to note that this is one of those deadly triangle stories, although the cat may add a fourth side to the triangle. Ever since the versatile and talented Isadore Smolensky, who hailed from Linden, had come to Mrs. Bocbier's Select Boarding House for Gents, Tommy Milton's affair with the daughter had been on the rocks, so to speak. Smolensky had been cutting a wide swath, but the evening's entertainment seemed to augur a change.

Tommy chuckled outright, and went to bed without premonition of what the morrow might hold. Before sleep had quite enveloped him, he was roused by the grieving voice of Thomas, wailing to heaven of the unutterable insufficiency of feline celibacy. Tommy mentally registered a vow to invest in some form of potent cat poison. Then a grin superseded the ready imprecation on his lips; and he fell asleep with the corners of his mouth turned up.

When he entered the dining room the next morning, there was a decided chilliness in the air. The seven other men were already in their places, eating as if life depended on the celerity with which a pancake was despatched—all, that is, except Isadore, who was slouched down in his chair like a prisoner awaiting sentence. His face brightened when he saw Tommy.

"Oh, Tommy," he cried. "Say to them I didn't do it."

Tommy's face was blank as he sat down.

"Didn't do what?" he asked.

"You haven't heard," cut in Mrs. Bocbier coldly, "how Mr. Smolensky threw water on Hortense last night?"

"Aber—but—I never," stuttered Isadore.

"Sir!"

Mrs. Bocbier's mustached upper lip would have served as a model for a cement casting. Isadore subsided.

"Why, no," said Tommy, mild surprise in his eyes.

"Yes," the landlady's daughter broke in. "I heard poor kitty crying last night, and I went to hunt him, and then

Mr. Smolensky threw water on me—a whole lot, too."

Isadore groaned.

"But"— he began.

Mrs. Bocbier looked at him again. Somebody coughed; and several of the boarders bent lower over their plates.

Tommy was thinking fast. As nearly as he could see, this was opportunity directly sponsored by his patron saint.

"Ah, er—ah, Miss Hortense."

"Yes?"

"Wouldn't you want to see 'The Winning of Winnie,' at the Grand tonight?"

Miss Hortense simpered, and arched her eyebrows at Tommy until that volatile personage was floating on thin air.

"Oh, Mr. Milton," she gushed. "That would be just too lovely for anything."

And Tommy pranced all the way down town, imagining, in all its glory, the scene in which he would stalk haughtily out of the Bocbier mansion with Miss Hortense floating by his side, and the despised Isadore scowling in the background. But perhaps Mrs. Bocbier would tie a can to Izzy. Tommy sobered. That wouldn't do, for Izzy, as spectator, completed the picture.

Anyway, he'd get the poison, Tommy decided, turning into a drug store.

"Oh, yes," the clerk assured him. "This prepared cake'll kill a dog, cat, or rat. It's been treated so that the animal'll like it. How long? Oh, quick as the cat eats it. Yessir."

Tommy patted the cake in his pocket often as he hurried on down town to begin his daily stint of selling collars.

"Here's where that blamed cat gets his," he told himself again and again.

Contrary to expectation, Izzy was at his usual place at supper, looking, however, as subdued and meek as possible. His oily, satisfied complacency was conspicuous by its absence. The evening was perfect, at least from Tommy's standpoint. Izzy came, saw, and was conquered. Miss Hortense vouch-

safed him not even a haughty nod as she minced through the hall at Tommy's side. The picture was good, the villain being overcome in the time honored way, via a precipice. Tommy applauded vociferously; and later was quite overcome by the gooey sweetness of the farewell clinch.

"Some day," he thought, "that's me an' Hortense."

Isadore was waiting for him, when he returned.

"Na, na, Tommy," he wheedled, "you wouldn't take a feller's girl when he is bad luck having?"

Tommy's eyebrows lifted.

"So?" he said. "Why, if some young lady prefers my society to somebody else's, you bet I ain't goin' to turn 'er down."

Smolensky scowled.

"All right," he spat out viciously. "You just wait. I bet you have water, anyway, auf mein Fraulein throwed." And his door slammed behind him.

Tommy sat on the edge of his bed, shoe in hand, and thought over the happenings of the past twenty-four hours.

"Looks like I got the bear by the tail," he chuckled, "with a downhill pull."

He did, too; but he didn't know how tight a hold he had.

"I gotta give Izzy one more tap, an' he'll be out of the way for good." A wild howl outside bespoke the fact that Thomas was beginning his usual nightly serenade. "An' that blamed cat, too," he added grimly, as he set about hunting Somnus and his son Morpheus.

Day succeeded day with monotonous smoothness. Tommy wooed Hortense, while Isadore sulked. Milton was having the time of his young life, and he knew it. Three times in the following week he took Hortense to a show, and every time he held her hand a little longer. Then one night they sat on a bench in Central Park and gazed at the moon. Nothing much was said on either side, but everybody present had a delightful time. Tommy's inamorata leaned her head so hard on his shoulder that the aid of a dry-cleaner was needed to remove

the traces. Only one thing occurred to mar an otherwise perfect evening. Somehow, Thomas had intruded himself in the conversation.

"You do love my kitty, don't you?" the lady in the case asked; and Tommy grimaced at the moon and swore undying love for Thomas, his forbears, his posterity, and all that pertained to his feline existence.

"You wouldn't ever hurt him, would you?" Hortense had insisted. And with horror-struck voice, Tommy perjured himself to the effect that he could never be guilty of such monstrous and inhumane cruelty. Now that was where he slipped up. A swain may tell his lady love one lie for the sake of peace, but two will surely bring him trouble.

After telling Hortense good-night, and going up to his room, Tommy sat down to plant a final coup that would rid him of Izzy and the cat at one fell swoop, and so leave him free to carry off the lady. But a good hour passed before the solution of his problem came to him. And then the brilliant audacity of his idea nearly took his breath away.

"Oh, boy!" he gloated, kicking one shoe across the room. "I reckon that'll fix 'em."

Another day passed before the plan could be put into execution. Saturday morning he rose early and went downstairs to hunt Thomas. The big cat was on the front porch, stretching himself in the pleasant warmth of the morning sun. At sight of Tommy he prepared for flight or friendship, whichever the man's actions should suggest. With false, honeyed words Tommy quieted his anxiety, and laying hands on him, tucked him under his arm and stole back up to his room.

At the sound of the bell, Tommy shut Thomas in his closet and went down to breakfast. Soon after the meal, Izzy grabbed his hat, and lowering at Tommy as he went out the door, left for his day's work. Tommy chuckled.

"Good," he muttered. "I'll make you wish you was in Mexico."

Running up to his room, he procured a pasteboard box

about two feet long. Catching Thomas, he slipped noiselessly down the hall to Izzy's room, and entered. He placed Thomas and the cake of poison in the box, put on the lid, and tied it fast with a piece of twine. At first there was scratching and pawing from within as the cat tried to get out, then a satisfied purr as he settled down to his last corporeal meal. Shoving the box far under the bed, Tommy tiptoed back to his own room.

Mrs. Bocbier and her daughter were on the front porch when he went out. His burly landlay beamed at him, a maternal blessing in her usually truculent eye.

"Oh, Tommy," cried Hortense. "Have you seen kitty?"

"Who? Me? Oh—uh—that is, no. I ain't seen him. Ain't he around somewheres?"

"I can't find him at all, and it's time for his breakfast. Oh, I wonder if something's happened to him."

Tommy's conscience reproached him for a moment. But the die had been cast.

"Oh, he'll turn up sooner or later," he said heartily, "an' you'll wonder why you didn't notice him before." There was a world of hidden meaning in his voice that Hortense happily did not catch.

No further qualms disturbed him that day. Right blithely he plunged into his work. Running into Isadore at the "automat" during the lunch hour, Tommy waved generously at him.

"Oh, I say, Izzy, I hear you're leavin' Mrs. Bocbier's. That right?"

"Aw, go to ——," that worthy advised him. "I'll be bei Frau Bocbier when you are walkin' the streets."

The full irony of Izzy's final comment was lost on both.

At five o'clock the general manager of the Cotton Collar Company rushed into the branch office where Tommy dodged work, and collared him.

"See here, Milton," he began. "Smith's sick, and every other salesman's out of town. Hirsch Brothers, at Allentown, have just wired for a salesman to go down there over the week-end. They want to rush in a late order for their

new store. This is your chance. Want to go?"

Tommy was not over-anxious.

"Reckon so," he grunted, finally.

"All right. You won't have time to go home. You'll have to catch the five-thirty. Better hustle."

Tommy did not remember the cat until he was fifty miles on his way to Allentown.

"Well, Izzy'll get his, anyway, without me bein' there. But I did want to see it."

At that very moment Izzy was "getting" more than Tommy was figuring on.

Monday afternoon at six, Tommy crawled off the train, tired and grimy, and hot-footed it out to his boarding house. Isadore was sitting on the porch when he went in. He might have been waiting for Tommy, from the sardonic grin that twitched the corners of his mouth.

"What the thunder!" Tommy ejaculated, off his guard. "Are you still here?"

"Why not?"

But Tommy was master of himself again. Hortense met him in the hall.

"Did you have a nice trip?" Without waiting for an answer, she continued: "Oh, Tommy, kitty is still gone. I'm so worried. You'll find him, won't you?"

Tommy stared.

"Uh—oh, sure," he spluttered. "You haven't—er, found him yet?"

His fair charmer shook her head.

"No, and I'm so scared."

Mrs. Bocbier was in the upper hallway when Tommy went up, sniffing the air like a hooch hound scenting bottled-in-bond. And to tell the plain truth, it did not require a connoisseur's sense of smell to determine that something was decidedly wrong. Tommy got a full grown whiff; and all his troubles were dissipated. Isadore had followed him up the stairs and was lounging in the hall.

"Ah!" said Tommy. "It's comin' from Izzy's room. Let's see what it is." And he swung the door wide. Mrs. Bocbier was at his shoulder; and Hortense was coming up, attracted by the commotion. Somehow, the scent did not seem so strong here. Tommy frowned, but began to search around the room.

"Here it is!" he cried suddenly, diving toward the bed. Everybody rushed to his side, and all peered under the bed. There was nothing there!

Mrs. Bocbier sniffed. "Huh!" she said. "They ain't nothin' here." And she marched into the hall and opened Tommy's door. "Here's where it is. I thought so, while ago."

A reeking blast of some noisome odor smote the crowd full in the face. Holding her nose between finger and thumb, the husky landlady strode over to the bed, and poked underneath. She backed away, drawing something after her.

Tommy's heart turned a double flip-flop, and he tried to swallow his Adam's apple. Before Mrs. Bocbier was a pasteboard box about two feet long, with a piece of twine around it. She snapped the string and flung the cover back. There was no doubt that Thomas was dead. Tommy longed for wings, because his legs, for the first time in his life, refused to perform their normal function.

"So! You're the one that killed Hortense's cat."

"But, Mrs. Boc—"

"Don't you give me none of your lip. Here, Mr. Smolensky, help 'im get his trunk out."

Casting one horror-stricken glance at Tommy, Hortense burst into tears.

Ten minutes later our hero was sitting on his trunk in front of Mrs. Bocbier's Select Boarding House for Gents, disconsolately eyeing his late abode. A little later Hortense and Izzy sallied forth, arm in arm. The latter swung close to Tommy, and loosed a single Parthian dart:

"Next time you try to kill two birds with a ton of brick, *count on me.*"

W. R. BOURNE.

JOHNNIE IN TOWN

(Taken from Mr. Hodge's Anthology, "Ye Olde Loven Ballades.")

Johnnie went to town, to town,
Upon a summer's day.
He wore a gown, a gown to town,
Right in the midst of May.

The sun was clear and bright and warm,
And he had come to stay.
Said he, said he, I'll find a wife
Before I go away.

The first he courted was Martha White,
A girl beyond compare;
Said he, said he, I love this Jane—
She's fair and very dear.

Martha was a noble maid,
Of waist most plump and sound.
He tried, he tried, oh! very hard—
His arm would not go 'round.

The next he courted was Jane Deville,
Both very nice and tall;
He went with her for three long weeks,
But did not gain at all.

Oh, he made love one summer's night;
The moon was round and clear.
John felt his heart go pit-a-pat,
For she was very near.

He looked at her in the clear, soft light;
He saw a post behind.
His heart grew faint, then strong and bold.
He then made up his mind.

He tried to kiss her loving lips,
But hit the post beyon';

She screamed and tried to run away,
And mashed his only corn.

So John went home, went home again,
Upon an autumn's day.
His heart was happy and joyous and free;
He sang upon the way:

"I'm going home, going home, going home,
To live forevermore;
Be free, be free, be free again,
And master in my door.

"What do I want with a wife, a wife,
To plague my life today?
I'll wear a gown, a gown to town,
And be a sport alway'.

"I'll go with the girls and pull their curls,
And be a sport alway'.
I'll take no wife, no wife, no wife;
No, not for a million a day."

R. H. HODGES.

"LIFE"

I love life,
With its joys and sorrows and cares,
For life is life.

I love joy,
For it is as sunshine to my soul.
It warms me and makes my heart grow
In friendship and love and happiness.
It is of life; I love it.

I love sorrow,
For it mellows me as the suns of autumn;

It breaks my conceit and makes me
Love the helpless and the sorrowful.
It stirs me and shows me that
I am nothing. I love it.

I love care.
It is the wind of winter that makes me strong
And staunch and reliable.
It gives me strength to stand and stay:
"I am what I am."
Care is a part of life; I love it.

I love life,
With its toils and cares and fears;
With its strife and turmoil and love;
With its hope and goodness;
For life is filled with turmoil and
Hope and fear and sadness,
And the cries of women,
And the babble of maidens,
And the laughter of children,
And the struggle between strong men,
And the struggle of mind and body,
And the struggle of body and soul,
For life is a great struggle and the
Stakes are dear. I love all of life.

I love life,
With its joys and sorrows and cares,
For life is life.

R. H. HODGES.

AGE'S REFLECTION

My life flies away like a dream.
The years are flitting by.
Ambitions which once reigned supreme,
In turn, now fade and die.

In boyhood I would be a king
When I grew up like dad;
I'd fight, and I'd dance, and I'd sing;
And ne'er would I be sad.

I passed through the various stages,
From burglars, doctors, thieves,
To lawyers, and merchants, and sages;
'Mong all these I'd be chief.

But now neither glories nor wealth
Have their same old appeal.
Some friends, one real friend, and good health
Contented make me feel.

For not in gay pomp and pretence
Is satisfaction found;
But it in love and love immense
Doth oft and oft abound.

B. E. ELKS.

Exchanges

The Orion

The *Estherian* number of the Anderson College *Orion* is a very well done example of the college publication. The editorials are brief and to the point and the poetry shows good thought, although it might be expressed in more appropriate forms. "The Spirit of Saint Valentine" is the best of the three poems. It is written in a very pleasing manner in six ballad stanzas. "A Student's Soliloquy on Examinations," done in imitation of Hamlet's famous soliloquy, is also very good. It shows a close familiarity with Shakespeare's work which is very gratifying. Ability in parody is not common, but this authoress certainly has it. "Youth to Age" has a philosophical thought and is expressed well. The poem entitled "Follow the Gleam," which occupies the place of a foreword, sets forth a high ideal which makes for perfection.

The prose of the magazine seems at first glance to be unnecessarily long and tedious. But upon closer examination the stories prove interesting, and the essays are thoughtful and well written. "The Postscript" is a story which has a simple but well-developed plot. None of the other productions can be classed as real short stories. The two Shakespearean criticisms, in addition to the parody already mentioned, give the impression that Shakespeare is a favorite with your students. "The Natural, Normal Hamlet" is a long but interesting study of a character which presents much ground for admiration and much ground for disagreement among literary personages. However, the writer wisely avoids argument and presents Hamlet as he appears to her. On the whole, the style is good and the writer shows a familiarity with Shakespeare's great tragedy. The essay entitled "Lorenzo and Jessica at Genoa" does not present the same opportunities for development that Hamlet did. It is not written in the

same pleasing manner and is rather too short.

The departments were all good. The Literary Society reports especially attracted our attention. However, throughout the whole publication appeared mistakes in spelling and punctuation so regularly as to point to carelessness on the part of the printer.

We look forward with pleasure to receiving a copy of the *Lanier Number* of *The Orion.* D. A. W.

The Wesleyan

All poems, stories and editorials which appear in the February issue of *The Wesleyan* are written by Freshmen. Taking this fact into consideration, we think that this issue is very creditable indeed. It contains six short stories, nine poems, and two well-written editorials. Perhaps a few essays would add to the completeness of the number.

Although the majority of the stories are unusually short, they are very clever and original. The author of "The Eternally Masculine," by contrasting the prodigality, false pride, and conceit of Joseph with the thrift, energy, and meekness of his wife, Ellen, has developed a good story of character. "A Message to Garcia," which is well-written, contributed merit to the magazine. The story, "No Cotton-Padded Garment," is not convincing. The plot is too much overdrawn to convey a sense of reality to the reader. "Cupid's Conquest" and "Poetic Licenses" deserve their places in *The Wesleyan.*

Several of the poems are exceptionally good. We like best of all "The Spirit of Wesleyan," by Miss Kaplan. "An Elf's Valentine" is a unique, fanciful, and captivating little poem. Other poems worthy of mention are those entitled "February," "Oh, Wesley—Anne," and "Georgia."

The Wesleyan, as a whole, shows careful planning. We congratulate the Freshmen on their splendid beginning.

M. B. W.

The Argus

The Department is glad to acknowledge the receipt of *The Argus,* the monthly publication of Findlay College. Several interesting articles are contained within its folds. We find "Shavings" very remarkable because of its novelty and its motive. "The Relation of Biology to Human Life" is very instructive, and one finds in this surprising essay many facts with which it would be well to become familiar. "Unto the Least of These" is also capable of engaging the attention; and the humorous portion of this periodical adds much to its attractiveness. The several poems are indeed delightful, especially the one entitled "Findlay College." G. R. F.

Acknowledgment of Exchanges

STATE.—*The Winthrop Journal, The Criterion, The Furman Echo, The Chicora Magazine, The Erothesian, The Orion*

NON-STATE.—*The Aurora,* Knoxville College (Col.), Knoxville, Tenn.; *The Argus,* Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio; *The Pine Branch,* Georgia State Woman's College, Valdosta, Ga.; *The Canisius Monthly,* Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.; *Al-Kulliyyah,* American University of Beirut, Syria; *The Wake Forest Student,* Wake Forest, N. C.; *The Wesleyan,* Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.

"Oursels as Ithers See Us"

The December number of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is one of the best that has been received by the Exchange Department. The stories, "The Other Present" and "The Greatest Christmas," were very interesting. We hope that the poets of Wofford College will realize more fully that to have a well balanced college journal they must have more poetry. Otherwise it is a very creditable paper.—*The Erothesian.*

THE WOFFORD JOURNAL is one of the most enjoyable and readable magazines that reaches the Exchange Desk. "The

Three Sisters" is a charming little story; also "Aunt Jane's Story—Interrupted" is very enjoyable. A good essay or two would add to the literary value of the magazine.—*The Orion.*

Every time I hear a forceful speaker, a man who has done things, talk naturally and familiarly of affairs of nation-wide and world-wide significance, the conviction is borne in strongly upon me that there are quite a number of leaders. The question, Where do they come from? continually obtrudes itself. And the statistical agencies answer, From the colleges a majority come.

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Vol. xxxiii APRIL, 1923 No. 6

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889

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CONTENTS

		Page
Amos (Poem)	R. H. H., '24	4
The Danger Signal (Oration)	N. W. Bennett, '24	5
Swamped (Narrative Sketch)	W. K. Wynn, '25	10
The Last Chance (Story)	M. B. Wilson, '24	17
Splitting Hairs	W. C. Bowen, '23	22
The Tie That Binds (Story)	N. W. Bennett, '24	24
Dollars (Poem)	R. H. H., 24	28
Sunrise	J. M. McKnight, '24	30
Asylum	W. R. Bourne, '23	32
Tim's Five Hundred (Story)	R. H. Hodges, '24	36
Friendship (Poem)	Mary D. Wannamaker, '01	45
EXCHANGES—		
Review of "The Anchor"	W. R.,	46
Review of "The Canisius Monthly"		46
Acknowledgment of Exchanges		47
Brickbats		47
ADVERTISEMENTS		50

Address

Editor-in-Chief ..... 200 E. Cleveland St. Business Manager ..... Telephone 1603

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.

The Wofford College Journal is published seven times during the college year, on the 20th of the month, by the Calhoun, Carlisle, Preston and Snyder literary societies. Contributions must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. All forms of prose and verse are solicited. Two medals are given by the staff at the end of the year—one for the best short story, and one for the best poem. Any member of the staff is eligible for either of these medals. The judges are appointed by the Editor-in-Chief.

Subscription per year, $1.25; single copies, 20 cents. For advertising rates, see or write the advertising manager.

AMOS

A seed from the Infinite Sower
Grows in the dark, dark deep.
Eternal longing possesses;
The soul is strangely stirred;
The mind sees clear as a sunbeam;
The man is inspired.

R. H. H.

THE DANGER SIGNAL*

IN THE days of King Arthur there came one day into his court a stranger with a magic cloak. He said that it was for any perfect man. The knights, one after another, tried it on, but it would fit none of them. On some it would be too short, on others a whole arm would be lacking, and on nearly all it appeared ragged and torn around the heart. Its nature was such that it always revealed the weakness of the wearer. For the past seven years the nations of this world have been trying on a mantle of this kind. The clouds of battle have enshrouded all, and when at last they have drifted away, the true weaknesses of our civilization have been revealed.

Here in America the war has taught us many things; but one of the clearest lessons of all is this: that the influence of the home upon our national life is becoming weaker. We have seen the plane of morals and social life begin to sink somewhat, and we naturally turn to the source of teaching and training and ask whether the home has not been backward in its duty.

The life of today is fearfully different from what it was a score of years ago. The old days when parents taught their children to find enjoyment in the common, sweet associations of life seem about to pass away, and we find ourselves in an age when we are so busy, so rushed, so taken up with the infernal scramble that we seek only momentary amusement. Movies take the place of books; people prefer to watch shallow actors rather than find profit in communion with the world's master minds. The family hearth is being deserted. It is tragical that our civilization, which has enabled us to take the wings of the morning or to listen to concerts a thousand miles away, should have caused us to neglect to build some

*Oration delivered in the inter-society contest.

nook to which we can retire for uplift and quiet. But industrialism is its god! If profit, or what is called efficiency demands it, what do we care if men are caged up and packed together in cities until every semblance of home life is crushed out? Tonight, in our centers of industry, the hearts of millions are crying out for a place to be decent! Tonight, in filthy tenements, there are little children with wan, pale faces who can never know what a home is!

But not only is it in our cities that the influence of the home is being choked out; in every level of life our standards have been lowered. There are facts that we sometimes seek to avoid but which nevertheless concern us greatly. Is it possible that it can mean nothing to us for one of every ten marriages in the United States to end in divorce courts? Does it not concern us here in South Carolina for license of conduct to be accepted that our fathers would have outlawed, for dances that outrage every canon of propriety and decency to be attended by our young people and fostered by those of leading social circles? These are conditions that point to but one thing: laxity in the home. These are conditions that should cause us grave concern, not only for our social and religious life, but for our national welfare. We may say that the war caused them, but the war only revealed the weakness already present. Our standards suffered no such fall in the sixties when our fathers went through war and reconstruction; yet, when we undergo a world crisis with attendant prosperity, we suffer them to be lowered. That is our crime—the crime of each one of us, individually. If it concerned us only as individuals it might be bearable. But when we permit the home to lose one whit of its influence for good we are permitting conditions that will finally prove of national concern. Moral lassitude is a rock on which nations before our age have been shattered and destroyed.

Were it not that the dissolution of the great nations of the past followed decay of morality and the nobler virtues, we would have not so much cause for concern. The beauty and culture of Greece availed her nothing after her social life had

degenerated, and she fell before the fresh, virile and virtuous Romans. Nation after nation that had grown corrupt through too much wealth and luxury fell before the legions of the Imperial City, and for a time Rome sat supreme. Yet the day came when she too became careless. The day came when her pure home life and social standards were lowered. No longer did the Roman hearths supply men of sound character for public leadership; no longer was the womanhood of such transcendent dignity and purity as could strengthen the forces of the nation. And so, her grandeur died; her empire faded away; and the walls of the city on the seven hills crumpled before the assault of the barbarian.

We cannot suppose that such a fate is in store for our country. We have faith that it is founded upon enduring foundations. As foremost among its sources of strength and durability we would place its democratic government and institutions. Yet because of the very nature of our institutions there is greater need for strong and highly developed home training. The very fact that America is a democracy demands that every man be an obedient and forceful personality. Respect for law is the prime requisite for a member of a self-governing community. The greatest force for law and order in the land is the parents of the land. If they neglect the training of their children, they turn loose men who are a danger to the commonwealth. We put up a gate at Ellis Island to keep out anarchists; yet far more criminals come out through the doors of our own homes than ever seek admittance from abroad. Should that day ever come, which, pray God may never come, when the influence of home training and teaching is destroyed, we will have cause for grave concern. A democracy whose men have not in their hearts the true culture that comes from a pure and devoted home life, whose womanhood does not stand a shrine of devotion, may well look to its future.

Great democracies demand great leaders. Such men grow only when in communion with life's holiest influences. When a man has in his heart the marks of a mother's teaching, when

he has that power that comes from devotion and love, when he has that touch of nature that endears all men to him, he can become a leader who can lead his people aright. The making of a personality begins early, and fortunate is that people whose leaders can remember the teachings of a Christian home.

When Grady healed the wounds of civil strife and drew the embittered sections together, when he voiced his earnest plea for brotherliness, did he not feel burning within his breast the consciousness of a mother listening for the result of her boy's appeal? After he had completed his mission, and, already weakened by disease, felt that he could live but a few weeks longer, he left his city office and went back to the farm to be a boy again. He sat at the table, his mother beside him, helping him as when he had been but a barefooted boy. When supper was over and they were sitting before the fire, he had her sing the old songs that only she could sing, and tell the old stories that only she could tell. As the flame died on the hearth, she took from the table the worn old Bible and read to him those Words of Life she had taught him in his childhood. With tears in his eyes he placed his head on her knees and said again that prayer he had learned so long before: "Now I lay me down to sleep." In such homes as that is to be found the hope of America. Only when all mothers shall instill into their sons such ideals of character and service as that Southern mother taught her boy will the future of our country be assured.

Americans, these are the thoughts that lie closest to my heart. They are doubtless the same as those that come to each of you as you look out upon the problems of our age. Our confidence in the future of America is unshaken. We trust in the native ability of the American people finally to see the truth and the path of right. We know that self-government is difficult, and we know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern itself by the will of those who compose it. For this reason, if for no other, for the permanent integrity of the American

nation, let us devote our strength to uplifting her social life, let us devote our might to strenghtening her ideals, and this means let us consecrate our hearts to purifying the shrine of the American home. N. W. BENNETT.

SWAMPED

"BILL" and I left Augusta on the morning of February the eighth during the annual snow fall. We had been planning for a month to leave on this date and spend a week hunting in the Briar Creek section, which is a hundred and fifty miles down the Savannah river from Augusta. The inclement weather could not change our plans. After we had gone several miles the snow ceased to fall, but the clouds remained unchanged and the mercury seemed to go in training for a rapid descension contest. This low temperature was greatly in our favor, for it kept the impending rain off during that day. The conditions during the second day were equally as unpropitious, the gray clouds remained fixed overhead as if they had been carved in granite. It was getting warmer; this could mean but one thing, and that was rain. The river had steadily been rising and the water was now level with the banks in several places. This made it extremely difficult for us to find a camp site, as most of the ground in that section was of the same elevation as the banks of the river. We found a small knoll later in the afternoon and made camp. Before we had pitched our tent the rain started to fall. It continued to rain for most of the night.

The morning dawned with seemingly great difficulty. This, at least, was my impression, as I crawled from under the little hike tent early the next morning. The first thing which attracted my attention was the distance the river had risen during the night. It was now at the foot of the knoll. This surely meant trouble ahead for us. We knew that the farther we would go down the river the lower the ground would be, consequently the more precarious would our chances be for finding a camp site each night. This was the reason we shoved off from our little knoll with some relutance. We felt somewhat like I imagine Noah's first dove felt as he flew from the Ark. Yet youth thrives on excitement—we thrived.

It was about eight o'clock when we took our places in the

canoe, I in the stern, "Bill" in the bow, and our equipment between us, covered with the tent. The river was running at an unusually high rate of speed on account of the enormous quantity of water confined within its banks. Towards the middle of the day we saw the first piece of ground which was well above the water line. Should we stop here? This was the vital question of the hour. We had been paddling for four hours and had not seen a suitable place on which to pitch a tent until we reached this point; yet only half of the day was gone and seventy miles lay between us and Brier Creek. The decision was soon made. We should remain here long enough to cook dinner and hunt. At the end of an hour we had eaten dinner, later we killed some partridges which we found on the high ground. Here we saw the first deer tracks; this increased our desire to explore farther into the unknown regions.

At about one o'clock we left this site to our backs. We had paddled scarcely three miles when it began to rain a cold winter rain. The temperature of the rain drops could not have been more than thirty-three degrees, just warm enough to be water and not ice. We continued paddling all the afternoon under these conditions, which caused less conversation, less vigorous strokes of the paddles, but not less vigilant searching for a camp site. The situation at length became alarming, the ground was lower each mile we went than it had been the preceding mile, and the river seemed to be steadily rising; most of the swamp was already inundated. At the end of two hours "Bill" and I were uncertain whether our legs and feet were still attached to our bodies; if they were they were as dead to any sensation as the cedar ribs of the canoe. Four o'clock and camp site neither to the starboard nor to the port. The dense forest of water oaks and cypress trees, with water surging about their roots, was all that could be seen. At five o'clock the same conditions prevailed, except darkness was now reaching out his black hand to make our adventure more vivid. The persistent rain had found a spot which was unprotected by the covering and seeped in on our

blankets, provisions, and guns. This seepage water now sloshed about in the bottom of the canoe with a merry little gurgle—the only tone of merriment in the whole scene. At this time we seriously began to consider climbing a tree and resting—this would at least give us a change of position. I could then, as never before, sympathize with old Christopher as he pleaded with his men to push on a little farther, and as he tried to convince them that land was only a short distance ahead. For now "Bill' was in the act of causing mutiny on board our canoe. In a peremptory tone of voice he stated that the farther we would go the worse the conditions would become, and the best thing for us to do was to sleep in the canoe. His suggestion of sleeping in a wet canoe with wet blankets seemed to me to be but an unnecessarily painful form of suicide. I protested strongly, telling him to stick to it until six o'clock, then if we had found no dry ground I would agree to his method of extermination.

I am extremely doubtful whether Columbus was quite as happy as were we, when at a quarter to six o'clock that afternoon we turned a sharp bend in the river and saw, not only high ground well above the water line, but also a cabin and several outhouses standing on the ridge. We dared not think of it as anything other than a mirage until we landed the canoe and began our investigation. The first and most difficult part of this investigation was that of convincing our benumbed feet and legs that their holiday was at an end.

We had noticed for some time that no smoke issued from the chimney of the cabin; now as we came nearer we saw that the premises were extremely bare. I went to the door and knocked, but received no reply. I knocked again, this time louder than before. There was a feeble movement in the cabin. I continued for several minutes to knock at regular intervals. The only reply I received after each knock was that same faint sound as if some one was moving on a bed. I did not wish to try the bolt, for if it was drawn I would find myself uninvited in some one's boudoir. "Bill," who had been all this time elsewhere investigating, came up and took the

matter in his hands. He knocked, as I had done, for several minutes. The same feeble noise after each knock issued from within, except for one or two times, when this noise was accompanied by an inarticulate groan. Characteristically, "Bill" waited no longer for investigations, but gave one push on the door; it yielded and opened wide. There lay before us the explanation of the whole mystery. On a cot, which stood near the door, lay an old, feeble, mangy deer-hound. It was obvious that the old warrior had chased his last deer. His eyes were inflamed and almost closed with age, his few remaining teeth were badly decayed and worn down to mere stubs. The mange had long since covered the greater part of his body, and he was as palsied as is man in the last stages of paralysis. Each time we would knock the old dog would raise up, but only to sink back. This would shake the cot so that it would be audible at the door. There was an old cotton mattress on the cot. This was cut in shreds and most of the cotton was pulled out. We later discovered that the old hound was cold and had attempted to bury himself in the warmth of the cotton, but he had woefully failed.

The sight of this feeble old dog was pathetic to me in the extreme. I have always held a warm place in my heart for dogs, and one in this predicament was something I had never seen before. Here was a dog dying of old age, for it was plain that all his faculties were on the decline. He had doubtless been the faithful old servant of some one and had run many miles at the heels of deer for his master. But now that he was decrepit, his master had placed him in this deserted cabin to die. The master, in this case, was not so faithful as the dog. How few men are as faithful as a dog after his affections have been won.

A stove stood in the middle of the room, and two cots, similar to the one on which the dog lay, were folded and placed on the rafters. There were no other furnishings in the room. "Bill" had found the remains of an old dilapidated work shop in one of the outhouses. A small pile of coal was stored in this work shop in addition to a larger quantity of

wood. I know that this sounds like the made-to-order environment of the ship-wrecked Robinson Crusoe, but this was a reality and has gone far towards strengthening my credulity in Defoe's novel. I have compared our environments with those which surrounded Robinson Crusoe, but this comparison must now cease, for we failed to find Friday's foot prints. River mud coverered the entire yard, coal pile, anvil—and, in fact, everything except the cabin itself. I dare say we were less disappointed than Crusoe would have been had he not found Friday's foot prints. We later learned that this was one of the abandoned locations of the Savannah River Lumber Company. They change their location as the timber is cut and move to more favorable localities. This place would doubtless be occupied by them again or they would not have left the three cots and stove in the cabin.

"Bill" and I unloaded the canoe of its burden and carried all our equipment into the cabin. I made a fire that evening in a much shorter time than I usually require. Soon the little stove sanctioned my action by giving its steel gray cheeks a rosy complexion, and by voicing its sentiments in a hearty roar up the chimney. If a visitor had come in at this time he would have been certain that "Aunt Lizzie" had just completed her week's washing and it was then in the act of drying. Now came the time for the most important proceedings of the evening—supper. The little stove responded so readily to our wishes that supper was cooked in less than half the time we required to cook it in the open. In an amazingly short time we had reduced four eggs, bacon, partridge, hominy, bread and canned beans to a thin film of grease in the bottom of our tin plates. We did not fail to cook some bread and bacon for our old invalid, who was still on his cot, but who had stopped scratching into his mattress for warmth. His supper was prepared with the same degree of care which ours had received; when it was completed it was all I could do to restrain myself from eating it. I served the old monarch his meal in bed by spreading it on a paper which I had placed near his head. If his outward appearance signified his inward cravings, I had

not the least doubt that he would include the paper with his supper. No one will ever be able to prove to me that a dog is not capable of showing utmost disgust in his countenance. As I placed what I thought a splendid meal before this half-dead hound, he turned up his nose and raised his head in what I termed perfect disgust. I fully realized that our cooking was not of the best, but I frankly admit I thought a starving dog would not detect the difference.

The rain had stopped about the time we had unloaded our equipment from the canoe. Just before I sought my cot for the night I went to the door and opened it. I do not ever remember seeing such a beautiful scene as greeted me there. The sky was perfectly clear, the full moon seemed to be lightly resting on the tree tops, which lifted themselves from the opposite bank of the river and were silhouetted against the sky. I saw beauty in that moon light which I had never before seen, probably because we had had nothing but cloudy weather since we left home, or probably because I was again comfortable after a day of hardships. I stood there and marveled that the moon should waste such mellow light on that man-forsaken wilderness. To say that the light on the water seemed like a ribbon of silver stretched from the opposite bank to where I stood would be at best a crude and unjust comparison for such a scene. No words could describe that scene without tarnishing its beauty for me.

At length I turned from the doorway and found "Bill" spreading his blankets on the cot preparatory to his long desired rest. I followed his example without further delay, and soon were two boys and a dog quietly sleeping on their respective cots. Towards midnight we were both awakened from our sleep by a faint bay from the old hound. I thought possibly that the poor old dog was again on the chase in his dreams. He continued to give forth these feeble bays and to grow restless on his cot. During one of the nightmares he fell from his cot to the floor. He was too weak to climb back to his place, so we got up and helped him back on to his cot. We noticed that he had resumed his old occupation of digging

into the mattress for warmth. The fire in the stove had long since gone out and the room was cold. Our canine friend realized this more than we; he had almost completed the destruction of his mattress in trying to reach its warm center. We gathered the remaining portion of the mattress around him and went back to our cots. I spent the remainder of the night undisturbed except for "Bill's" sonorous snoring, with which the baying of the hound during the first part of the night was not to be compared.

The next morning was what we termed the dawn of a perfect day. The sky was clear and this was the only requisite in making Brier Creek before night. After a small breakfast, and another flat refusal to participate of it by our "room mate," we packed our equipment in the canoe. Before we pushed off into the river we both went back to the cabin and bade a last farewell to our friend, the old dog, who showed his appreciation by feebly wagging his tail. To me there did not seem as much pain in his expression as it had revealed the previous night; for he doubtless too realized that he would soon leave that old cabin for his happy hunting grounds.

W. K. WYNN.

THE LAST CHANCE

GUILT was written on the face of Chester LeSaine. His features were haggard and worn, his deep-set eyes shifted uneasily about the court room, his hand trembled as he stroked his thick brown hair. Hesitatingly, he arose and stood before the judge.

There was a hush in the crowded court room. The excited spectators, with heads craned forward, waited for the sentence. Then the stately gray-haired judge proceeded:

"Chester LeSaine, the jury finds you guilty of murder, and the court condemns you to die on June the seventeenth."

The prisoner stepped back, uttered an oath, and sank limply to the floor. There was a din of confusion in the court room. The stern voice of the judge called for order. The crowd continued to press forward, however, in hopes of catching another glimpse of the condemned man as he staggered out between two officers.

From the courthouse they conducted LeSaine to the penitentiary—to that cold, grim building, with its dark passages, its musty cells, its barred windows—to that friendless and cheerless place, where men are left to suffer their shame and face their consciences alone.

He was placed in the most secure cell. There they left him to live the rest of his life—three short weeks.

The man was a nervous wreck. Restlessly, he paced up and down the floor of his cell. Occasionally he would place his shaking hands against the cold walls which shut him in, but quickly he would draw them back again. Once he looked through the bars of his tiny window and shook his head. Some crowded shacks were huddled beyond the brick wall which enclosed the penitentiary. There was nothing else to be seen.

LeSaine's wasted face gradually assumed a haunted expression, and his blood-shot eyes became live with terror.

He was startled by the slightest noise. Even the sound of the jailer, approaching with his food, frightened him. He ate little and he slept less. Sometimes, during the night, he was heard uttering oaths, swearing, cursing even his short remainder of life.

The jailer pitied the miserable wretch. Once he tried to console him, but he was prevented by the vilest of oaths. A chaplain, who asked permission to talk with him, received the same treatment. The prisoner seemed hopelessly lost.

Perhaps LeSaine would have gone raving mad had it not been for one thought. He knew his pals. They would try to save him. Mike would die in the attempt. And yet, what could they do? Was there any possible chance? He asked that question a thousand times as he restlessly continued his walking. He would sometimes shriek the answer, "No! no!", and fall across his bunk to curse the world, to curse life, to curse himself, to curse even Mike.

Minutes grew into hours, hours grew into days, and days grew into weeks; but the prisoner received no word from his pals. Every ray of hope was now completely shattered. His time was nearly gone. As he glanced through the bars of his window, a sickening horror seized him. He realized that he was seeing for the last time the great sun go down over the western hills. It was a glorious sunset, marvelous in its splendor and beauty, but it brought another curse from the lips of a man whose past was a black page and whose hopes for the morrow were crushed.

With a sulky scowl on his face he tramped around like a caged animal. Suddenly he came to a halt before his window and turned his ear to the bars. From one of the shacks below came the soft clear notes of a violin. Even this cold-blooded murderer listened—listened intently to the mellow strains which seemed to express at the same time joy, love, and sorrow. For a moment the music stopped. When it again floated out upon the still summer air it brought a peculiar expression to the face of the prisoner. He knew that tune. It was "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny." Presently his blurred

eyes melted into tears and his weak frame shook with sobs. An old violin had touched his heart as nothing else had done. It brought to him the memory of a forgotten childhod, of a pure home, of a mother who had long been dead.

Again he saw among the pines a little house with its rude clay chimney, with its latticed windows, with its vine-covered porch. Again he played in the shade of the trees with his little brother. Again he drank at the cool spring which bubbled on the side of the hill. And then he thought of the little mother who told him many Bible stories, who ran her fingers through his brown curls and whispered love in his ears. Hesitatingly he drew from his pocket a large gold watch, opened the back of it and looked at a small picture, which he had placed there years ago. Then fresh tears blinded his eyes. Once more he was in the little bed room, looking into the pale face of that dying woman; once more he was pressed to her heart; once more he saw the joy in her face as she closed her eyes and whispered that she trusted her boy.

It was a beautiful dream, but LeSaine soon awoke from it with the realization that he had broken that trust—that he had lived a life wretched and vile. Again he broke into sobs, and again he looked through the bars. The great sun had now disappeared and the heavens were studded with stars. As Chester LeSaine gazed at them he thought of the many things which his mother had told him of the great God who made the universe—of the Great Beyond. She had said that He was a merciful God, and he knew that his mother would not deceive. Repentance flooded his soul, and with his eyes on the stars he asked his God for forgiveness.

Several minutes later the jailer appeared with a basket of fruit, muttered that a boy had brought it from a friend, and departed. LeSaine, wondering who the friend could be, walked over to the table and searched the basket for a card. Hidden at the botton of the basket was a letter. LeSaine recognized the large, irregular handwriting. His face paled, and, with a trembling hand, he tore open the letter and read:

"Dear Pal:—

Guess you has been cussin us for a pack o dirty, low-down sneaks. We has been stayin up o nights plannin how to help you, but everything went wrong. Theres only one way left. Its risky, but Ill try it if you say so. After midnight Ill climb over the brick wall, slip up on the jailer and smash his brains out. If it dont make too much noise, Ill take his keys and open your cell. The boys will be at the wall with ropes to pull us over. Drop a note through your window and Ill be hidin at the bottom to get it.

Remember, bo, its up to you. Its your last chance. If you want us to try it, give the number of your cell. If not—well, tomorrow is June the seventeenth. Mike."

LeSaine stared at the letter as if in a trance. He read it and re-read it. He tried to throw it down, but he could not. Something like a moan escaped from his lips. He gazed helplessly around the room. Then he began to walk around, holding the letter and muttering incoherently: "Smash his brains out—your last chance—tomorrow the seventeenth."

His face was full of agony. He went to the window. His eyes again looked at the stars and his white fingers gripped the iron bars.

"My God!" he moaned, "Oh! my God!"

He turned and went again to the table. Taking out his watch, he opened the back of it and gazed for a long time at the picture that was there. Tears welled up in his eyes, but on his face appeared a smile—the smile of a conqueror.

He closed his watch, sat down at the table, and on the back of the letter which he had received he wrote hastily for several minutes. Then, putting it in an envelope, he went to the window, held it out through the bars and let it drop. He knew that Mike would be waiting for it.

The sun rose on the morning of June the seventeenth, flooding the world with warmth and light. Chester LeSaine walked to his window and looked at the shacks beyond the brick wall.

"Just an old violin," he mused, "An old violin."

Then the jailer, appearing as usual with his breakfast and expecting to be greeted by another oath, was greeted instead by a smile.

M. B. WILSON.

SPLITTING HAIRS: THE PROFESSION OF ENGINEERING

LAST WEEK as the writer walked down the street he noticed a short, neatly dressed young man sighting through an instrument and writing notes in a book. He thought as he walked on that to this man and others like him modern civilization owes much. Civilization is but another name for man's victory over nature. The engineer is the front line soldier in this fight for victory. He takes the very forces of nature and uses them to win the victory.

When a man desires to build a towering skyscraper he seeks an engineer. The engineer, with his knowledge of mechanics and physics, sets about designing the skyscraper so that it will resist the forces of the wind and gravity and others which might tend to cause the structure to fall. He has to train himself to be certain that his calculations are correct. He must know how to handle men. He must be able to foresee things which perhaps will come up in the future. He must be able to cope with obstacles which suddenly arise. This is why engineers always are great leaders in time of war. Lee was an engineer; Pershing was an engineer; in fact, every graduate of West Point is an engineer.

Perhaps you say that you will never build a skyscraper. Does the engineer still affect your life? You own an automobile—an engineer designed every nut and bolt in it. You ride on a train to a distant city—an engineer built the railroad. You eat lard in your biscuits for dinner—an engineer purified the lard. Nowhere can you turn but an engineer touches your life.

When a young man leaves high school or college he has to choose a life work. The age in which we now are has rightly been called the age of specialization. If that young man has in him the fighting spirit he could choose no better field than that of engineering—civil, mechanical, chemical, electrical, sanitary or industrial.

Civil engineering deals with the erection of buildings,

bridges and dams; with the laying out of roads and railroads; and with the improving of harbors and the digging of canals. It is divided into many sub-branches, such as hydraulic, railroad and structural.

Mechanical engineering deals with the designing of machinery of all kinds. It also has numerous sub-divisions.

Electrical engineering, the most promising and youngest of the branches, deals with the application of electricity to its many uses. In the last few years the electrical engineer has been foremost in his profession. The advent of the electric light has called for the illuminating engineer. The invention of wireless necessitated the radio engineer.

Chemical engineering deals with the manufacture of iron and steel, with the refining of sugar and other foodstuffs, with the manufacture of medical preparations and drugs.

Sanitary engineering deals with the laying out of sewerage systems and water works.

Industrial engineering deals with the management of large industrial plants—cotton mills, steel mills, etc.

As time goes on and man's mind increases its knowledge of the globe on which he dwells and of the mighty forces which rule it, created by the Greatest Engineer, who designed the universe, more and more will he depend on the engineer.

W. C. BOWEN.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

THE SUN was casting its last, flaming rays up from behind the black band of pines on the horizon. Across the level cotton fields the clear, distinct sounds of the autumn twilight came through the low-lying belts of smoky blue haze, as the negroes, leaving their sacks and cotton sheets, tired, but still carefree and lighthearted, walked in knots and groups to their shacks. Soon all had gone; the sounds of their voices died away into quietness; and the wagon, that had creaked and groaned and rocked across the rows from sheet to sheet, disappeared through the dusk.

In the doorway of Uncle Robert's cabin, that sat on the edge of the field with its back against the swamp, stood a negro girl who gazed for a moment at the figure of a man coming up the road through the descending darkness, and then turned, went inside and closed the door. The negro continued his slow and easy progress until he reached the step; he hesitated a moment and then walked around to the back of the house. The chickens fluttered in the china tree, and the pig grunted its hunger with its nose poked through the boards of its muddy-floored pen. An old woolly-headed negro came to the door.

"What you want, nigger? Ain't I told you not to be foolin' roun' hyear?"

"Mr. Alferd sont me to fetch you word as he wanted yuh to go with him aftuh that cow what he bought at Maxton yestiddy. He's gwine early in de mawnin', suh."

A distrustful and cunning look came into the old man's eyes.

"How come you ain't gwine?"

"Mr. Alferd 'lowed as how I had to stay at de big house and fix dat engine, and as you was a powerful hand wid cyows—"

Uncle Robert lifted his walking stick and with it emphasized his words: "Now, looka heuh, Will Chisholm. It ain't

in me not to 'blige Mr. Alferd, not me who wuz raised up right heuh wid his grandpap and all de old uns. But if I hyears about you comin' sneakin' roun' dis house whiles I's gone, wid yo' cilluloid cyollar and darby hat, amaking up wid Mag and puttin' notions in her haid 'bout marryin' a niggah such as you is, who is old fer to be her pa, it won't be good fer you ner her neither."

"Yassuh, Mr. Cowsir."

"Don't you stand dare, Will Chisholm, and yassuh me; ef you don't—." As Uncle Robert hobbled down the steps, Will disappeared around the corner of the house. Muttering to himself about "unrespec'ful niggahs," the old man hobbled back into the house.

As Will was passing around the corner a soft voice whispered out of the darkness close up to the wall, "How you, Will?"

He started, but gained control of himself as he recognized who it was. "Uh! How you? Is dat you, Mag?"

"Uh huh. Don't you know me?"

"Sho, honey, I jis didn't wanna take any chances. I gotta leave here anyway, cayse he just told me to git off."

"He did?"

"Uh huh."

"An' yuh got to go, Will?"

There was no answer. Will nervously shifted his weight from foot to foot. He fumbled with his hat.

"Mag," he began lamely, "would you considuh enterin' into matrimony wid me? If you jis would—." His voice dwindled away.

He felt a dusky hand grasp his arm. She nodded. "I sho would."

"Tonight?" William believed in making hay while the sun shines.

She nodded again.

He pointed to a pine, standing in serene loneliness by the side of the road that crossed the field. "If you'll stan' out dare aftuh while I'll go borrow Pet Hagan's buggy. No-

body'll see you, and I can come right by and we can go to New Zion, honey. Can't you slip out an be dare?"

"If dey don't see me."

Footsteps were approaching the door from the inside. Will lost no time. He strode off down the road, and Mag shot around the corner, as the door opened and revealed the bent form of Uncle Robert in the red firelight. But his old eyes were not able to pierce the darkness, and soon the door closed.

At eight fifty-two that night, the moon, riding high in the east and flooding the fields and woods with delicate light, saw the escapade. Fear of the night air had closed tight the doors and shutters of Uncle Robert's cabin; but in some way a stealthy figure had slipped out. Across the field to the shelter of the great pine it sped swiftly and silently. No buggy was to be seen; no sound broke the stillness save the faraway and dismal howl of a ranging hound. The minutes passed. She began to grow restless, and was just on the point of fleeing panic-stricken to the house, when she heard the sound of a buggy. At almost the same instant the door of the cabin opened and she heard Uncle Robert call her. The buggy drew up, Will lifted her in, and the gray mule, encouraged by a merciless whip and inspired no doubt by the importance of his task, broke into a gallop that drew the buggy careening off through the moonlight.

Neither of them said a word. The road led through a wood, and it required all of Will's dexterity to hold in his mule with one hand and Mag with the other. Presently they came to the edge of a field. The road stretched before them straight and even. But just at this moment the mule stopped short in his tracks, and both of them were driven forward by their momentum into the foot-board. They crawled out and stood up to see what the cause of their trouble was. Standing on the edge of the road, close up to the bushes that bordered it, was a negro woman and three small children. Will stepped forward and questioned them.

"Good evenin', ma'am."

At the sound of his voice the woman started. She gathered her dress around her and sprang upon him. Helplessly he threw up his hands in front of his face, but they protected him little. She scratched his face, she pulled his hair, she shrieked and cursed.

"You black debbil, you left me with these chillun up in North Car'lina an' now runnin' around with dese niggahs down here. Ah'll show you how to go hangin' around other women, I'll scratch your eyes out, you blue-gummed, kinky-haired niggah."

Will's courage failed him. He saw that his only safety was in flight. Leaping into the buggy, he seized the lines, but she was upon him, scratching, tearing, clawing. Throwing her off, he seized the whip and struck her with tremendous force with the butt end. She staggered, but caught herself and stood swaying, a wretched figure. The mule dashed off. The woman was left alone with the children and the moon, for Mag was at that moment passing the lone pine, headed in the direction of Uncle Robert's shack.

N. W. BENNETT.

DOLLARS

Oh, for a dollar, a dollar, a dollar,
Oh, for a dollar today;
Oh, for a dollar, a bright silver dollar
To while my time away.

I am a man of sixty and one,
My hair is touched with gray.
For fifty long years I've worked for dollars,
What else is life anyway?

When I was young for dollars I fought,
I fought with nail and tooth.
Now I am passing, I halt a moment,
Still money is good, forsooth!

Why should I falter and hesitate?
Because I'm turning gray?
Or am I upset, illogical, foolish?
I buried Mary today.

She was a friend, a sweetheart, a wife,
She helped through thick and thin.
She soothed and helped when poor John died,
I feel that way ag'in.

I have no one to comfort me,
My brother Henry is dead.
I ran poor Jack away from home,
He's somewhere grubbing bread.

My life is going fast away,
With none to comfort me;
My silly neighbors come in and smirk,
My money is acting, I see.

For me, myself, they do not care.
Yes, I'm too old to change;
I've grubbed for money all my life
And habit gives little range.

There's nothing for me to do but dig,
And dig for gold some more.
For that must bring my joy and peace
As it has done before.

For nothing else will life give me
But dollars until the end.
Now dollars and gold my respect must hold,
For I'm too old to mend.

So, oh, for dollars, for dollars, for dollars,
So, oh, for dollars today;
Oh, for dollars, for bright silver dollars
To while my time away.

R. H. H.

SUNRISE

HAVE you ever seen the sun rise in the mountains? If you have not, you have yet awaiting you one of the most picturesque and inspiring scenes. We arose at three o'clock one summer morning to see this view we had heard so much about. It was necessary to rise at this early hour as we had to climb two miles up the mountainous path to reach the summit. The top was bleak and bare. In one corner a huge precipice hung out over the valley—a horizontal distance of five or six feet. We perched upon this and sat, wondering when and where the first ray would appear. We were there ahead of time as we wanted to be sure of seeing the first glimmerings of dawn. We were told not to move our eyes from a certain spot over a neighboring peak in the eastern sky. It was about 4:35 and everything was still dark.

Off in the distance, not at the horizon but just slightly above it, there was a pale, almost invisible, trace of color. It was a blend of the rear-guards of vanishing darkness and the heralds of the approaching day. We looked closer, not daring to move our eye from the focused phenomena.

The color now takes a tinge of not red, but a faint orange. It seems to spread above the clouds. The lower limit deepens to a darker scarlet color, while the upper limits reflect a vermilion, shading away to orange in the distant heavens. Everything is still vague and formless—just a series of shading colors. The whole eastern sky is of a rather reddish tint now. A few definite forms appear. The colors deepen, lines appear very irregularly in the sky, taking the forms which the various nebula happen to have. The outline of the mountains seems to be on fire. A crimson line sets forth the definite shape of the peak. The sky becomes a sea of redness, with many forms resembling waves, rocky boulders, islands, and almost anything your vivid imagination can conceive of.

Ah! look back at the mountains. There are little rosy bristles appearing around the crest of the peak. They seem

to elongate very rapidly. A dark red spot appears at the center—it is not a spot—a line—a curved one, now the brilliant arc of a circle. It rises higher, the arc getting bigger and bigger. It is now a half moon—blood red—shooting its rays of equal redness into the sea of lighter color, upsetting some of its forms. You can see every delicate shade of red conceivable, from the darkest red to blood red, to a purplish scarlet, then through a vermilion, which shades away into a pink, then orange.

The sun rises rapidly now, the red streaks continue to elongate. A burnished dollar is now visible above the peak. Everything rearranges itself, the lines spread out, coloring the floating clouds. The burnished colors permeate the skies, changing them to a yellow lamp light, then the pure bright light of day appears.

The sun has risen! J. M. McKNIGHT.

ASYLUM

THE man of affairs, the student, every man, in fact, becomes very lonely if the channels of his life run too close to those of his neighbor. He comes to believe that the greatest thing in life is the acquiring of things; and every selfish conquest takes away something from him, setting him apart. The surest cure is a day in the open, so that he can discover anew how very small he is, and so fit himself again for companionship with people.

This is only a preface, of course. Last Thanksgiving my friend Kendall and I put in the day loafing in the country. This same Kendall has already been immortalized in these pages as an aboriginal seeker after catfish, so that I need waste no time introducing him. The plan was that we should mount Kendall's motorcycle, run out into the country for eight or ten miles, and have a regular picnic lunch served just off some dim forest aisle.

For a wonder it did not rain. Thursday dawned clear and chill, with a bright, prevaricating sun daring us out. After a hurried breakfast, Kendall dashed out to the motorcycle.

"Get a wiggle on with that stuff," he cried over his shoulder. "I'm goin' to be ready to leave in a minute or two."

"That stuff" was two boiled eggs, bread, and cakes. The piece de resistance, consisting of weiners, was to be purchased at some store.

But, though I listened intently for the noise of the motor while I tied up the commissary, there was no sudden splutter of sound. When I went out, all ready to go, Kendall was squatting by the side of the motorcycle, black grease on both hands and a liberal streak across one cheek, addressing a continuous stream of uncomplimentary remarks to the dead motor. With due caution I said nothing as hard as possible, and set about rendering what assistance I could. At the end of two hours I was still at it. Finally, by unanimous consent, we agreed to tighten the connection at the tops of the spark plugs.

The ruse worked, for the motor was tricked into a preliminary cough or two, then a full-fledged roar. We were ready to go.

There was no side car or tandem seat for a second rider, so that I was compelled to straddle the gasoline tank. Down Main Street we sped, to the hilarious delight of all spectators, and then out along a shining ribbon of highway that coiled and writhed along the horizon. As if to make up for the trouble it had caused, the motor roared in a steady crescendo of sound that spoke of sudden death, and speed—speed—speed.

My sweater and flannel shirt might have been of sheer muslin for all the comfort they gave; my cap brim stood up above my head like a shield, and I wept involuntary tears. And constantly the road slipped backward, the fields fled past, and the telephone poles jerked into view and out. I have no doubt that the motorcycle seems to move faster than any other piece of machinery assembled by man.

But my discomfort was not to last long. At the bottom of a long descent we found a narrow stream, spanned by a modern cement bridge. The rivulet ran through a stately corridor of trees that might have sheltered Natty Bumpo. We stopped. And the two of us, leaning shoulder to shoulder against the bridge railing, gazed long and earnestly up the shining stream.

How often does man throw off the cloak of conventionality when he stands with bared head and allows the probing beauty and wonder of nature to steal into the innermost recesses of his spirit. There is a cleansing power in such contemplation that sweeps bare the peaks of moral attainment, and leaves them outlined in vivid beauty to the mind. Man gets a glimpse of his own possibilities. But moods are changeable. At last we turned back to the business of the day.

"Let's go up the left bank," I suggested.

"Good enough; let's go."

The motorcycle was wheeled off to one side of the road. Suddenly Kendall laughed.

"You poor fish," he said. "Where are the weiners?"

It was funny, even then. I had forgotten the piece de resistance of our meal. While Kendall hurried off to the nearest country store, I climbed the bank on the upper side of the road, and lying face up in the grass, relaxed in the warmth of the bright November sun. The gurgle of the water came faintly, mingling with the fluttering rustle of insects and the gentle soughing of wind in the trees. It was pleasant there. The somnolence of the day entered into me, until I was half asleep, thinking dreamily of nothing. From the pulsing silence I might have been a thousand miles from another human being. And then there came the healthy rattle of a Ford—lively harbinger of civilization. Kendall came soon after, with only some government "canned willy."

Shortly we were swinging up through the woods in single file, looking for a likely spot in which to eat our lunch. Not two hundred yards from the road we found it—a tiny, oval-shaped glade, imprisoned between towering banks on three sides and the stream on the other. It was thickly carpeted with brown leaves, with slender ferns shooting up here and there. A scratching away of leaves, a gathering of twigs and limbs, the quick flare of a match—and we had a tiny flame climbing up through the criss-cross tangle of carefully placed slivers of wood. A thin line of smoke spiraled upward, and the pungent odor of wood smoke floated over the glade like the smell of incense in a joss-house.

Reclining lazily beside the fire, we ate our simple lunch; ate, and eating, came nearer and nearer to utter simplicity of mood. No two aboriginal red men, dining on freshly killed venison, were ever less a part of civilization than we. At such times one has no "manners." He eats with sticky fingers and is truly courteous to his companion. But we were not philosophical; we were enjoying the day too thoroughly.

Of course we were prosaic enough to want a picture of the glade and our fire. The kodak was placed in an embrasure dug in the side of one of the sloping banks, weighted with a heavy limb, and a piece of string tied to the trigger. Quietly we lay for a moment, then the twitch of a finger, a

suddenly tautened string, the click of the shutter, and it was done.

After burning every scrap of paper and quenching the fire, we slipped back through the silent woods. On the bank above the road we sat down again to talk, matching anecdote with anecdote, reliving boyhood pranks.

Finally Kendall grinned.

"Got any paper?" said he.

"Why paper?"

He nodded toward a slender stalk of life-everlasting. I was "on," of course. Every step of the old boyhood rite was followed. We tore the paper into ungainly rectangles; stripped the gray and drooping leaves from several stalks of life-everlasting, rolling and shredding it between our hands; and then rolled, each one, a monstrosity of a cigarette. Then, two heads bent over a match in a cupped palm, we drew in the first stinging mouthfuls of "rabbit tobacco" smoke. So real was it all that we involuntarily thrust those cigarettes behind our backs at the passing of a car, whose occupants looked curiously at us. The sensation was exactly the same as when I used to hide out in the basement or stable and "smoke." If I am speaking Dutch to you, your education has been slighted, your boyhood denied a rare and gracious privilege.

The end of the day found us both poring over text-books.

The open sesame to poise and self-confidence cannot be found by a continuous and rigid dignity, self-imposed. The informality of a day in the open clears away the rubbish of a self-centered mind, bringing a new respect for oneself and for the spark of cleanliness that every one harbors within himself somewhere.

W. R. BOURNE.

TIM'S FIVE HUNDRED

IT WAS early afternoon. Belated clerks and bookkeepers and that mass of salaried humanity were speeding back after the noon hour. Here a girl, with becoming dress but loose hair streaming from under her close-fitting velvet hat, was hurrying across the street. A tall, lean, hungry-looking, oldish young man turned in "Dobson & Dobbs, Dry Goods and Men's Outfitters," with a diffident tread. Motherly old Mrs. O'Mara was on the front piazza of the Lacon's Inn, her arms akimbo, gazing up and down the street with a militant look. Then turning to Mrs. Canby, her perpetual boarder, she expostulated.

" 'Tain't right, Canny! That old, ugly rogue running off and not paying me a cent, and taking two of my best blankets to boot!" and wheeling around, she gave herself a resounding slap.

"It certainly ain't right," agreed Mrs. Canby. "These policemen of ours just ain't no good."

A gleam of recollection shone in Mrs. O'Mara's eyes. "Now, yes, you, Mrs. Canby, you're the very one made me take in that gashed-faced rogue. I just remember now, I was scared of that tall, skinny rogue and you, *you* said he looked all right for *me* to take in *my* hotel and now I'm the loser. You ought to pay for him yourself."

"Now, Mrs. O'Mara, now, now," soothed Mrs. Canby. "Remember you yourself said he looked poor 'til you saw that twenty-dollar bill."

"Well, Mrs. Canby, nobody can't lose 'cept them what has. I wouldn't lend poor Mrs. Tinker fifteen cents worth of coffee last night and now the Lord's made me lose fifteen dollars worth of blankets and that gink's board, fifty cents cash besides."

A cautious, guilty expression came into Mrs. O'Mara's face. " 'Course, Mrs. Canby, you won't say anything to any-

body 'bout this. That policeman said to be mum for a day or two."

"Oh, no, no; certainly not," soothed Mrs. Canby. Then fearing Mrs. O'Mara might remember the blankets, she quickly changed the subject.

"Mrs. O'Mara, you said Mrs. Tinker was about ruined and I heard that, Mr. what-you-call-m— oh, what is his name? —is going to run her out. Is that so?"

"Yes, Mrs. Canby, I'm afraid you're right. Ever since that detective husband of hers got killed, she ain't got nothing but that piece of boarding house and Tim."

"I hear Tim's just the smartest boy there is, and he sells more papers than anybody else."

"He's shorely smart, all right, but his ma'll have to close up just the same. 'Course I'm mighty sorry, but when his ma's closed more folks 'll be coming up here. You know it's pretty bad to have a boarding house between you and the depot."

At that moment, down the street rang the cries: "Paper," "Evening Post," "Paper."

"Mrs. O'Mara, Tim 'll be the first one here, what you bet?"

"If he is I'll buy a paper from him. I want to see the news, and a first-class hotel needs a paper anyway."

Down the street was a jumble of people, with little boys running in and out and shouting at the top of their voices: "Paper," "Evening Post," "Paper." Some of the urchins had coats and some had sweaters, and some dilapidated caps, and some worse than dilapidated hats. One had his breeches leg down, and another had his torn coat streaming out behind; and all were running and dodging and shouting, "Paper," "Evening Post," "Paper."

Two or three were in the lead, and one of these, a straight, sturdy little fellow, dressed in a black and yellow jersey, knee breeches and heavy shoes, shot across the street to the Lacon's Inn.

"Paper, Mrs. O'Mara?" he offered briskly.

"Yes, Tim; got change for a quarter?"

Tim jerked out two dimes, gave her the paper, got the quarter and sped down the street in the struggling crowd.

Tim reached the first corner, turned to the left up Oak Street, sold two papers on the corner of Oak and Fair and reached Main Street half a block from the other boys. Tim had brains! He pulled his cap to one side, jerked the papers a little higher under his arm, pulled one out and poked it toward a big, chunky, busy-looking man. "Paper, sir?" The man paid a nickel and took the paper without a word. A ragged mill worker was passing. "Paper, sir? All about the big murder," Tim offered. Next, Tim passed a dissipated-looking young fellow, with piercing black eyes but dissolute face. "Paper, sir? big reward, big robbery." Tim's eyes had caught in one column a notice that might strike him:

"Bank Messenger Robbed of Fifty Thousand—One Thousand Dollars Reward. Mr. R. B. Bruce, president of the Citizens National Bank, will pay * * *. The bandit as described was about six feet, spare, sharp-featured. He had a gash on one cheek and walked with a slight limp—left foot—."

But Tim quit reading, and slipping up behind a tall policeman, punched him with a paper.

"Hello, Tim, how're you feeling? How's your ma?"

"She's sick. Gimme my money quick if you want my paper."

"What's the hurry, Tim? You know you wouldn't charge your ma's boarder for a paper."

"Gimme my money, quick!" insisted Tim. "I got'a sell my papers."

"Oh, all right, little news rat," he taunted.

Tim almost glared, but instead he grabbed the money and ran on down the street, offering his papers—now to a clerk in a store door, now to a loafer, now to a passing doctor.

When night had almost come, Tim started for home with one-fifty of his own in his pocket, but a heavy heart in his breast. He cut through Fair and down Oak at a trot. How was mother since he left? his heart earnestly asked. Would she be pale and white, and would she look at him with that

pained look? How he wished he had money so he could buy all the medicine and other stuff the doctor said she needed. She would get well! He knew she would if he could pay the mortgage, so she wouldn't have to worry.

Soon he came to the City Boarding House, with its dead vines clinging to its dilapidated, weather-worn front. Nailed to a post in front of the piazza was a dingy, yellow sign, with the legend: "Rooms, 50c." But Tim bounded up the shaky steps and into the front hall without giving it a glance. He turned in the room on his left. There was the player-piano and the table of rolls, and the dingy, colored walls, and the potted ferns in the window, but no mother. Tim ran into the hall and up the steps into his mother's room.

There was seated a pale little woman with creased, care-worn face and ill-kept hair. At Tim's entrance, she smiled feebly, and Tim, sitting on the side of her chair, put his arm around her neck.

"How's it, Mumsey?"

"All right, Tim. How's my little man feeling?" she asked as she stroked his hair. "Did you sell all your papers?"

"Sure, Mumsey. But don't you want Mary to bring your supper?"

"Not right now, Tim; that's all right." But her voice sounded strangely full to Tim.

"What's the matter, Mumsey, feeling bad?"

She was silent a moment, then she quickly put a handkerchief to her eyes. In a moment she raised her head and smiled faintly.

"I'm all right, Tim. I shouldn't have broken down. You must be mother's little man."

"Mumsey, are you worrying about the money?"

"I don't know, Timmy, I'm just tired."

"Mumsey, would you get well if you had the money?" Then at her silence, which seemed to imply agreement, "I know you would; Mother, I'll get that money! I'll get it! *I'll get it!*"

"Tim, five hundred dollars?"

"I don't care, Mother, I'll get it!"

She was worldly-wise, but somehow a smile illuminated her face and a dreamy light shone in her eyes as Tim slipped out, closing the door behind. She knew Tim was only an imaginative little boy, but somehow she felt better.

Tim ran down the steps and into the vacant, dingy room with its gaudy walls and its player-piano, and sat down by the window. He sat, and he sat, and he sat. Outside, the wind had risen, and was whistling around the old house with a mournful sound. Somewhere a blind slammed. The building creaked loudly. But Tim was not listening. When ten minutes had passed he was still bent over in his chair, with a determined scowl on his pleasant face, and his chubby hand was pulling his tousled, brownish hair. What could he do? Five hundred dollars! The more he thought about it the bigger it grew. He must! He would! And he gritted his teeth furiously.

Presently the scowl disappeared and his roundish face and jaw set in a determined expression. He would try it anyway! Tim pulled his cap down over his ears, and entering the half-lighted street, he turned toward the depot.

The wind tugged at his cap and pulled at his trousers and grasped at his feet, but Tim held doggedly to his course.

At the corner of Murph, Tim turned to the left and entered Dobson's Cafe. For a moment he was blinded by the marble-topped counter, the white-covered tables and the looking-glasses which stretched along the wall. Then his sight returned and he addressed the corpulent, white-aproned individual who gazed at him from behind the counter.

"Is—a—a—where can I find Mr. Dobson?"

"Oh, back there," jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

Then he gazed at Tim and grinned. "But what you want, little boy? You'd better wait 'til he eats. He ain't had supper yet, and he might mistake you for a good-sized weiner."

For a moment Tim entertained the idea of jumping on the man, but he was only five feet, two inches, so he curbed his anger.

"Mister," and Tim's eyes twinkled, "you say he might think I'm a weinie? Well, what'd he take you for—a bologna sausage?"

The man's florid face grew doubly red and his cheeks puffed out still further; he made as if to start for the boy.

But then a voice, that had heen laughing harshly behind, spoke out:

"That's pretty good, sonny; you're all right," and he cackled some more. "What can I do for you? My Dolly's all right," he continued, looking toward his florid clerk who had obsequiously retired behind the counter, "but you just got to know how to handle 'im."

"Mr. Dobson, I want to see you a minute."

"See ahead, sonny; you got pretty good eyes, haven't you?"

"But, Mr. Dobson, I want to talk to you priv—by yourself, on business."

"Oh, all right, sonny," he agreed, opening the door at his back.

Tim followed, and found himself in an office sort of a room off from the kitchen. It was a small room, with a little desk, two straight chairs, a big office chair, and a door that must have opened on the little side street.

Mr. Dobson, putting his weazened body in the big cushioned chair, pulled his long black mustache and squinted at Tim out of two black eyes.

"Well?" Somehow the room must have affected him, for his smile had gone and he asked the question in a harsh, rasping voice. Or perhaps he divined Tim's mission.

"I—I—Mother." Then he stopped. His cheeks reddened. His tongue caught. How could he talk with those unfriendly, piercing eyes boring into him? But he was relieved in an unexpected manner.

For above the noise of the wind, Tim heard a scraping sound, and suddenly the door burst open, knocking Tim, chair and all, into the corner behind the door. In the wind, Tim glimpsed a tall, lanky man.

The man saw only Dobson. He dropped a white sack and blurted out excitedly, "We got to skip! Right now! The cops! We—they!"

"Be still. What do you know?" The voice was curt and cutting. Dobson had risen and was surveying the other man coldly.

Tim understood. Across his mind flashed that headline, "Bank Messenger Robbed." He knew what was in that sack. Then just as suddenly, something said, "Escape!"

Could he make it? He eased to his feet. The door was three steps away. Some eyes glared at him. He jumped. He was conscious of a black body shooting toward him. Then—blackness.

He seemed to hear snatches of conversation. "Not here—the river—him too—him and the car."

Then Tim opened his eyes. He could hardly breathe. His head throbbed dully. Something, bad tasting, seemed to hurt his throat. He pulled at one hand. It was held fast. He was tied and gagged.

The two men left the room and Tim tried to shout. What would they do with him? A helpless terror seized him. What could he do?

In a moment the tall man came in, and carelessly picking up Tim, threw him over his shoulder and returned to the street.

Not a star was in the sky. The darkness was almost cutting thick. The wind screeched in the narrow alley and tugged at Tim. His guide stumbled against a post and swore loudly.

"Hush, you fool! Do you want to have the cops on top of us?"

They went toward the voice and Tim felt himself rolled into a curtained car. Then something heavy struck his leg and he felt a blanket put over him.

In a moment the car began to rattle. Another moment and a big bump told Tim the car was in motion.

Terror possessed the boy. His heart seemed to have dropped out. His throat choked him. He twisted and jerked

and pulled, but the cords held. The car rattled along. The screeching wind pounded the feeble curtains. The engine snorted, irregularly. After a few minutes, Tim partly composed himself and considered. What would they do? Did they mean to run him and the car in the river and drown him like a rat in a trap? He shuddered. Surely they wouldn't! Then he saw the gashed, marked face and the other evil countenance, with its long twisted mustache and piercing black eyes, and he shuddered again. Then he thought of his mother. What would she think if he didn't come back? Tim remembered that night he had been late and she had looked so white and pale. And Mary, what would—?

"Crash! bam!"

Tim was thrown into the air by the jar and came down on his head. He wanted to get out there and show them how to run a car—the idiots! He instinctively pulled at one hand to rub his bruised nose. The rope slipped a little. He worked with feverish eagerness. Could he get loose? He had a chance!

After five minutes, he eagerly but carefully took his free hand and withdrew the gag. He took a full breath of fresh air.

Then he reflected. He was loose, but what could he do? The river must be three miles further. He had a few minutes.

He turned over carefully, but something sharp was under him. He looked up. Nothing but a faint reflection of the head lights and the backs of two heads. The men were busy.

He reached under and pulled out the thing that was sticking him, and his heart skipped a beat. He hardly believed his touch. He had in his hand a square package in a sack. It was the bandits' spoil—the fifty thousand.

Tim's heart almost stopped. The tall man reached back, and touching him, said something which was lost in the roar of the car. He raised up as if to climb over the seat, but the other man deterred him.

Tim's heart fluttered. His breath came in gulps. His eyes bulged. He must get out! But how? He had a vain notion

of jumping on the man in front, but his better sense returned. He eased to his knees. He tried the side door. It was stuck. He pulled back the lever. He held it. Then he heard a faint click—the door was unfastened. A blow would open it. He hesitated a moment, gathered his nerve, grasped the bag in his left hand, and dived.

The ground met him with fearful force. He lay still for a moment. The car had halted with a scraping of brakes. Tim heard shouts and curses. They were after him. He could see in his mind the vile, gashed face and the face with its twisted mustache. He started up the road, fleeing blindly. He could hear the faint pat, pat, of footsteps behind. They were after him; they would catch him! Then something caught his foot; he landed in a rolling heap, stopping in a ditch on the right.

The murky sky leered down. The wind redoubled its force, but Tim lay still.

He heard one man go by, then another followed. He was safe.

But what was to be done! They would be back in a moment. A dread fear seized him. Suppose they should get a flash light.

He did not know how far they had gone. The only sound was the moaning and screeching of the wind in the pines. The only sight was darkness; the murky clouds overhead and the wraith-like lights of the car in the distance.

The lights were burning! The engine must be running! A daring thought obsessed him. Why not leave them! He grabbed the bag more firmly and sped toward the car at full speed. He jumped in. He fancied he heard shouts and imprecations. He jerked at the lever—it was stuck. He pulled frantically; he worked feverishly. It slipped. He shoved in the clutch. The car slowly started. He was free!

Later in the early morning, a nervous, anxious group was gathered in the parlor of the City Boarding House. Mrs. Tinker, pale, weak, stooped; Mary, tall, slender, brown eyed,

with eyes strangely shining; a policeman, erect, kind, sympathetic—Mrs. Tinker's only roomer.

"Mrs. Tinker," the tall policeman was saying, "I wouldn't worry. Tim's all right. He'll be back."

"But where is he?" she sobbed faintly.

Mary bent forward. "Did I hear something, Mother?"

"I don't know. Why should I know? My only Tim, my poor Tim."

But just then the door burst open and in bounded a boy with shining eyes and tousled hair.

After the first few minutes had passed, Tim's eyes shone, and gazing at his mother with adoration, he queried: "Mumsey, you wanted five hundred dollars? Well, I've brought you fifty thousand." In the astonished, doubting silence that followed Tim went out and came in again with a white flour sack containing a little square package. R. H. HODGES.

FRIENDSHIP

O blessed gift of friendship, ever rare,
And fine, serene, untroubled, yea, most fair.
The days are beautiful, touched by friendship's light.
The hurts of other years are sunk in night
Of sweet forgetfulness and glad delight.
The blissful thought comes to me, not again
Shall I be lonely; for I have a friend.
A thought of sternness also comforts me,
And makes me strive to live more worthily.

Mary D. Wannamaker.

Exchanges

The Anchor

As an example of a tastefully arranged magazine, the March issue of *The Anchor—Literary Supplement* may be given unstinted praise. The humorous, the sober, the quiet, the boisterous, the mundane, the exalted—with a fine and unerring artistic sense each is given its place. The work itself is of a good average quality, the product of an ordinary college campus. There is no flash of genius to stir the soul.

"The Coon Hunt" I liked as exhibiting fairly acute observation. The author apparently has been coon hunting, and is not writing from the depths of a vast ignorance concerning coons, their habitat, and habits. The spirit of the single editorial is well directed. But there is little in the writing itself that would send a student out in hot haste after a book. It isn't human enough. And, last, *The Anchor* is guilty of the cardinal sin—the proofs were not read as carefully as they might have been.

W. R.

The Canisius Monthly

The Canisius Monthly has an excellent, hard-working staff. Judging from the copies we have seen, the magazine comes out on time. It seems, however, that the staff is meeting with the same difficulty that confronts us down in this section of the country. The students, perhaps because of indifference, perhaps for other reasons, do not contribute to any great extent. As a consequence, every issue is filled with the work of only about five men. These men write exceptionally well for students, but the fact remains that the magazine is not really representative of the literary work of the student body. And I rather feel that such a status of affairs is neither desired nor desirable from the standpoint of the staff.

The contents of the April number are delightfully varied.

There is a piquancy and a spice to the writing of L. A. W. and E. S. S. that I find very attractive. In "Learning How" the author has caught perfectly the reactions of the unwary innocent who has been induced to "set in" at a game where he is the only novice. "The Truth from A. Veritas," a comic, running-fire sort of comment on astrology "as she are practiced," is wholly informal and particularly attractive.

The space devoted to editorials is somewhat extensive, but every comment is direct and to the point, and calculated to run a few wavy lines through the cortex.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines:

STATE.—*The Clemson Chronicle, The Concept, The Newberry Stylus, The Bashaba, The Winthrop Journal, The Orion.*

NON-STATE.—*The Canisius Monthly,* Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.; *Lehigh Alumni Bulletin,* Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.; *The Argus,* Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio; *The Baylorian,* Baylor College, Belton, Tex.; *The Aurora,* Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.; *Mills Quarterly,* Mills College, Oakland, Cal.; *Cap and Bells,* Davidson College, N. C.; *Morgan College Bulletin,* Hillen Road, Govans, Baltimore, Md.; *The Anchor,* Hope College, Holland, Mich.; *The Aurora,* Knoxville College (col.), Knoxville, Tenn.

HIGH SCHOOL.—*The Columbian,* Columbia High School, Columbia, S. C.; *The Scribbler,* Spartanburg High School, Spartanburg, S. C.

BRICKBATS

One of our newest exchanges hails from the Sunny South. The WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, which comes to us from Spartanburg, South Carolina, is a college paper worthy of note.

By way of general criticism we would say that your paper is neatly and well arranged, and shows careful editing. The literary material is well balanced, but one or two more poems would add interest as well as variety to the paper. Other sug-

gestions would perhaps be in order if this were your only school publication, but we understand that in addition you have a college news of some type. Hence, THE JOURNAL may be criticized as a purely literary magazine.

The short stories of the February issue are well worth mentioning. It is unusual to find four stories in one issue of so good a calibre. "Dr. Pettigrew" is a clever story and though not exceptional in subject matter, is handled with an originality of manner which is commendable. Profanity in short stories is not desirable, and we feel that such a character as Dr. Pettigrew could have been well portrayed without recourse to so questionable a method of emphasis. "The Trail of the Catfish" is a well constructed, quite unusual story, the somewhat difficult narrative being treated in a competent way. The clearness and vividness of description given in this production is especially good, and betrays the maturity of the senior mind which originated it. "When Women Vote" and "De Rebibal" are both thoroughly interesting stories, well-written and exceptional in their use of dialect, especially the latter. The climaxes of the former are rather weak, and scarcely in accord with the balance of the story.

The descriptive sketch, "An Old Castle in Luxemburg," is well written and quite vivid. We feel sure that the author of the essay on "Beauty" would be interested in George L. Raymond's excellent books on this subject, which is too little discussed. Our criticism of this well-chosen essay is that the author's style lacks virility. "Celestial Music," an essay on the wonders of the radio, is so written that to those of us who are not versed in higher science it is thoroughly comprehensible.

We particularly enjoyed the keen criticisms offered in the reviews of "Babbitt" and "Collected Poems and the Window of Souls." This department of a literary magazine can be made very instructive as well as interesting. We feel that such is the case in your publication.

Since you utilized but one poem in THE JOURNAL, we think that surely a better one could have been obtained for this month's issue. While in some parts the thought is fair, yet

upon the whole, improvements in content would make it more satisfactory.

Your Exchange Department is cleverly conducted, and we shall be glad to observe any criticisms of our own paper which you may be pleased to publish.—*The Argus.*

We'll have "to hand it to" our neighbors across the tracks. THE WOFFORD JOURNAL for February is a tip-top, A-1 magazine. It (and we admit it frankly) didn't bore us a minute. The sketch, "On the Trail of the Catfish," is particularly good reading. Now, then, Wofford, we've told you what we think of you, so "come across" and tell us what you think of *The Concept.—The Concept.*

THE WOFFORD JOURNAL contains two short stories, "Dr. Pettigrew" and "When Women Vote." In the first story there is a particularly successful passage. Our reference is to the scene just before the climax. The realistic, yet uncanny atmosphere is so cleverly created that one verily feels oneself growing tense along with Dr. Pettigrew. In the second story, we commend especially the delineation of the character of "Cap'n Spy." The essay on "Beauty" is aesthetic, even spiritual work. One might wish that the rest of the world realized as fully as this writer does the transcending power of beauty. We cannot fail to see the humor of the Editor's Note inserted under the title of the poem, "Fire." In case anyone has missed it, we reprint it here: "Fire—The Journal's Poem for February."—*The Winthrop Journal.*

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Established 1889

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CONTENTS

		Page
Senior Class Poem	W. L. Gray, '23	4
Jim's Boy (Story)	Alton L. Foster, '23	5
Sympathy (Poem)	W. D. Tinsley, '26	10
Me, Her, Him and the Cat (Story)	R. H. Hodges, '24	11
Complete (Story)	M. L. Meadors, '24	19
The Dawn (Poem)	R. H. H., '24	23
An Effort at Einstein	W. C. Bowen, '23	24
So Did Cleopatra (Story)	W. R. Bourne, '23	26
The Left Hand (Story)	F. J. Knight, '24	38
Evolution (Poem)	R. H. H., '24	47
Honesty (Story)	N. W. Bennett, '24	48
Field's Riot Act (Story)	A. L. Foster, '23	53
Ashamed (Story)	M. B. Wilson, '24	59
Dreamland (Poem)	W. D. Tinsley, '26	63
The Editor's Last Word		64
Alma Mater		65
Just Two (Poem)	B. E. Elks, '24	66
EXCHANGES—		
Review of *The Argus*	S. J. M., '25	67
Review of *The Concept*		68
Acknowledgment of Exchanges		69
INDEX TO VOLUME 33		70
ADVERTISEMENTS		73

Address

Editor-in-Chief ..... 200 E. Cleveland St. Business Manager ..... Telephone 1603

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.

The Wofford College Journal is published seven times during the college year, on the 20th of the month, by the Calhoun, Carlisle, Preston and Snyder literary societies. Contributions must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. All forms of prose and verse are solicited. Two medals are given by the staff at the end of the year—one for the best short story, and one for the best poem. Any member of the staff is eligible for either of these medals. The judges are appointed by the Editor-in-Chief.

Subscription per year, $1.25; single copies, 20 cents. For advertising rates, see or write the advertising manager.

SENIOR CLASS POEM

On campus walks, where many feet have trod,
'Neath whispering trees in early spring;
Where once did dance, and once did sing,
Illustrious ones of other years,
We have met as classmates and as friends.

Within these dear august, classic halls,
Our thoughts we cast towards Greece and Rome;
Arts and sciences and many a tome
On Sophocles, Shakespeare and Moliere,
Have deepened old friendship's clasp on all.

Across the fields in 'Lympiac strife,
Our teams have swept for distant goals. . . .
To win or lose; and each heart enfolds
Memories which time shall not erase,
Of our great fervent calls for victory!

But hands of the world are beckoning,
And Industry is making its call. . . .
A moment and the curtain will fall
O'er the scene of our loves and friendships
And o'er Alma Mater's loved walls.

For time and our years are short
In Carlisle Place—in Science Hall.
We have waited long to hear the call
Of those who have come to take our place,
On campus paths, where other feet have trod.

Adieu, to the ones we have loved; and you,
Old Alma Mater, Hail and Farewell!
The Class of Nineteen Twenty-Three shall tell
Much of the debt which it owes to thee. . . .
And now good-bye, good-bye to 'Twenty-Three.

W. L. Gray.

JIM'S BOY

IN THE estimation of most men I had been highly successful; I had several million dollars to my credit, mansions in California, Maine, Switzerland and Hawaii, and any number of automobiles. In my own estimation I was nothing but a tramp, a millionaire tramp, a victim of the wanderlust, with but one desire, and that to avenge myself on one who was once my best friend, Jim Ellerby. He had married Lily Crawford, at that time the object of all my affections, and had had my deepest hatred ever since. I had never married—never cared to after Lily married; so with all my houses I had no home.

For fifteen years I heard nothing of Jim, and then one day I saw an account in the *Florida Times-Union* of the death of Mrs. James Ellerby. She was survived by her husband and a son fourteen years of age. Yes, this must be the Jim I knew. It was then that I formed a definite plan for my revenge.

I bought a small cottage out from Asheville, North Carolina, and spent an entire summer in studying the surrounding country. It was all I could desire. There were several places that suited my needs, but one in particular pleased me. It was a little amphitheatre away up on the side of a mountain, carpeted with grass, and shaded by several large spruce firs and white pines. Next to the mountain was a clear, cool, bubbling spring. The open side faced out over a swirling, foaming river several hundred feet below. The edge was rocky, slippery. Anyone could accidently fall from there, and no questions would be asked. Yes, I was safe. My revenge was sure. This was the ideal spot. I spent several days there in planning just how to accomplish my desire. I saw him as he stood upon the edge; and then as he lay, a broken, jumbled

mass of bone and flesh upon the rocks below. A few small trees grew upon the side of the precipice, but it would be impossible to catch to them. No, nothing could prevent my plans from working, once I got him there.

Two years later I read that James Ellerby, Jr., had entered the Florida University. Fate was with me. Everything was playing right to my hand. I could not repress the broad smile that spread over my face when I saw with certainty that my plan was to succeed. Revenge, revenge, how sweet the name!

A month later I had opened a small sporting goods store near the University and had made the acquaintance of Jim's boy. He was very much like his father; the only marked difference that I noted was in his eyes. His were bold. Jim's were timid, sneaking. I catered to him in the same manner that a spider caters to a fly, and with the same purpose. He was marked, doomed, but did not know it.

He and I became great friends, playing golf together twice a week and going to the theatre quite often. I sold him the very best sporting goods, and gave him the benefit of my experience in all forms of athletics, with the result that he made the Freshman squad in football, basketball and baseball. His successes made him very popular, and Jim came to idolize him more and more. This last result was what I was working for.

I was always very careful to be out of town when Jim paid a visit to the boy, and thus I avoided detection. Jim would never have suspected me of so ignoble a deed, and I knew it. But my own conscience condemned me so that I was afraid. Though I had not seen him for sixteen years, I had a very vivid mental picture of how he would puff out, like a pouter pigeon, when he said, "That's my boy." "Go to it, Jim," I thought. "The more you love the boy, the greater my success."

I was in no particular hurry; so it was not until his Junior year that I suggested a summer in North Carolina. He was overjoyed with the idea and wrote Jim at once. To my great

gratification and surprise the next letter not only gave him permission, but insisted that he go.

At the end of the term he spent a week at home while I was preparing for our stay in the mountains. And I took everything anyone could possibly need or desire, for I wanted his last days to be happy ones.

We arrived at my cottage on the thirteenth of June, just as the sun was sinking to rest behind a tall mountain. As we looked out over the valley, we saw here and there alternate patches of light and shadow. The tall pines and spruces swayed easily in the gentle breeze. On the right bank of the little stream, surrounded by laurel and rhododendron, was an old mill, with its large wheel idle. The boy was enraptured with this scene before him. "An evening in the mountains," he said. "Isn't it grand?" Ah! poor boy, little did he dream that it was the evening of his life also.

The summer wore away into August. We were having great days of fishing and hiking, and I was enjoying myself as much as he. Then one day he received a letter from his father saying he would be up on the first of September to stay till we broke camp.

This letter brought me out of my dream and recalled me to my purpose. Time was flying. It was necessary that I act quickly. Then to my surprise and chagrin I found that I had become attached to the boy. I went through those days of long ago in every detail several times during the night, and I arose next morning fully determined to go through with my plans with no alterations, no matter what the cost.

"Well, we are going on a hike this morning," I said during breakfast, with as cheerful a voice as possible.

"Good," was his reply. "And let's not forget a rope today," he added.

Three weeks before while hiking we had come to a mountain that was inaccessible without the aid of a rope, and having none we had had to turn back. He wanted no such happening today. I knew we would have no need for it whatsoever, but to please him I threw a coil over my shoulder. And

as the coils went over my head a shudder went over my body, for in my imagination it was the hangman's noose. Perhaps some day I would feel it in reality. Again I shuddered.

Just before noon we reached the little amphitheatre. There had been no noticeable changes. He was completely charmed with the beauty of the place, and had soon found the spring and my old camp site. "Say," he said, stirring the ashes with his foot. "Somebody's been here before. Someone fleeing from justice more than likely."

"Well, they never would have caught him had he stayed here," I answered. "And probably he would have gotten us while we were climbing up here. So let's thank heaven that he has gone. We'll eat here," I said in conclusion, as I prepared the fire.

After we had finished our meal, the boy, still enraptured by the scene in front of him, walked to the very edge of the precipice. My chance had come. It would be easier than I had hoped. Slowly I walked up behind him. My hand went out for the shove. "Eternity lies before you—" I began. And then with a smile he turned towards me. And as he did, my heart stopped beating; my breath came in short gasps. His eyes; they were Lily's eyes. This was Lily's boy—her own flesh and blood. "Oh God, forgive me," I muttered to myself. And then my hand shot out, I grasped his coat, and pulled him back. "If you don't get away from that edge," I added.

Leading him back to the spring I made him sit down. "Jim," I said, "I have a confession to make to you, or rather a story to tell you. You have often wondered, no doubt, why I took so much interest in you. It has been purely a personal matter with me. When I was in college your father and I were the best of chums."

"But, why have you never—" he began.

"Just listen now," I said, "and ask questions later. As I said, we were the best of friends. Then it happened that we both fell in love with the same girl. This did not affect our friendship, however. I had a little the better of him in the affair till I went West. For a year all went well, and then

both stopped writing to me. In vain I tried to find the reason. A month later I saw an account of their wedding in the home paper. I did not think hard of your father. It was the girl. She had played me false. And until she returned my letters I thought her to be the guilty one. In the box of letters (it was a large one), was a letter that I had not written. And yet it had my name signed to it and was mailed from Sacramento—my post office. In this letter was an account of my recent marriage. This explained it all. Your father had forged the letter and, knowing someone who was going West, had asked him to mail it in Sacramento. I determined to get my revenge, but have never done so. And since knowing you I no longer care to."

I wanted to tell him all, of my plans to avenge myself by killing him, but I could not. He had so much faith in me, and I loved him so. No, I would have died a thousand deaths rather than to have told him.

He sat staring at me and saying nothing for a long time. Then he whispered, "I don't see how you controlled yourself, but 'if your enemy thirsteth give him drink, for in so doing you shall heap coals of fire on his head.' "

This undue praise almost caused me to break down. Unbeknown to himself, he was heaping the coals upon my head. The faith and confidence that boy had in me!

"Well, we have to be going back to the shack," I said presently. And strapping on my pack I began the descent. I had gone scarcely twenty feet when I heard a cry, and looking back I saw Jim slip over the cliff. "Great God!" I shouted, and ran back. Near the edge lay his kodak. He could not forbear getting a picture of this beautiful scene. I forced myself to look over the side, and there about fifty feet below hung Jim. He had caught to one of the small saplings, a thing I had thought impossible.

"Hold on," I yelled. "Here comes the rope." Down, down it went till I held one end in my hand, and yet it lacked several feet of being down to where he could reach it. Laying it down, I stood on it, and pulled off my shirt and coat. I tore

them into strips and tied them to the rope. Then I lowered away again. It lacked scarcely a foot of being long enough.

"Wait," I screamed, but was too late. He was climbing for the rope. He almost reached it. Then with one supreme effort he lunged for it. His fingers closed upon the end, slipped, and he crashed down onto the rocks below.

I have never heard of Jim again. I, too, just stopped writing.

Yes, I've been a success—in the estimation of other men.

ALTON L. FOSTER.

SYMPATHY

Though just a sympathetic hand
To you in grief that I extend
Is all that I can show to you,
It is not all I feel.
Your grief, your sorrow's mine;
I am your friend, who with your trouble
Am troubled, too.
Now in my eye I feel a tear,
Unwanted, unbidden, escape the folds
My manly pride.
But then I do not seek to hide;
My love to you I weakly try to show,
To let you feel, to make you know
I am your friend, and true.

W. D. TINSLEY.

ME, HER, HIM AND THE CAT

HOW it all happened is really beyond my intimate knowledge, and *why* is equally obscure. It just did. In fact, I had little to do with it, but it had much to do with me. Contrary to Caesar's example, I did not come and see and conquer; I came and saw and absconded.

But first, a little resumé of characters. I and me are equal to one and the same—a very demure, debonair young man of twenty and one. The cat, an ordinary feline quadruped of nine or ten lives, a long fuzzy tail, a propensity for liquids, an indefatigable voice, capable of the most inharmonious combinations possible, was particeps criminis, also accessory before the fact. Him can refer to her father—a rare old sport—or several others. Now as to Her—how can I take the hard, cold world into my confidence and bare my heart before its frigid gaze? But according to George W., I must not tell a lie, so out, out with the stubborn truth, heart within and Tommy in the back yard. (Tommy, by the way, is the aforesaid feline's cognomen.) But as I was saying, the truth will out, but how may I tell a truth which is only a part truth? For, in truth, I have not heard from the aforementioned her, lo these many hours since my flight. But I am anticipating. I must not be guilty of such circumlocutory diffuseness as to reach Greenville before I have passed Greer. So farewell, a long farewell to all peace, quietude, tranquility, calm, repose, and desuetude of mind. I hie me to my tale.

In the spring, when the robin changes color and the dove becomes glossier, and a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball, I set out to see her in her stately, old, paternal home in an adjunct suburb, appending to the metropolis of Acornville, S. C., very gay.

Being twenty and one and feeling fine, I strode into the train with the nonchalant air of a business man, very absorbed. Then it began.

Slipping my suitcase between two seats by one that looked

like mine's twin, I parked myself by a man who, to all appearances, was a cross between a baby elephant and a rather corpulent frog. He wore green glasses, had a sphere for a head, while his face resembled one huge plain with two gullies for eyes, a valley for a mouth and a short peaked knoll for a nose. He was busy, apparently, reading a newspaper, so I took out my magazine and began again the adventures of Slick Jack at the Exposition. Soon I noticed a small earthquake when my corpulent friend left, but my story was so interesting I did not notice—until he had gone—that my ticket was also gone from my side coat pocket.

What could I do? A ticket bought and paid for—and gone. I went through all the coaches at the next little place, reaching the rear as the train moved off—just in time to see my man go in the station.

There were several students on the train, and, learning my plight, one of them kindly gave me a hat check. The conductor looked hard at me—and then went on. A girl, who seemed strangely familiar, sitting in front, looked back sharply. I knew her. She was Louise's cousin. "Well, old man," a little monitory voice remarked, "if you don't propitiate that vixen, your name's mud." I hauled out my three-pound box that I had procured for Louise and passed it over.

"Why, thank you, sir," she said sweetly.

When she looked around, I longed for a rat hole to crawl into—she was a perfect stranger.

Getting off the train with that suitcase, which didn't look or feel exactly right—it was the only one left between the seats, however; the fat man took the other one, I think—I thought a tall, keen, severe-looking man reviewed me sharply. Going in the waiting room, I sat by the little fire to dry my slightly damp clothes. The same man quickly walked in from the drizzling rain, but, seeing me, he sauntered on across.

Walking out, I got into a curtained taxi, paying the man one dollar to drive across town to the Travelers' Hotel, two miles away—more or less.

Then I slipped out the other door of the car just in time to see my man go out of the other door of the station.

Seeing him enter a car and follow the one I was supposed to be in, I sat down and pulled my embryonic beard and wondered. What had I done that such an official-looking personage should be after me? I hadn't killed anybody; stolen anything; married two wives—not yet, thank goodness!—not even transported any booze. In fact, I'm for prohibition—from my nose to the crown of my head and from my chin to my toes; that's the most that her father and I disagree over. He's a jolly old advocate of self-determination for all peoples, small or large, also for each particular individual unit of such aggregations. We used to argue periodically about the fiery liquids; he took one side while his daughter and her brother stood pat with me. But I must perambulate back to my tale!

Seeing my tall, severe-looking friend follow what was supposed to be me, but wasn't, I crawled into a taxi to go to her home. The driver seemed delighted.

"Just a minute, sir," he ordered, "a lady's going that way too."

I waited. When she got in the sedan—I always ride to my girl's in style—I felt a little like the day laborer at the plutocrat's wedding, I was entirely unnecessary. She was the bit of femininity I had seen on the train.

She smiled sweetly. I felt—and I guess I looked so—like vinegar was too mild a liquid for me.

She bit her lips and looked out of her window; I peered through mine.

She absented herself as far from the middle of the seat as possible; I did likewise.

Then she leaned toward the driver and said: "Pinewood, a big, tall, columned, white house on the right."

My abdomen felt like it does when I go down in an elevator from the sixth floor, and my poor head bazzed. Pinewood, Louise's home! Who was this evil genius fate had thrown in my way? My little voice admonished: "If she knows Louise, your name's already mud."

The juggernaut demands victims, appease, appease, appease! "You must silence her if you have to bow the knee to her—or choke her," my little voice advised.

"Ah—a—this is a pleasant day," I began.

"Is that so?" she asked, looking out into the drizzle.

"Are you going to Mrs. Temple's?" I began again.

"Probably," and she arched her eyebrows slightly.

I cursed the fates and wanted to choke her, but discretion forbade.

"Templeton is my name," I next volunteered.

"How interesting!" and she arched her eyebrows, pursed her lips, and smiled at one and the same time.

I had a frantic longing to shake that long neck and pull out her pug-nose, but discretion still controlled.

"What is your name?" I asked in desperation.

"My name—oh—oh, what do you want to know my name for?" And she burst into a silly laugh.

It was silly and sickening, too, to me. I feel sure I would have choked her had it not been for cerebral inhibitions, the driver and fear of the police.

In the distance, surrounded by a grove of trees, I could see bright bits of her home when the sun shone warmly down. Time was short.

I leaned back, shut my eyes, and said nothing.

In my ear, I could hear a loud whisper: "My name's Jane Tobias—he—he—he."

The driver looked back again. He grinned broadly. I was tempted to throw my suitcase at him, but instead, swore a solemn oath to make a trip to Acornville and settle accounts with him.

We were at the gate.

Very chivalrously, I helped Jane out, took down her baggage and paid her bill.

We went to the house door where my fiancee and her mother met us.

Her mother looked curiously at me. My fiancee gazed at

me with love, wonder, and doubt strangely mingled in her face.

I heard Mrs. Temple order Jane in a low voice: "The servants' quarters are at the rear. Come to the kitchen as soon as possible."

Suddenly, I wanted to sit down, while my little monitory adviser warned: "Your name's dirt, a little H_2O and it'll be mud."

How little did I realize what brand of H_2O was in store for me!

The day passed—and with it explanations and explanations and explanations. By the time the sun went down, I had regained, almost, the place I had when they first saw me.

Louise and I took a walk in the cool, late evening. And I—but we soon came in when the first stars were out in the sky.

I went in my room—an airy, plainly-furnished room with two beds, where her brother John and I were to sleep—threw off my coat, shirt, collar and tie and began to dress for supper.

A warm, full feeling thrilled me. She was mine, mine alone, now and forever. Oh heart, oh suffering heart, your wish, your aim is soon to be won. Cruel fate! Why could I not see how callow were my ideas, how hopeless my hope?

I opened my suitcase. It was not mine. It was full of quart bottles of booze. Surprise precluded any thought or action. For a minute I sat still and looked. Then my faculties returned and I understood all. My suitcase had been exchanged on the train. The tall, severe-looking man was a revenue officer. I was in a fix. Fear filled me. How could I explain again? How John, her brother, would laugh! What wouldn't her father say! What would she do? Girls are so—so. . . . I suddenly decided to pour out the stuff and hide the bottles. I cracked the window, yanked out a cork, and listened to the stuff pour out. I didn't realize until afterwards that a basin under the window was catching every drop.

I heard somebody at the front door. I peeped out my

door. My heart missed two beats and then gained two. The tall, severe-looking man was at the door.

I shut my door quickly. Ran to the window. Frantically corked the dripping bottle and placed it in the suitcase. My mind worked feverishly. I must get rid of the bottles. I shut the suitcase carefully. I picked it up, opening the door to the left. In my mind was a hazy idea of hiding the evidence—and nothing more. I was in a bedroom furnished in pink and white. I opened the hall door. No one in sight. I ran up the steps. A suitcase in the end of the hall attracted my attention. It was empty. I quickly transferred the bottles to that grip, sped down the steps, and was in my room before two minutes had elapsed.

My suitcase was empty. What would a detective say to an empty suitcase? I opened the bureau and filled the suitcase with John's clothes.

Putting on one of John's shirts and one of his collars, I brushed up and was ready when they called me to supper.

My tall, severe-looking friend looked startled when I was introduced to him.

"Have you met before?" asked Mrs. Temple.

"I—a—a—, yes, ma'm," I said, "we met on the train coming down."

The tall man grinned, John looked at me rather curiously. I caught him staring at my shirt and collar more than once. Louise was gay and her father was jolly as ever.

In a minute the most awful sounds in catland burst on the breeze. It sounded like all cats' fathers and uncles and grandfathers had died without leaving their hopeful relatives anything, or a cat prayer-meeting had been broken up by feline Ku Kluxes.

Louise jumped up. "Oh, what's happened to poor Tommy? They'll hurt poor Tommy. Come on let's get him, Jack." I had to obey.

Suddenly the pandemonium ceased. We went in the back yard. The night was mystic with a white glow. The moon shone with enchanting brightness. I—but we had to look for

that miserable cat. At first we saw nothing. Then I discerned a number of cats beneath my window.

"Oh, there they are," said Louise. "Run them all away from poor Tommy."

I ran at them. They all looked up with their green eyes and began slowly to saunter off.

Louise spied "poor Tommy." She took him in her arms and we returned to the dining room.

That scene is so vivid in my mind. Her jolly old father, with his red, round, good-humored face at the head of the table, Louise at his right; I was next, then her mother, then John and next the detective. The table was loaded with good things to eat, the walls were adorned with pictures—a hunting scene, some fresh fruit, Louise's grandmother over the china closet. But most important of all was the little cat down on the hearth.

Louise put him there and sat down. The cat slowly moved its head from side to side. It looked up at the table with a vacuous stare. It mewed pitifully. It wabbled over very slowly and leaned against the wall.

Soon Tommy was the center of attention. "That cat's sick. Let's go out and see if he's been eating anything poison," said John.

The detective picked up the cat and I thought I saw him sniffing. "All right," he agreed.

They went out. I immediately excused myself and went to my room.

"You're in it now," a little something inside said. "Better beat it," my little monitor continued.

Grabbing my suitcase, I emptied out John's clothes and fled upstairs. I carefully got out on the roof, shutting the window behind me.

I heard them come in down stairs. A hubbub arose. I ran along the roof over the servants' quarters, which were off from the house but connected by this piazza. A well was to my right. I unfastened my suitcase, took careful aim and threw.

The suitcase balanced a moment on the edge—and fell in the well.

They were upstairs. Somebody opened the window. I crouched down and lay still in the shadow from the moon.

They left the window. I crawled on. I slid down a post. Something nearby mewed pitifully. It was Tommy. Picking him up, I took to the cotton fields. Next morning I was here again.

And it all happened because I became interested in a story and let that fat man steal my ticket and take my suitcase. I imagine he exchanged because he thought the revenue officer was after him. Anyway, he did it.

When the officer came around the other morning, I gave him a cigar and told him the whole story—except I neglected to say I hadn't thrown the booze down the well with the suitcase.

And now I'm out of a girl and out of a suitcase full of clothes. But it can't be helped. Such is life. Such sorrows does life bring. We must bear and try to forget. Well, here comes the mail, so I must close.

* * * * * * * * * *

Hurray! hurray! I got a letter, hurray! It says I may come out for dinner next Sunday. Hurray! And what is this other letter? A note from her jolly old father:

Dear Jack:

Congratulations! That booze you left in my suitcase is the best I've tasted since the eighteenth amendment was passed! Please find enclosed a check for one hundred dollars for the six quarts you left.

Very sincerely,

T. J. Temple.

Moral: We never know our luck. Hurray!

R. H. HODGES.

COMPLETE

THE LEAFLESS TREES, those tall dark sentinels of nature, stood stern and straight, silhouetted against an opaque sky. They were thin and bare and seemed like pickets shutting in a small circle from the great world of space. The pale light of the yellow moon touched the heavens with a soft glow, which lent a rather ghastly appearance to the visible world. Occasionally a light breeze stirred the tops of the pines and bent them before it, sometimes with a gentle swishing sound. It was not cold—the first balm of spring was in the air. A few frogs down in the swamp had begun to train their voices for the grand summer chorus, which, however, would not be perfected for several months. The crickets ground out their monotonous sounds; and now and then were heard the weird, mournful notes of a screech owl.

The air around the step of the little cabin was pervaded with the fragrant odor of tobacco smoke, as the little wisps curled upward from the bowl of the old cob, twisted themselves into fantastic shapes and wound out of sight into thin air. The head, in the lower front part of which the pipe stem seemed riveted, lay calmly back against a tree trunk, from which the limbs had been stripped, and which now served as a post for holding up the roof of the porch. The rest of the body rather lay along the steps—an elbow resting on the top one and the long legs forming an arch over the lower ones—while the feet rested upon mother earth. Silently the man puffed, and the little coils of smoke curled upward. Once in a while he removed the pipe for a second, calmly spat, and then replaced in his mouth that one element essential to revery.

The picture was one of perfect contentment. These last February days had been particularly satisfying. They had been balmy and warm, a merited and welcome respite from the grilling winter which was drawing to a close. They heralded the approach of spring, and although it was certain that there was more cold to follow, this brief reprieve from the treatment

of the snowy elements brought hope and encouragement once more to hearts where hope and courage had been nearly frozen. These delightful days bid man take up his plow and other tools and begin once more the long gamble with nature, the wresting from her of the essentials of human life and happiness.

And so it was that Jerry Hargrove, as he peacefully reclined in front of his somewhat rude but comfortable shack, thought he was supremely happy. What was there to worry him? He guessed there wouldn't be much more danger to his tobacco, the seeds of which he had planted recently, and which were now awakening and sending their messengers of sprouts to the top of the soil in which they rested. Only this morning he had pulled back the cloth from the bed to allow the sun to flood it with warm rays, and had noticed little spots of green sprinkled over the rectangle. He would probably have a good stand when setting-out time came, and then, with half his hundred acres in this, and the rest in cotton, he could take life easy. He didn't want to be rich—only comfortable, and to have plenty of time to think and write as much as he pleased.

As he turned over in his mind such thoughts as these, he was disturbed by some defect in the picture he was painting. There was absent some essential part. Either the color was not rich and deep, or else some important item of the imaginary landscape was missing. At first he refused to notice the defect —it struck a discordant note in the melody which the whole atmosphere of the evening conspired to produce, and the young man was loath to have his perfect peace and contentment incomplete in any detail. Strive as he might, he could not escape the fact—something was lacking. It angered him a little to be forced finally to admit that he must seek some new element to satisfy the general tone of the picture which his mind insisted upon drawing for him.

In short, the fact was, he was lonesome. He lonesome! It couldn't be; not Jerry, who had lived so long in the solitude of woods and fields, who had never cared particularly for the society of others, and who had, after finishing college and "piddling around" for a year or two, withdrawn with his books to

this little spot of fertile land on the sluggish Santee and become a recluse.

Just what his aim in life was, he hardly knew himself. He wanted to be of service, and yet he disliked any occupation which caused him much to be associated with his fellow-men. He was not hard-hearted or unkind; on the contrary, his nature was just the opposite, but somewhere in the back of his brain was an idea that he must do something to justify his existence, must leave behind him something which would help mankind and at the same time prove a memorial to himself. He felt somehow that continuous association with people would hinder him greatly in his work, and thus had he drawn away where nature alone might be a companion to him. His mind was bright, and often in college he had been pointed out as one who would "make his mark in the world."

But what had he done? Here he had lived for three years, and there was nothing real or tangible which he could feel he had really accomplished. Gradually his ruling ambition to serve by means of his intellect had been lost sight of, his Muse had ceased to function, and his senses had become rather dormant. A few things he had written, but the task had seemed very hard, his mind had refused to work easily, and what he had finally evolved and presented had scarcely been noticed. On one or two occasions the judgment of the publishers had been, "Too abstract"; "Too harsh and repellent, too impracticable"; "You do not take into consideration human nature."

The experience had not embittered him, nor, on the other hand, had it changed his views in any marked degree. Taking things easily, as was his wont, he had only reflected good-naturedly, "Well, maybe I'll learn some day." Now on this calm spring evening, as he reflected, the realization came to him for the first time that the accusation of the publishers was true. He had undoubtedly overlooked the human element. But that was just what he had intended to do! What was "human nature" but the idle whims and fancies of foolish people? That had always been his idea, but now as he sat quietly meditating, and as each mental path which his thoughts took up led no-

where, he was made to realize and admit wherein he had been wrong. By nature optimistic, and possessing an abundant supply of "dry wit," it was impossible for him to take the matter seriously. "Guess I'll have to look around and find me a partner," he soliloquized. Then, with a chuckle, "Why not a wife? I b'lieve I'd like that better." As he knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose to enter his room, the idea seemed so amusing that he laughed aloud.

Spring came on rapidly. The month of March had made its leonine beginning according to rule, and then gradually diminishing in fierceness, had departed as peacefully as the proverbial lamb. Somehow the warm days got into Jerry's bones. He felt fit for nothing but to walk through the fields, gaze at the woods and dream at night upon his doorstep. Not a book had he opened, not a pen had he put to paper since February.

The cotton was up and a good stand showed itself. He had worked hard with his tobacco and now his little farm was one of the prettiest in the country. On a certain warm spring night in the latter part of the month Jerry decided that he had stood it long enough. Early the next morning he sent for the negro who usually helped him, and together they hoed out the cotton and carefully picked the suckers from the "weed." The darky was asked to "keep an eye" on the place for the next few weeks, and at six o'clock on Wednesday morning Jerry disappeared up the road on his horse, toward the railway station.

The trip to Kingsburg took about a day, and it was Thursday afternoon when a certain young lady in that town came face to face, for the first time in five years, with Jerry Hargrove.

"Well, Jerry," she said, "I didn't know but what you were dead and buried."

"I guess I *was* asleep," replied the other; "but I woke up on time."

* * * * * * * * *

It was the 28th of February. The same dark trees stood bare and stern; the same old moon shone yellow and pale. The

same frogs and screech owls had begun their mournful chorus. The same old cabin sat in the clearing, and on the steps was a figure with whom we are acquainted, with the same pipe clenched in his teeth, while from it issued smoke, which, for all we might judge from the looks and the smell, might have been the same as that which filled the air on that night a year ago. In fact, the whole picture was practically the same, except for a minor detail, but strange to say, that detail was the identical one which had been lacking to make the scene complete before.

For there, on one of Jerry's shoulders, close to the head which rested against the post, was another head—a fair one; while the man's right arm, for some unaccountable reason, was curved in a comfortable, careless way, and within that curve, we have reason to believe, there was more than just thin air.

M. L. MEADORS.

THE DAWN

A wisp of air stirs in the gloom.
Faint glows touch the morning sky.
Arcturus draws his curtain of mist.
The Galaxies extinguish their evening lamps
While the East is touched with fingers
Of gold, and saffron, and purple, and rose.
Gentle birds softly twitter in the brush nearby.
Night creeps quickly, softly, away.
A burst of glory, a furnace of molten gold
Illumines the East.
Dawn is come.

—R. H. H.

AN EFFORT AT EINSTEIN

SCIENCE PROGRESSES by building up theories and then putting to these theories rigid tests. Of late all the world is thinking, and seeking to prove the latest and most startling theory ever propounded. The Einstein theory was first enunciated in 1905. It grew out of an attempt to explain the failure of the famous Michelson-Morley experiment, of which more will be said below. In 1911 and again in 1915 the theory was revised and added to considerably.

In 1873 Professor James Clerk-Maxwell proved that light was a wave motion and gave to the scientific world the idea of the ether. Professor A. A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, set out to test this ether idea. He reasoned that the earth must create a terrific whirlpool in this ether, as it rushed through space. This whirlpool must then affect the speed of a light wave. He, in collaboration with Professor Morley, arranged a series of mirrors and accurately measured the speed of the light reflected, first north and south, and then east and west. They could find no difference. Did the ether exist?

Einstein doubted it. He set out to find a mathematical equation for motion after assuming that all motion is relative. This equation he gave out in 1905 under the name of the "Special Theory of Relativity." But he was not satisfied, and he set out again by not assuming anything. The General Theory appeared in 1911 and 1915, and it is said only a few can follow his mathematics.

The General Theory states that the speed of light through space is constant. It is from this postulate that he develops the startling things. By using his formulae the amount of deflection of the light from a star, passing close to the sun, may be calculated. Twice these calculations have been proved; once in the total eclipse of 1918, and again in 1922.

The first thing derived is that Clerk-Maxwell's ether is not needed, *i. e.,* it doesn't exist.

The next thing is that there is no such thing as absolute

rest, or there is no fixed body in space. Time and space must be taken together. You remember the method of locating an object by co-ordinates on the x, y and z axes. Einstein adds another: t—TIME. It may be stated that Einstein is not the only investigator of the "Fourth Dimension." Among others may be mentioned Eddington and Minkowski.

Einstein further derives the theorem that no two observers who are moving relative to one another may agree if they measure the length of a given interval of time. In other words, a yardstick which appears to measure a yard for one observer will not appear to be a yard to another who is moving past. The shape of a moving body to a person at rest is changed in proportion to the speed at which it is moving. However, these changes do not become visible unless the speed of the body is close to the speed of light (186,600 miles per second).

Einstein states that Newton's laws are only first approximations to the actual truth.

Dr. Steinmetz states that the Theory of Relativity is one of the most far-reaching since the days of Copernicus.

Perhaps the writer in this poor attempt has only served to confuse the reader all the more, but please remember that Einstein is only at home in the realm of mathematics.

W. C. BOWEN.

Passing down by the ball park one afternoon, I noticed two small negro boys squatting down close to the ground, each with an eye glued to a knothole. I stopped for a moment. Suddenly the smaller of the two began to wriggle. "Looky dah, Jim," he cried. "Dat w'ite man done gone an' knock a homerun."

The other turned slowly toward him, and spoke in a singularly quiet and melodious voice. "Niggah, yo' cain't see nuffin'; yo' cain't tell what's happenin'. Whyn't yo' git a biggah knothole?"

And I thought about that last for the remainder of the afternoon. My perspective on life? A knothole?

SO DID CLEOPATRA

ISABELLA McGUIRE was known among the members of the mothers' guild of Fairmont as a good child. It was shameful, of course, that the grown-up world should so tragically malign the budding hope of the McGuire household. But Isabella, precocious child, was quite aware, with all the wisdom of ten years, that such a belief was nothing less than good capital stock.

This late August afternoon she lay prone in the lush grass just outside the parlor window of the McGuire home. Methodically she worked her shoulders in a slow, wriggly, circular motion, raising first one shoulder and then the other. It was easier than scratching by hand. A delighted pedestrian halted for long minutes, watching the rotundity that was Isabella. But Isabella neither knew nor cared.

It was hot, stickily, sickeningly hot. Above, from the open window, came the sound of voices, soft feminine voices that oh-ed and ah-ed, and droned on and on interminably.

After a second spell of squirming, Isabella decided that comfort was to be preferred to style. With two swift jerks, her shoes were sent whirling over her head. Removing her socks, she sat up, spat on her fingers and carefully moistened each toe. Knees crossed, she lay back, swinging one foot up and down, up and down, pausing occasionally to sight between her big toe and second toe at a woodpecker that was hammering away industriously on the top of a neighboring telephone post. Suddenly she stopped, and cocked a ready ear toward the open window.

"—and oh, Mrs. McGuire, how is it that Isabella is such a good child?"

"Why, Mrs. Wilkes, I don't know. She always has been. Why, when she was a baby, she would lie for hours and look at her feet, just as happy as she could be."

"Oh, I wish I could say that. My Albert is so bad I just can't do anything with him."

Isabella wriggled her toes; she knew Albert.

"Do you ever—er—correct him?"

"Correct him? Do you mean punish him? Oh, mercy, no. That would spoil his disposition. I believe in kindness."

Isabella grunted. Perhaps she was thinking of occasions when her disposition had been spoiled.

"I wish he would play with Isabella. Mrs. McGuire, if you don't mind, I'm going to send him over some time."

"Why, of course—do."

"Oh, I would give anything, just anything, if he would stop from fighting, and stay at home."

Isabella grunted again, and rolled over a time or two. All at once, she became very quiet, lying motionless as if in deep thought. Slowly, the shadows lengthened. When the trend of the conversation in the house began to indicate a termination, Isabella slipped on her shoes and socks, and strolled demurely out to the street entrance. At last Mrs. Wilkes came out.

"You darling child," she cooed. "You're just to sweet for anything."

Isabella was nothing if not direct.

"Mrs. Wilkes, what would you give if Albert was a good boy?"

"Oh, honey, anything."

"Would you give a dollar if he didn't fight for a week?"

"What? Oh, you blessed infant. To be sure I would."

With bowed head Isabella scraped a pattern on the walk with one small toe. Then—

"Won't you let him come over an' see me tomorra'?"

"Why, of course."

"Well, good-bye. I hope Albert'll be good. In fac', I think he will."

And with that cryptic remark, the conversation was over so far as Isabella was concerned.

She went to bed early, quite content, conscious of a day well spent.

At breakfast, Mrs. McGuire spoke soberly to Isabella.

"Isabella, you must be very nice to Albert Wilkes if he comes over to play with you."

"Yessum," said Isabella.

"And try to show him how a good boy should act."

"Yessum," absently. Her face suddenly brightened. "Mamma, I spec' he's goin' to perform soon."

"What? Do you mean reform?"

"Yessum. That's it. Re-form."

The servant girl appeared.

"Missus McGuiah, dey's a li'l w'ite boy 'at wants t' see Miss Isabella."

"Well, mamma," Isabella cried as she went out the door, flaxen-haired doll clasped tightly, "I spec' we're goin' to have a good time."

It was Albert, indeed. Coal-black hair plastered close to his head, narrow eyes, perfect teeth, and loose, sensuous lips: that was Albert.

"H'loa," said she.

"H'loa."

Albert looked her over.

"Huh!" he said. "My mamma sent me over t' play'th you. Naw, she didn't send me, either; I jus' come."

"Yes," remarked Isabella. "I told her to."

"Huh? Aw, rats; you ain't nothin' but a girl."

When one is ten, that is the cardinal sin.

"Let's not fuss," said the little girl quietly, but there was a gleam of—something—in the clear blue eyes she turned toward the boy. "Let's go out in the back yard."

"Aw right. You got a dawg? I have."

"No; but I got a kitty, an' he's jus' as cunnin'—"

"Aw-w, who wants a ole cat? I bet my dawg'ud eat that cat. Let's let 'em fight," eagerly.

"No. Kitty might hurt 'im."

"Huh!" belligerently. "Hurt my dawg. I guess not. You jus' wait," and he started back toward the front of the house.

"Wait," said Isabella firmly. "You c'n get your dog some other time. Let's play dolls. You be the papa, an' I'll be

the mamma. Here, hold Christine Arethusa," and she held out the tiny, flaxen-haired doll.

Albert was staring at her, mouth open.

"What? Me play'th a ole doll? Well, I guess not." And with a sudden swing of his fist he sent the doll hurtling to the ground. There was a tinkling crash, and the china head lay shattered in a dozen pieces. Isabella stared at the ruin.

"Oh!" she breathed finally—and began to scratch her back. Some people are born great; some achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them. There was no doubt about Isabella; she would achieve whatever greatness life might have in store for her.

"Aw," sneered Albert. "Why'nt you cry?"

There was a glint in Isabella's eyes, but she said nothing.

"C'mon," grunted Albert at last. "Let's play Injun. You be th' squaw, an' I'll sca'p you."

For a long hour Isabella was "sca'ped," and subjected to whatever form of torment the ready brain of her companion could contrive. And ever the glint in her eyes waxed stronger. She waved to Albert when he left.

"You mus' come back tomorra'," she called sweetly.

When Albert had passed around the house, she climbed the back yard fence that separated her from the adjoining house, and knocked at the back door. A motherly-looking woman opened the door.

"Why, hello, Isabella. Come in."

"No'm. Is Johnnie at home?"

"No, dear; he isn't. I don't know where—yes, here he comes now."

A stocky, touseled youngster was strolling up the back walk, earnestly trying to whistle through his front teeth.

"Hey, Izzie," he greeted the visitor.

"H'loa, Johnnie."

"Where're you goin'?"

"Nowheres. I jus' came to see you."

Johnnie was taken aback.

"To see me? What you want?"

"Oh, nothin'. I jus' wanted to play. No, I didn't 'zackly want to play. I jus' wanted to ask you to come over an' see me tomorra'."

"Huh uh. Can't. Goin' fishin' tomorra' evenin'."

"Oh, that's all right. I mean in the mornin'. I got some candy I wanted to give you."

"Let's go now."

"Oh," added Isabella hastily. "I haven't got it yet. I'm goin' to have it tomorra'."

"Well," Johnnie assented at last. "Reckon I'll come. What kinda candy is it?"

"What? Oh, it's choc'lat. Don't forget, now."

And with that gastronomical lure behind her, she went home at a hop, skip and jump pace that might have been a cross between the lope of a red-eyed camel and the swing of a derrick.

* * * * * * * * *

The next morning Albert strolled nonchalantly in, leading a bulldog. Isabella's cat took one swift look in passing, and decided to spend the remainder of the morning in a tree. The dog sat below, patiently waiting.

"Haw!" shouted Albert scornfully. "I tol' you so. I tol' you so."

But Isabella only smiled—coldly.

"Oh," she said mildly, "my kitty jus' fights when he wants to."

"Yah-h!" blared Albert. "Good thing he don't wanta."

Isabella stared at him silently for some time. Finally Albert grunted.

"Huh!" he said. "What you lookin' at me for? Why'nt you say som'pin?"

"I was jus' wonderin' 'rether you c'n fight or not."

"Me fight? I reckon I can. Why, my papa's 'bout the bes' fighter in the worl', I reckon."

"I wasn't wonderin' 'bout him."

Whatever reply might have been forthcoming was fore-

stalled by the creaking of a bicycle. A small negro boy leaped from the wheel.

"Is dis whah Missus McGuiah lib?"

The little girl nodded, and the boy carried his grocery basket up to the house.

"Huh!" Albert offered. "I bet I c'n fight him."

Isabella's eyes were wide.

"An' lick him?" she asked.

"Yeah. I'll show you."

"Looky here, nigger," he began, as the boy came back to his wheel, "you wanta fight?"

"Nawsuh," grinned the tar baby. "I ain't wantu fight."

But Albert was not so easily pacified.

"Nigger, you better run 'fore I beat you."

The little negro bristled instantly.

"G'long, w'ite boy; you gwine git in trouble."

Albert advanced pugnaciously.

"You jus' hit me an' see what I do," he threatened.

The other was apparently not used to the usual wordy preliminary that boydom has decreed must precede any fisticuff, for he hauled back one small, hard, black fist and let Albert have it just south of the left eye. Albert bellowed with pain; and in a moment they were hard at it. Albert had the advantage in height and weight, and shortly he was astride the prone body of the other, hammering away lustily.

Suddenly there was a swirl, an upheaval, and the little negro was streaking across the back yard for dear life, Albert hard at his heels.

"Um," muttered Isabella, and wriggled her left shoulder, started to scratch her back, but thinking better of it, desisted, and gave Albert her full attention when he returned.

"I sho' beat that ole nigger," the conqueror admitted. "If I'd 'a' been mad, I mighta hurt 'im."

"You oughtn't to 'a' hit him so hard."

"Huh! you call that hard? Why, that wasn't hardly nothin'. If I'd 'a' hit 'im sho' 'nough hard, I'd 'a' probably 'a'

kilt 'im. I'm a pretty hard fighter, I reckon. Why, I bet I'm about the bes' fighter they is."

"Yes, you're a good fighter," Isabella conceded. "But," she added, "I bet you couldn't lick a white boy."

"You jus' bring on your ole white boy, an' I'll show you."

"Bet you can't lick Johnnie Russell."

Albert shook one grimy fist at her."

"Him? Huh! I c'n like 'im'th bofe hands tied behin' me. He can't fight."

At that moment the sound of a boy whistling through his teeth came to them, and they turned to see the gentleman in question climbing over the back fence. A nervous silence ensued.

"Ain't no use sayin' nothin' 'bout fightin'," Albert whispered. "Might make 'im feel bad."

Isabella smiled, and the glint in her eyes was stronger than ever before.

"H'loa," said Johnnie.

His greeting was returned in kind.

"Got the candy?"

"Yes; I'll get it t'reckly," answered the rotund Isabella. "Albert jus' licked a nigger," she added.

Johnnie faced about, all interest.

"Wha' for?" he asked.

Albert said nothing.

"Oh, nothin'," Isabella interposed. "They was jus' fightin'. Albert's a good fighter. I spec' he's the bes' fighter in this town."

Johnnie grunted. "Aw, anybody c'n lick a nigger."

"Could you?" Isabella was proceeding warily.

"Uh, huh; sure I could."

And then Isabella launched her thunderbolt.

"I bet you couldn't lick Albert."

Johnnie did not hesitate, although Albert had the advantage in height and weight.

"Bet I can," he challenged boldly.

"You better not try it," Albert put in for the first time. "I ain't done nothin' to you."

" 'At's all right. I c'n lick you."

"Naw you can't."

"Can."

"You're a black ole liar."

And for the nine hundred and ninety-nine billionth time the *casus belli* was a woman. Isabella hopped around and around the warriors, encouraging neither, but manifesting a lively interest in the outcome.

This was no tame passage of arms, indulged in lightly for the amusement of knights and ladies. It was a grim struggle for mastery, with no rules or ethics of fighting to hinder. When Albert gained a momentary advantage by tangling his hands in Johnnie's hair and pulling lustily, the latter retaliated by biting down savagely on his opponent's ear. Albert howled.

The dog, giving over his vigil under the tree, strolled over to view the ruckus. But he made no move to join in; he simply sat and looked on with due professional interest.

They covered a space several yards square, now one, now the other on top. At last they separated and stood panting, glaring at one another. Then with a whirl of flailing arms they were at it again. But Johnnie made a miscalculation. In trying to duck past the other, he gave Albert a chance for his favorite hold. Albert turned, and taking a secure hold on Johnnie's hair from behind, proceeded to yank his opponent to the ground. Then, sitting at Johnnie's head, he began to pound said head on the ground. His hold was perfect, and since the other could not wriggle free, the affray was practically over.

"Nuff!" howled Johnnie at last, weeping involuntarily.

Albert gave the head one final bump, and crawled to his feet. The fight was over.

"Huh!" crowed Albert. "Thought you c'd fight."

Johnnie wiped his eyes.

"I'll lick you yet," he said slowly, and his gray eyes were

ablaze as he turned and limped to the fence. Without a backward glance, he climbed over and disappeared in the basement.

Isabella was dumbfounded. Perhaps the reader has gathered that she had expected a different outcome. She had.

"Well, Albert," she said meekly, at last. "I reckon you're a better fighter than I thought."

"Aw, it wasn't hardly no trouble to lick 'im. I'm pretty awful. Why, I bet they ain't no feller anywheres near big as I am 'at I can't lick." A new thought struck him. "Yeah," he added bitterly. "An' ma'll talk to me 'bout fightin' again. I spec' I better be goin'."

Isabella was left alone.

It was a very quiet Isabella who absent-mindedly answered her mother's questions at the noon meal. After dinner, she repaired to the shady spot under the parlor window. There she did an imitation of Scattergood Baines. With shoes off and toes moistened, she cogitated through the long afternoon. Periods of wriggling back-scratching alternated with motionless quiet. Of one thing only was she certain: she was not through with Albert.

Late in the afternoon, she replaced her shoes and socks and went in search of Johnnie. She found him in the garage, moodily working on a sling-shot. For several minutes they talked earnestly, Isabella gesticulating like a jumping-jack. There was skepticism in Johnnie's eyes, but his face gradually brightened. At last he jumped to his feet.

"You can't do it," he said, disbelief written large upon his face. "C'mon, an' see."

Isabella got up and closed the doors. For some time afterwards sounds of active motion and scurrying about filtered through the doors, but there was no one to hear. When the two came out, Johnnie looked at his companion with new respect. But Isabella was, as usual, calm and unruffled.

For three days thereafter the two haunted the Russell garage. And always there was the sound of active motion within, and ever did Johnnie's grin become more pronounced. During those three days, Isabella was very quiet at home.

There was a constantly speculative look in her eyes; she might have been planning a campaign.

Friday morning, Albert came sliding into the McGuire back yard and joined Isabella.

"H'loa," he greeted her. "I reckon that ole Johnnie Russell ain't been around no more?"

"I think," said Isabella, "he's comin' now."

Sure enough, he was. In fact, he was just behind Albert. The latter grinned.

"I bet you don't wanta fight'th me no more."

Johnnie said never a word; but stepped up and kicked Albert squarely on the left shin. For the second time they fought. And for the second time Isabella and the dog were the only spectators.

But Johnnie's tactics were different. He did not mix it with his heavier opponent, but stood off and used his fists. And since Albert could not lay his hands on the elusive Johnnie, he perforce had to use his also. But this was distinctly not his style.

"Why'nt you come on an' fight?" he panted.

Johnnie replied by hitting him in the stomach. Albert grunted and tried to jump on top of the other. Johnnie dodged and pasted him on the ear as he went by.

That fight was an epic affair. And ever as Albert rushed, Johnnie side-stepped and hit him. Rapidly a look of disgust replaced Albert's sullen grin. His morale began to break. And ever Johnnie pounded him. He began to cry.

"Aw," he howled. "You don't—fight—fair."

Johnnie feinted with his left, and then with a sweeping uppercut landed full on Albert's nose. The blood spurted. Albert howled afresh. His nerve was gone. He left, nor waited upon the order of his going. He fled for home, Johnnie at his heels.

Isabella beamed at the dog.

"Well, she said. "I spec' Albert's had 'bout all the fightin' he wants."

When Johnnie returned, she called to him:

"Do you 'spose you c'd lick Albert again?"

Johnnie waved his arms belligerently. "Huh, you bet I can."

Isabella shook her head.

"No, I spec' he'd beat you, if he was to see you again."

Anger flamed in Johnnie's eyes.

"I'll go sit in front of his home, an' lick 'im when he comes out."

"You'ud be 'fraid to do it," Isabella murmured softly.

"I'll show you," and Johnnie was gone.

Later Isabella went out to the front yard. Down the street, she could see Johnnie patiently waiting in front of the Wilkes'. She was singing as she skipped back to the house. The success of an idea is enjoyable to anyone.

That afternoon she visited Mrs. Wilkes. Before leaving, she broached the subject of Albert's fighting.

"Mrs. Wilkes, you 'member you said you'ud give a dollar if Albert didn't fight for a week?"

Mrs. Wilkes smiled, amused at the little girl's seriousness.

"Why, yes, dear. Why?"

"Well, I'm tryin' to 'fluence Albert. In fac', I'm sure he won't fight for a week, anyhow."

Mrs. Wilkes was a kindly woman of rare understanding.

"You mean that if Albert doesn't fight for a week, I shall owe you a dollar?"

Isabella brightened.

"Yessum."

Mrs. Wilkes was very serious.

"Shall I pay you now?"

Isabella was tempted, but she stood firm.

"No-m-m, not now. I'll come over nex' Friday."

During the next week, Isabella had numerous conferences with Johnnie. And afterwards, Johnnie would set out for the Wilkes' home, red anger in his eyes. He haunted the neighborhood of the Wilkes'.

Albert started out several times, but the sight of Johnnie

always deterred him. He knew his own limitations. And for a week he surprised his mother by staying closely at home.

On Friday, Isabella went to see Mrs. Wilkes again.

"Albert hasn't fought for a week, has he?" she asked anxiously.

Mrs. Wilkes was perplexed.

"No, sweetheart, he hasn't, not a time. And I can't understand it. Why, he has hardly been out of the house. He seems to want to stay with me."

"I thought 'at maybe he'd be good."

"You've earned your dollar, all right. Now tell me, dear, how you did it, won't you?"

But Isabella shook her head.

"I jus' 'fluenced him," she said.

Johnnie was on the sidewalk when she went out.

"Aw, Izzie," he complained, "I can't catch 'im out. I c'n lick him, but he won't come out."

"Well," said Isabella. "I reckon I'uz 'staken. I spec' you could lick him. In fac', I pretty near know you could."

"Course I could."

"You 'member that choc'lat candy I'uz goin' to give you?"

Johnnie had forgotten it in the course of the week's activities. But he remembered now.

"Yeah."

"Let's go to the store an' get some."

Later they sat in the Russell garage and contentedly ate sticky chocolates. Johnnie had been looking at Isabella for some time, an expression of new and very real respect on his face. He no longer treated her as a girl; she was his equal.

"Say," he said at last. "I wish't you'd tell me som'pin'."

"What is it?"

"How'd you learn to box? If you hadn't learned me that uppercut an' that dodgin', I might 'a' not licked 'im."

But Isabella only smiled.

W. R. BOURNE.

THE LEFT HAND

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, while chatting with a former secret service agent of the United States government, a tale was related by him, telling how a young graduate of Princeton saved his best friend from disgrace and indirectly aided the allies in winning the World War. For personal reasons the names in the story are fictitious. The substance of the tale is as follows:

On the morning of March 18, 1916, people read with surprise the following page of *The Times,* blazed in large letters:

Multi-Millionaire Murdered
John Carter, of Wall Street, Found Stabbed to Death
Robert, His Son, Has Disappeared."

No wonder the surprise among the richer classes of New York City, for Carter was a great power of Wall Street, a philanthropist, inventor and speculator. Whenever a great enterprise needed a boost they sought aid from Carter, never being disappointed. His name was linked with most of the vast enterprises of that city, and he was a veritable cog in the machinery of production. No wonder there was such a tremendous throng of admirers at his funeral, for Carter had built the magnificent edifice called Trinity Church and given it to the congregation.

Circumstances of fate had interwoven a net about young Robert, so that everyone knew he was guilty. His disappearance, the quarrel with his father over the character of a young lady he had been going with, the threatened fact of disinheritance by his father, and his buying the knife that John Carter was killed with only a few days before, strengthened that conclusion. He was guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt.

In the office of the secret service, several men were seated around a fire, smoking and chatting about the case. Viewed from every angle, there was but one conclusion—Robert was guilty, and the next question was to find him.

But there was one person who did not believe Robert guilty,

that person being a former collegemate of his, Frank Hall by name. They had roomed together at Princeton, and a great bond of friendship existed between the two. Robert was heir to millions, while Frank was working his way through Princeton, doing odd jobs, such as acting janitor, tutoring, for Frank was brilliant in his academic work. Both had starred on the gridiron for old Princeton, Frank having received mention in his last year for the mythical All-American football team.

When their college days were over, Robert had gone into business with his father, and Frank had accepted a job with the secret service in New York, but in spite of his keen mind and power of intellect had not advanced very far in his chosen profession. The other members of the force looked on him merely as a kind of charity patient kept on the force to keep him out of the poorhouse, also on account of his terrible right arm, which several times previous had smashed crooks into submission.

But no big case had he ever been associated with, because they thought him incompetent, and so didn't give him a chance to prove his ability.

But when his best friend's honor was at stake, Frank decided Robert was innocent. Here was his chance to acquit his best friend, and to show the rest of the force he was capable. In a conversation, he said to the chief:

"I don't believe Robert Carter guilty, sir; in fact, I know he isn't. Please give me that case, a year to work on it, and I'll prove him innocent."

"Guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt, but since there's nothing for you to do at present, I'll let you work on it. However, you are wasting your time," said the chief, as they all laughed.

"Thank you, sir," said Frank, as he left the room, hearing the chief jeer at him, calling him an unlucky chap. He decided that he would prove to them he wasn't a bonehead, even if it cost him his life. His body thrilled with enthusiasm as he began work on the case, hopeless as it seemed.

It was rumored before his death that John Carter was

keeping some papers of international importance, namely, a formula for making the most deadly gas known to mankind, far more terrible in its effects than chlorine or mustard gas. After his death this rumor died down because nothing more was ever heard of the papers. When his will was read, all of his vast wealth went to Robert, his only child. When the last part of the will was read this paragraph was of speculative interest:

"And certain papers of mine, namely, those marked H. T. N. O.[8], I do hereby give and bequeath to the United States government, the said plans to become their property at my death."

But, strange to relate, those papers were not in the vault. Who had stolen them? Robert had stolen them also, for he alone knew the combination of his father's monster vault.

Days turned to weeks, and weeks to months, but still no further clue. Robert had been sought for all over the North, but no trace of him had been found. The police quit searching for him, the Secret Service gradually gave up thought of ever finding him, but one down-hearted being worked on. Several times Frank thought he had a clue, but it always amounted to nothing. Frank grew thin, his face became pale, and his hair lost its lustre. Still he worked on late into the night, after all others had gone to bed. Defeat stared him in the face, but give up—never, thought Frank, as he continued on the case.

He spent several weeks at the magnificent home of the dead man and, from floor to ceiling, searched the room in which Carter was murdered, but nothing, however trivial, did he find to reward his efforts.

On May 27th, about ten o'clock a. m., Frank had decided to give up the case as hopeless. While reviewing the scant evidence an idea came to him, and he said, half aloud:

"Eureka, at last a clue—the finger prints on the knife—why hadn't I thought of that before?"

Frank was an expert on the science of reading finger prints, and here was his only chance. He seized his hat and coat and hurried excitedly to headquarters. Giving the door

a push, he rushed in. His entrance so hurriedly created a bit of curiosity, as all looked him over with amazement on their faces. The chief was first to break the silence, as he said, half-angered:

"What is the matter with you, Frank? Don't you know where you are?"

"I've—found—a—clue—chief," stammered Frank.

"So you've found a clue; well, good luck to you," replied the chief jovially.

"Please, sir, give me the knife that John Carter was murdered with, for a few minutes," said Frank after he had become composed again.

"Sure; get the steel box out of the safe, James," ordered the chief.

The box was gotten out of the safe, and the knife given to Frank, who went up to the laboratory to analyze the finger prints on the handle. After much analysis and comparison, Frank reached one clue on which to base his other clues, if he ever found any more. This clue was that the man who murdered John Carter had only three fingers on his right hand.

As soon as he had found out this much, he returned the dagger to the box, and put it back in the safe. As he was closing the safe door, the telephone rang. The chief, answering the 'phone, said in part:

"Mentioning John Carter's name, eh, and seriously injured, you say? What number? I'll send over a man immediately."

Then to Frank: "There's a taxi-driver who is badly injured over at the Bellview Hospital. Acting rather peculiar, and continually mentioning Carter's name. The doctor in charge thinks perhaps he has a confession to make. I think this will help you on that Carter case. He's at room 217. Hurry over there."

"Much obliged," replied Frank, and after hailing a taxi was soon at the hospital. After he showed his card he was admitted to room 217. There on a bed was a pale-looking young man. Feeble were his efforts to raise himself when Frank came to the bed. Frank motioned all to leave the room,

and the dying man said slowly when he and Frank were alone:

"I ain't got no chance to live, stranger. Me time is gitting short. I ain't lived like me old mudder taught me, and I got ter pay, but 'cause me heart is powerful sorry for me mistakes I axed fer you as I knowed that might help you. Fer years I smuggled opium and booze fer Lee Chow, the master criminal of the Yeller belt, also did some crooked jobs fer him."

After stopping a minute, he continued:

"One night 'bout six months ago, Lee Chow axed me ter wait fer him in front of a house on Grant Street. He went wid another Chink ter the hedges in front of the house and then a young man come down the steps. They soaked him a good one, and tied his hands and feet; when they done this, they brung him ter my taxi and put him in, telling me to shake a leg ter Chinatown. I barely heard Lee Chow say that he was good fer a cold million." He asked for some water, and then resumed his story.

"The next day I reads 'bout a feller named Carter being croaked, while his son vamoosed. Lee Chow next day come to me, and tells me ter keep me mouth shet, or else he'd git me. Last Monday he tells me I knows too much of his business. I kinder expected something, and tried ter shake a leg, but last night his yeller sneaks got me. Saturday he has some visitors from the German government ter visit him between 10 o'clock and 12 o'clock, and talks 'bout some plans."

"Good-bye, stranger; I'm going ter pay." Then, as Frank took his hand, he gave a hushed moan, and lay silent forever. And Frank went back to headquarters. There, with the chief, he evolved a daring plan.

Lee Chow—the master criminal of Chinatown—had he not committed daring crimes right in the eyes of the police, and gotten away with it? He was a cruel, cunning politician, a propagandist who was working in the United States as a secret agent of the German government. Only too well did the Secret Service know his purpose here, and how many times did they lay a trap for him, only to be baffled at every turn by him. Whatever he could get he took by foul play, never daring to

show his face, for he had a gang of cut-throats of his own mind and nationality to do his crooked work.

* * * * * * * * *

Saturday morning precisely at ten o'clock a magnificent closed car came slowly to a stop in front of a beautiful building right in the heart of Chinatown. Among that great mass of humanity in Oriental attire were many who noticed three well-dressed men alight from the car and make their way up the marble steps of the building, so wonderful in appearance. But this did not excite their curiosity, for well-dressed men had been in the habit of regularly calling on Lee Chow, since he smuggled the best liquors and opium, selling them to the wealthy. But these men looked different from the usual visitors. Each wore a beaver hat, a Prince Albert, and had a gold-headed cane in his hand. A small mustache curled from the lips of each, and a close observer would have seen that these were foreigners of wealth and diplomatic turn of mind. But what were these unusual visitors doing here?

The trio knocked at the door, being admitted upon showing their cards. The seeming leader of the group gave his card to another small-eyed yellow individual who went to the far end of the hall and disappeared into the seemingly blank wall, when the wall slid back upon his pressing a button. He entered a door after he had gone through the secret passage. As he entered he came to a distinct halt, bowed his head, and handed the card to Lee Chow. In Lee Chow's mouth was a pipe from which curled wavy streams of a peculiar scented smoke, known to a habitual user as opium smoke. Lee Chow, as well-built, shrewd and cunning as a member of his race ever becomes, sat on a couch. The furnishings of the room partook of the nature of the Orient. Vari-colored pictures, lanterns and sliding doors, also incense and opium, filled the very extremities of the room with an Oriental haze. Lee Chow put a monocle on his right eye as a cunning smile played across his face, when he read the card in his hand:

"Baron Rosendorf
Representative of His Imperial Majesty, William."

"Show the gentlemen in." After the servant left the room, Lee Chow said to himself:

"In fifteen minutes I'll have a cool million in cash, and Germany will have some worthless plans," but little did he realize what those plans were really worth to the imperial government.

Soon the delegation came into the room, whereupon he motioned them to have a seat by him. He then clapped his hands; the same servant who had ushered them in came through a side door. Then Lee Chow said to him:

"Have some of my best wines brought in," and the servant disappeared. In a few minutes the same side door opened and into the room, bearing a heavy tray, came a young man, who meekly obeyed the commands of his lord.

He was a typical American youth, who, like numerous others, had fallen into the clutches of Lee Chow by their constant indulgence in opium, whose nerve-stimulating power had made this drug master of their wills.

After the wine had been passed around and the glasses emptied, the leader of the party, Baron Rosendorf, said in broken English, saturated with German accent:

"How about the plans, Herr Chow?"

"As soon as I can get them, your honor," said Lee Chow, as he went to a monster vault hidden in a nearby room. Soon he brought out a strong black box, in which he found the object of his search after much looking through his papers. Then he laid the plans on the table.

"How much does Herr Chow think they're worth?" said Baron Rosendorf.

"A million in cash is my price," answered Lee Chow.

"Is that not rather high?" questioned Rosendorf.

"No, for with these plans Germany could control the most deadly gas known to mankind," responded Lee Chow.

"All right, we'll give you a million," finally answered Rosendorf. "Have you a blank check?"

The check was given him filled out by the Baron, who, after turning it over in his hands several times, said:

"Will Herr Chow sign this receipt for the amount?"

"Sure," replied Lee Chow, as he proceeded to fill out the receipt which was handed to him. But the delegation had not noticed before that he wore a pair of white silk gloves. This was not all of their surprise, for instead of signing the receipt with the usual fore-finger and thumb, Lee Chow held the pen between his last two fingers, which caused his name to be awkwardly scrawled at the bottom of the receipt. But this was a minor detail, after all. The plans were received by the delegation, also the receipt, and the delegation started to leave. Then Rosendorf stopped, reached in his pocket and brought forth several imported cigars, which they all smoked. After the cigars had been smoked, Rosendorf put out his hand to shake hands with Lee Chow before going. Imagine his surprise when Lee Chow offered him his left hand instead of his right.

He turned around to leave the room when a sharp command halted him, and turning around, he looked into the barrel of a pistol held in the steady hand of Frank Hall. Resistance was useless, Frank said to him sternly.

"Your hands up, Lee Chow, or I'll make a sifter out of you. I arrest you for the murder of John Carter."

Then his gloves were removed, and behold! he had only three fingers. Then his finger prints were taken, which corresponded exactly with those on the knife with which Carter was brutally murdered.

"Where is Robert Carter? He was in here five minutes ago. Don't you lie to me, you yellow cur," said Frank hotly.

"I'll have this outrage punished. I don't know Robert Carter," replied Lee Chow, trying to put up a bluff, but when the detectives, who were the two other delegates, looked into the next room they found Robert looking pale and weak.

Robert rushed to Frank, and put his arms in Frank's, then with tears streaming down his cheeks said:

"Thank God, Frank. How can I ever repay you for saving me from that beast," as he advanced threateningly toward Lee Chow, who retreated, just as a dog retreats before his master.

"How did you get in?" continued Robert.

"The German delegation and the representatives of the Secret Service were the same. An excellent plan—very successful," replied Frank.

Then Robert told of his being waylaid on the night of his father's murder: the quarrel with his father several days before; the buying of the knife for protection against criminals; his starvation, almost, in a closed musty room in Chinatown; opium, that monster devil which tried to devour him; also Lee Chow, the human fiend who treated him as a dog. Frank knew the rest.

Two hours later a squad of policemen searched Lee Chow's crooked joint and liberated many who weeks, even months before, had literally disappeared from the face of the earth. And how those raving dope fiends rejoiced when they saw the sunlight again. Then the gang of Lee Chow's was rounded up and a patrol wagon, loaded to its capacity, left Chinatown for the police station.

The next day Frank was promoted to assistant chief, but not until he had told his part of the case would they leave him alone.

He told of the finger prints, the dying taxi-driver, his reference to the German delegation who were to visit Lee Chow, his daring plan to pose as the delegation, and the success of the plan. Also the capture later of the real German delegation. Summing up, Frank said:

"I knew I had to play a winning hand, so I stacked the widow, and drew three aces, also a joker, a good enough poker hand, but a better hand for a far bigger game.

"What were those four cards?" asked one.

"My first ace was the finger prints. Ace number two was the injured taxi-driver. Ace number three was the belief of myself and the chief in the plan."

"And the joker?" questioned another.

"An unusual handshake with the left hand." And all the force laughed aloud.

F. J. KNIGHT.

EVOLUTION

I want to be a man just like Daddy,
Big, and tall, and rich.
I want to be a big engineer, just like he is,
And have a mother like Mother and a boy like me,
And be just like Daddy is.

What is life?
A world of darkness,
Doubt, fear, uncertainty, mingled in gloom.
I look Above,
Empty vacuity.
I peer around,
Confusion without bounds.

What is life?
A world of dreams,
With love and paradise here
And a Great God above.
Life is joy.

What is life?
A long, long road
With toil and trouble and care
And simple joys
At every step.

What is life?
A soft chair, ease, quiet,
Loved ones, friends, the laughter of children,
And thought and meditation
And dreams and faith
And love.

Time is passing. Swiftly, the swallow flies
Homeward.
And thus goes life.

R. H. HODGES.

HONESTY

REAMS! In them are all men equal! The wildest fancies, which during consciousness, are denied to the slow and stupid, come flooding in to all when the mind is at rest; and the poet and the peasant, the master and the slave, take the same journeys, and enjoy the same pleasures, companions one with the other.

Down in his cabin slept Uncle Nathan on his bed of cornshucks; in the big house rested uneasily the owner and master, Colonel Hardy. His sleep had been fitful and peopled with wavering and troublesome fancies. He dozed again, and immediately he heard the voice of his father, faint and distant: "An honest man's the noblest work of God." He couldn't quite understand; something was just a trifle unreal; the voice was growing weaker, floating off. It must come from behind that hedge. He would step on this—yes, it was a box—he would step and see what was happening. There must be—uh! the top broke through and he was jarred all over. Where was he, anyway? "Tick, tick, tick—tick," a clock? What was it doing out here in the garden? Where was it, anyway? "Bam!" What the— He rubbed his forehead, which had come in contact with the post of the bed. Through the window was drifting the first fresh light of the morning. He decided that there was no use in his getting up yet. It would be an hour before the negroes would come to their work, and the overseer could manage things, anyway. That was a devil of a dream. He turned over to escape the light, and slept fitfully until he was awakened by the boisterous voice of the black driver.

The breeze that had blown freshly from the river all night must have caried the Colonel's dream to the cabin of Uncle Nathan, for into his peaceful sleep had come a vision of days that were gone. He dreamed that he had been working in the yard of the big house, hoeing; and as he hoed the weeds that perpetually threatened Missus' flowers, and the dust rose up and covered his shiny black face, he listened to the Old Colo-

nel reading. It was not always that he could understand what the Colonel read; sometimes, however, he could.

"Here, Nate!"

"Yas-suh."

"Listen to this. It orter sound good to you:

> " 'Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
> And honest man's the noblest work of God.'

"Do you know what that means?"

Nate did. But why was the Colonel reading that to him?

"And listen to this Nate, for—"

Why in the debbil—ah! it was time to get up. Only a dream! He knew that Massa had been dead these long years. And the young Colonel—well, he wouldn't talk against the Old Colonel's boy. No, he'd let the white trash do that. He did miss the Old Colonel and long to hear him read. Young Massa was never home long enough to read. He arose and cooked his scant breakfast, thinking about the change that had come over the plantation, and yearning, as old men do, for the good times that were gone. When he had eaten and had looked carefully beneath a loose brick in the hearth to see if a greasy leather pouch were still safe, he went off to his work down in the cornfield, near the big road to Milledgeville.

Down there the summer day passed slowly. As the sun mounted the skies it struck fiercely into the bent backs of the toiling negroes; it drew the moisture from the ground and filled the already wet air with moisture to the point of saturation; and above all it ruffled the overseer's temper, which was never smooth. Nathan, bent and aged, toiled with the others, until the overseer sent him, as the hand easiest spared, to the house for a bucket of water.

The sultry heat did not lighten, either, the black humor in which Colonel Hardy had risen, and which he took no pains to overcome or conceal. To add to his choler, he found just after breakfast that he had lost, on his way back from Milledgeville the night before, the five hundred dollars which he had received for a pair of horses. So, in a bad humor, he decided to

go and look for it along the road. He would have sent a negro before now, if he could have trusted any of them. But they were thieving scoundrels.

He walked down the steps and started out to the block, where a boy was holding his horse. As he rounded the corner of the hedge, he ran into Uncle Nathan, and knocked him heavily to the ground.

"What the devil do you mean, you cur?" The Old Colonel had never abused an inferior, but his son was of a different temper. "Here, Sam," he called to the boy holding the horse. "Tie that horse, and bring me a rope and a whip."

Nathan did not rise, but lay cringing on the ground, imploring forgiveness and mercy. The boy came running up with the rope and whip. Colonel Hardy quickly jerked the old slave up, strapped him to a tree, and seized the whip. Again and again he cut the almost bare back of the negro. Again and again the whip drew blood from the flesh into which it sank. The old man wept piteously. Finally, with not so much as a parting glance, the Colonel turned away, mounted his horse and rode off.

The boy helped Nathan loose, took him to the well, bathed his back and face, and when he had sufficiently recovered to totter back to the field, filled the bucket for him and walked as far with him as he dared.

In the middle of the afternoon Colonel Hardy returned, with a heavy face. He had failed to find the wallet which was lost. He did not inquire or think about Uncle Nathan.

That night Uncle Nathan sat alone in his cabin, cooking his supper of fat meat and corn pone over the open fire. After he had finished eating, he sat for a long time motionless, resting his elbows on his knees and his face in his rusty hands. He was alone, for the other slaves did not possess the privilege of cooking in their cabins, a freedom which Nate had been allowed by the Old Colonel and which he jealously treasured as the only trace of a freedom which could not be his. The voices of the slaves floated up from the slave kitchen where they were

fed, but Uncle Nathan, as he sat on the stool before the fire, did not hear them.

His mind was in a tumult of desire, pain, grief, and hope. That morning, just after the negro boy, from fear of the overseer, had turned back towards the house, Nathan had found, lying in the weeds that bordered the road, a wallet, heavy with banknotes. Although he had been taught to count in his youth, he dared not count the money on the road, but had tied it inside his shirt with a strip of his sleeve, and almost forgetful of his pain had gone about his work.

He accepted the clumsy efforts of the negroes to sympathize with him, but said nothing. He was occupied with the thoughts of the wealth, the freedom that was his. Only once during the long afternoon did he listen to the chatter that went on around him. It was when the driver was telling another black that the Colonel had lost a huge sum of money and had been off all day looking for it. Over that news he had pondered all afternoon.

Tonight, as the voices of the other slaves drifted in, he was still trying to think. He was still trying to clear up the haze that had clouded his mind since his sudden shift from terror and pain to wealth and hope. For an hour he did not move. He might have been an ebony statue.

Suddenly, painfully arising, he closed the door and made sure that the shutter was closed. Then he came back to the hearth, and bending hown, pried up the loose brick. From the small cavity beneath he drew the greasy leather pouch. Carefully, very, very carefully, he poured out upon the floor a small heap of coins—mostly coppers and silver—the hoardings of fifty years. Carefully he counted it, studying each piece intently, fearful lest it had changed since he had seen it. All of it was there—$17.11—how he had acquired it all he could not remember. Here was the quarter the Old Colonel had given him for finding his Irish setter; here was a Spanish dollar which he had found; every piece had a history, an honest history, in so far as he was concerned, and each had been preciously treasured for the part it might play in buying freedom for his old age. Years gone by he had thought he might some

day have enough; but now he was an old man, white-headed and broken. He would die a slave. Only one hundred dollars was what he would bring—but to him it was the Indies, and more.

He reached down into the hole from which he had taken the leather pouch and drew forth the wallet he had found lying in the road among the weeds. He opened it and took out the notes which it contained. It was hard for him to count such large sums, for he had been used to pennies. Finally, however, he finished and placed it back in the wallet. He had counted Freedom and an easy old age! He laid the pouch and the wallet back in the hole. He covered them over with the brick, and then raked ashes out on top. Again he sat motionless as before. If he had not overheard the negro driver he would have been happy; but he was not, for the money was the Colonel's. There was nothing for him to do but carry it to him. As he changed his position the wounds on his back throbbed and almost wrung a cry from him. Soon, however, he was again lost in thought. The dream he had had about the Old Colonel occurred to him for the first time since morning. There was no doubt about what the Old Colonel would have done. But what would the young Colonel do? For an hour he sat motionless, thinking, struggling, yielding, conquering.

Finally, he arose, pried the brick up again, took out the wallet, grasped it firmly in his right hand, and walked out of the cabin, up the road towards the big house in the distance.

An hour later he returned, older, almost falling, to throw himself on his bed in despair.

And the following night, Colonel George R. Hardy, in a friendly game in Milledgeville, lost five hundred dollars which had been in the pocketbook his wife found on the floor of his bedroom. A half hour later he had lost the one hundred and seventy-five dollars which he pulled from another wallet, and which, he jokingly told his friend, a devil had brought him.

N. W. BENNETT.

FIELD'S RIOT ACT

AT ABOUT six o'clock on an evening in late summer two men were walking slowly down the street. One, a tall, heavy-set, red-haired man of apparent Irish descent, was talking voluminously. The other, a light-haired, blue-eyed lad of about twenty-two, was lending an attentive ear.

"There ain't a blame bit of use in your getting mad, Herb," said Martin Field, the Irishman. "I can't help it 'cause Ethel fell in love with me, and I can't help it if I love her. She loved you before I come here, and you oughter held her. I can't help it 'cause your fish bit my hook, can I? You played too much on your good looks. Women of today love brains. Yes, siree, brains! Now be reasonable, Herb, and let's still be friends."

Herbert Baxter walked on in silence, his glance cast upon the walk in front of him, and a million different ways of killing Field flitting through his mind. In so far as he was concerned, he had never seen friendly rivals in a love affair, and never believed those that he read of in novels. Friendship was out of the question. He would have gladly, joyously killed Field, but for the fact that he could not decide upon the most cruel method.

Field talked on as though he had been answered:

"Yes, siree; you was the cock-o'-the-walk till I come along. But now—well, when I propose she's gonna be so excited she won't even remember to send you an invitation to the wedding. I'll remember, though, 'cause we'll appreciate your present very much."

Baxter heaved a heavy sigh. He felt that he had lost Ethel, to be sure, but this was only a small part of the cause of his sigh. This incessant chattering of Field filled him with disgust and contempt. If he had won the girl, why always be crowing over the fact? Why disturb his peace of mind forever? Had one asked him to name the thing he hated most in all the world, he would have promptly replied, "A braggart."

Misunderstanding the sigh, Field chatted on:

"Aw, don't be such a blame grouch, Herb. I ain't gonna propose 'til I get a chance to prove what's in me. You can still talk to her along and take her to shows and the like. I won't get fussy with you. If there would just come a war or a fire, or something, I'd get married next week. Ethel would—"

He did not finish the remark, for they had turned into the walk leading to the boarding house, and Field caught a glimpse of a thick, dark head of hair as it disappeared from the window.

At the table Field turned the conversation to riots, and gave a very drastic account of the bravery he had shown in one down in Alabama. In telling of one incident, he said:

A low-down skunk of a nigger hid in a patch of woods, right across the street from our house, and began peppering away at us. I saw something had to be done, so I got my rifle and went out on to the front piazza to get him. A bullet whizzed by my head and thudded into the wall. I looked at the hole to see from what direction it came, knowing that if I got the direction I could get the nigger in no time. A second bullet came, and a third creased my scalp. Then I caught a glimpse of my victim; and when I shot, he fell. I walked over to see who he was. I had worked him the week before. When I found this out, I wanted a souvenir of him, so I decided to cut off his trigger finger. Not having a knife, I drug him to the curb and beat it off with a rock."

"Here it is," he said inconclusion, holding up a plaster of paris imitation of a negro's finger. Ethel did not see it was an imitation, and gave Baxter a glance that almost made him faint. She seemed to say, "There, see what a man can do!" At that moment he could have cut off a white finger with pure delight. But he said nothing, and hurriedly finishing his supper he left the table.

Late the next afternoon, it being Saturday, Ethel and Field were sitting in the swing, as was their custom, and as usual Field was giving an account of some dangerous episode in his life. Suddenly he was interrupted by a series of shots.

Scarcely had they reached the gate, whither they went to

ascertain the cause of the trouble, when they recognized Baxter coming at full tilt down the middle of the street. The gate was open, but not seeing it he jumped the fence and ran up to his room. He was hurriedly loading his pistol when they entered close behind him.

Field went white when he saw what Baxter was doing, but summoning all of his feeble courage, he asked: "What does this mean, Baxter? Have you killed someone? Are the cops after you?"

Placing a cartridge into the last empty chamber of his pistol, and pouring the few remaining in the box into his pocket, Baxter stood up and in a calm voice that belied his recent haste, he said:

"A few niggers just riddled a policeman out in South Atlanta, and it's caused a riot. The first I knew of it, I was having my shoes shined and somebody shot the bootblack dead at my feet. I—er—er—came home."

Ethel threw back her head and turned, but Field was gone. Upon hearing his door slam, she said: "Don't be afraid, Mr. Baxter; Martin will protect you," and abruptly left the room.

Baxter sank lifelessly into his chair. Mr. Baxter—when had she addressed him like that before? Did she think him a coward? Did she not know that he had come home to protect her? Placing his pistol on the mantel, he said: "Oh, what's the use?" and went to bed.

Things were quiet during the night. And save for a general nervousness and the absence of Field, all was the same at breakfast the next morning. Baxter noticed the vacant chair, and to his inquiry Ethel answered, "He has gone out to protect his race." Baxter went back to his room.

At ten o'clock the firing began anew. But this time the rapid firing of machine-guns was added to that of the rifles. Negroes ran by the house in countless numbers. Some few had guns, but the majority of them had only a few choice possessions, and were fleeing for their lives.

It was when they began running through the yard, and one took a chance shot into the house, that Baxter nailed quilts over

the windows of the front room, and getting Mrs. Norman, Ethel, and the old negro cook in there, barricaded the door. Thus they remained in silence during the remainder of the afternoon, save for the occasional "Lawdy! Oh, Lawdy!" of the old negro waman.

Early in the evening a light step sounded upon the porch. Slowly and stealthily it came toward the window. The window creaked as pressure was applied, but held.

Baxter tipped over and flattened himself against the wall, his head turned toward the window, and his pistol ready.

Again the window creaked. Then came a loud smash and a clattering of broken glass. A bayonet stuck through the quilt and swiftly cut its way to the bottom. A huge, black negro, with a diabolical smile on his face, thrust himself into the room.

Slowly he leveled his rifle at Ethel. There was a sharp report. He dropped his rifle, staggered forward, and fell upon his face, a bullet from Baxter's pistol having ended his satanic career here upon earth.

Taking all of the cartridges from the body, Baxter pushed it back through the window. The death-like silence again fell upon the little group. Then, for the first time, Baxter noted the pale, haggard expression upon the faces of the women, and realized that a stimulant was necessary.

He thought of coffee; but there was no gas. Suddenly his face brightened—Field had bought a quart of Haig and Haig Friday afternoon. Why not use that? No one knew where Field was. Probably he was dead. And if not, he could pay him for the whiskey when he returned. Yes, he would get it! But could he leave the women alone? He must! They had to have something.

Going over to Ethel, he gave her the rifle. "I'll be back in a minute," he whispered. "Don't take any chances; shoot at the first semblance of a person at either window. But don't shoot me, for goodness sake."

Noiselessly he unbarred the door and went up the steps. As he entered Field's room he struck a match. A light puff of

wind blew it out. He reached in his pocket for another. A dull, low, muffled groan issued from the other side of the room. His hair straightened; his muscles stiffened; cold chills chased one another up and down his spine. Then suddenly he turned and ran downstairs.

"Ethel!" he called, as he burst into the room, "where's a lantern?"

"My Lord!" screamed Ethel, running to him. 'What's the matter? That groan—what was it?"

Baxter stood staring at her. Then the groan was real? It was not a mere product of his imagination? What was it, indeed?

"Herbert, for God's sake, speak!" she screamed, pounding his chest with clenched fists. "What was it?"

"I don't know," he finally answered. "Where's a lantern?"

"In the pantry, but you can't leave me again. You can't! You can't!" she replied, her voice dying away in a whisper.

"Well, come on," he answered. "I've got to have a light. And I'm going to see what made that noise. If that blamed devil-of-a-nigger has come back—" He did not finish, for again they heard the mournful groan.

When they finally got the lantern, Baxter was trembling so that he could scarcely light it. The light, however, dull as it was, added a little strength to his fast waning courage, and he again began to ascend the stairs. Half way up he stopped suddenly and sat down—he had heard the groan again.

"It's that devil's ghost. It is! It is!" he muttered.

Ethel knew that he had always scoffed at the very idea of a ghost, so she realized that his mind had become unbalanced. Sitting down beside him, she began rubbing his head and crying softly.

Slowly he turned and looked at her. Then just as suddenly as he had lost control of himself he regained it. "Go back, Ethel," he said. "I'm going to get whoever or whatever that is."

With a firm step he climbed the remainder of the stairs and entered into Field's room. The lantern cast a pale, dim light before him and made the shadows stand out even more ghastly.

Carefully, slowly, he searched the room. There was nothing. He was turning to leave, fully confident that it was a ghost, when the groan came again, seemingly from the bed.

Carefully he surveyed the bed from where he stood. It bulged in the middle. Then walking over, he jerked back the mattress, and there, cuddled up in a knot and whining like a baby, was Field.

Baxter sank to the floor and burst out laughing. And the relaxation of his nerves was almost as bad as the strain to which they had been subjected—it seemed that he would never stop laughing.

Ethel, upon hearing him, came running up the stairs and into the room. Seeing Baxter on the floor, she ran to him, screaming: "Oh, Herbert, Herbert, are you crazy? Have you lost your mind?"

Between spasms he pointed to the bed. She looked, and seeing Field, she went into a frenzy, which ended with the words:

"If I were you, my brave young riot queller, I would leave town as soon as possible."

The next day Atlanta was under martial law. But the day following, Field, acting upon Ethel's advice, bought a ticket for New York. He may have stopped there, but Ethel says she hopes he went back to Ireland, where he can display his bravery to his heart's content. A. L. FOSTER.

ASHAMED

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD that wears a crown." For centuries kings have mounted thrones; for centuries they have basked in the splendor of palaces; for centuries they have ruled the mightiest of nations; but what king has ever yet been certain of his own safety? For years princes have been petted and fondled; for years they have had their wishes gratified; for years they have been honored by the lords and nobles of the land; but what prince has ever yet felt safe in leaving palace grounds without an escort? Does it seem foolish that royal carriages must be followed by soldiers; that kings' palaces must be surrounded by high walls; that these walls must be guarded through the long hours of the night by sentinels? If so, then you will surely think it very foolish that John Cross, United States Senator, should believe his distinguished position so important as to endanger his life.

We must admit, however, that the circumstances under which he gained such an impression were rather unusual. One morning, when picking up the paper which had been thrown on his steps, he found by it a small, peculiarly shaped vial. It was made of dark glass—so dark that its contents could not be seen. Through the center of a black rubber stopper, which was wedged tightly in it, ran a small, bright wire. On the end of this wire was a tiny knob, intended, perhaps, for a handle by which the stopper might be removed. Of course, it was just a small bottle strangely corked up, and yet there was something about it that was odd, unusual, mysterious.

The Senator picked up the vial and examined it closely. Without opening it, however, he thrust it in his coat pocket and re-entered the house. When in his library he unfolded *The Times* and scanned the news. On the first page was an account of the remarkable speech which he, himself, had made before the Senate the previous day. That speech, indeed, had prevented an important bill which the Democrats had introduced from being passed. Senator Cross, in bringing about

the bill's defeat, had incurred the bitter hatred of those who had introduced it. Nevertheless, he had convinced the Senate, and all else was immaterial. After reading the criticisms and comments on the speech, he turned to the second page. There he saw an article which attracted his attention. It stated that a letter, which had been mailed to the editor of *The Times* by an unknown writer, declared that threats of violence were being made against certain prominent Republican leaders. It failed to state who made the threats or against which of the prominent Republicans they were made. It merely urged the editor to call attention to them in his paper, so that all would have due warning. *The Times* made a joke of it by imlporing all those who considered themselves most prominent to take notice.

"Oh! Bosh!" muttered the Senator, turning to the next page. Suddenly, however, the whimsical smile on his face gave way to a worried frown. He let the paper drop, and instantly his hand slipped to his pocket. In a second, he was examining again, this time more seriously, the vial which he had found.

"Well, that is strange," he thought. "What would such a thing be doing on *my* steps?" He wondered if it could be some trinket which his little son had been playing with. Certainly it was not an ordinary vial. He had never seen one like it before.

"What a dunce I am!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I'll open it and see."

Scarcely had this thought entered his mind when another followed it so quickly that the Senator jerked his hand away from the stopper. A rattlesnake could not have frightened him more than this new idea which had occurred to him. The hand which held the bottle trembled violently. His gray hair stood on end, his gray face was grayer than ever, his gray eyes regarded the vial with terror.

"What," he panted, regaining his breath, "if the thing should contain an explosive? No fool would put *poison* on my *steps,* anyway." He glanced around quickly, as if afraid some one had seen him in his confusion. Then, indignant with him-

self, he muttered: "A cowardly old fool to let a thing like that worry me." And yet he did not open the vial.

That afternoon he attempted to write an article for *The Times*. In spite of his efforts, he could not connect his thoughts. He thrust the paper from him and undertook to examine some *Congressional Records*. Always came the thought of the vial to annoy and pester him. He finally decided that he could endure it no longer. He seized his hat and left the room, leaving on his desk scattered sheets of paper, a tumbled pile of records and a small, strangely corked vial.

In an effort to calm his nerves, he walked for two hours. All around him there was peace and contentment. The fresh afternoon air rustled through the green trees. Groups of children were playing and laughing on the lawns. A few people loitered about the park. Others sat on benches reading or talking. At first, Senator Cross was conscious of every movement, sensitive to every sound. By the time that he had returned for supper, however, he had nearly shaken off the foolish fear which had so completely gripped him.

At the supper table he was unusually quiet. Both his wife and child, who could readily see that something had been worrying him, ate in silence. Presently, the maid appeared with the coffee. She, too, felt that something was wrong, and perhaps her hand trembled slightly as she placed a cup of steaming hot coffee at the Senator's plate. He, in turn, looked around so sternly at her that she uttered a startled little cry and disappeared through the nearest door.

"Stop! Don't drink a drop of that coffee!"

This sudden command was so emphatic that Mrs. Cross let the thin cup, which she had lifted to her lips, fall with a clatter on the table. Little John Cross, Jr., looked at his father out of eyes which seemed to say, "He is gone plumb crazy, Ma." For a whole minute not a word was spoken. Husband, wife, and child stared at each other across the table. Then the Senator arose, pushed back his chair, and slowly but deliberately repeated the command: "Not one drop!"

He turned and walked out of the dining room. He was

now sure that some enemy was plotting against his life. He knew for a positive fact that the coffee contained some poison. If not, why had the maid acted so peculiarly? He connected the different facts in his mind—the newspaper article, the mysterious vial, the guilty actions of the maid. The whole thing was as clear as day.

It was long after midnight when Senator Cross turned and snapped off the light in his study. As he did so, he thought—in fact, he knew—that he heard a sound at the window. He stood there in the dark listening. Presently he heard it again. It sounded like the faint footsteps of a man moving away in the dark. Cold beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. He felt in his pocket for his gun, cautiously opened the door, and stepped out on the veranda. Crouching behind some vines, he waited. By the pale moonlight he could see the shrubbery and fir trees swaying in the light breeze. No sound, save the intermittent chirping of a cricket, could be heard. The whole city had gone to sleep and the very stillness was oppressive. Once he thought he saw a shadow fall across the path. His hand gripped his revolver. His eyes strained to see it again, but in vain.

Slow seconds grew into minutes, and long minutes dragged into weary hours. Finally, the Senator arose and re-entered the house. He went upstairs and threw himself in a chair near the window. From his position he could watch the lawn below. Presently, he was started to notice that the shadows of night were fading away. He could now dimly see the towering buildings in the distance. A few seconds later and a truck, with the lights still burning, rattled over the pavement in front of his house. The city would soon be awake. This thought reassured him somewhat. Nevertheless, he was tired from his watch and his nerves were on edge.

"I'll do it!" he muttered, "I'll do it! I can't stand this any longer. I don't care who finds it out."

And so, just before breakfast, Senator Cross went to his study for the purpose of calling a detective. He opened the door, but did not enter.

"Boy!" he yelled.

John Cross, Jr., who had climbed up on his father's desk, let fall a small black bottle, spilling mint balls all over the floor.

"It—it—it—was—was—my candy," he stammered.

For a second, two pairs of gray eyes looked into each other. Then those of the father slowly fell under the innocent gaze of the son's.

M. B. WILSON.

DREAMLAND

When night descends
And moonbeams kiss the earth,
The stars make many dreamy lights,
For now 'tis dreamtime.

When gentle breezes brush the treetops
With softly touched caresses,
And night-birds twitter,
And night the silence keeps,
Except the murm'rings of the whispers of night
And faint reëchoes from afar,
The king of dreamland takes his throne,
And peace o'er all the kingdom reigns;
For this is dreamland.

W. D. TINSLEY.

THE EDITOR'S LAST WORD

It seems that I take up the editorial stylus only to lay it down. It was but yesterday that THE JOURNAL was given into my keeping. It is weak to lament one's past faults; I shall not do so. But I wish, with every fiber of my being, that I had published a better magazine, had given more time to my editorial duties. For in every way in which I have been lax, the student body has been cheated.

I would recommend to every succeeding Editor that he spare no pains to keep THE JOURNAL constantly before the students. So few, so appallingly few, men can write at all. Freshmen, wholly ignorant of the primary rules of grammar; Seniors, with no knowledge or appreciation of the fact that the mere act of writing compels and helps one to think lucidly and exactly; every student, in short, should be induced to write constantly, not so much to help with the publications as to acquire, each for himself, a clear and vivid style of expression. To talk over his work with a man, to accept every opportunity to help, no matter how many long and tedious hours of reading and discussing the papers that are submitted, is both the privilege and duty of the Editor. There can, I think, be no more important work on the campus than his.

I want to thank every man who has helped with THE JOURNAL this year, either for personal reasons, or with the intention of contributing to a richer and fuller academic life on the campus of Wofford College.

My last word is that you read and re-read your Alma Mater, and let the spirit that gets hold of a loyal student and thrills him to his finger tips be the motivating force behind every act that is performed within the shadow of these ivied walls.

ALMA MATER

On the city's western border,
Reared against the sky,
Proudly stands our Alma Mater,
As the years go by.

CHORUS

Tho' it ever be our watchword,
"Conquer and prevail."
Hail to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Wofford College, hail.

Cherished by thy sons forever,
Memory sweet will throng
'Round our hearts, dear Alma Mater,
As we sing thy song.

When we from thy walls have parted,
And life's battle is on,
Thy great spirit shall inspire us
Till eternal dawn.

JUST TWO

She sat beside me in the swing
Beneath the newly budding tree;
Quite pleased was I with this one thing:
The seat was made too short for three.

A clear, full moon was shining bright;
And its beams filtering through the tree,
Kissing her lips with golden light,
Was very much begrudged by me.

It was a night which I am sure
Was made explicitly for love;
For then lovers, whose love was pure,
Got approbation from above!

The man in th' moon, wise as a seer,
Grinned down benignly on the scene;
The stars—Orion, the Great Bear—
Blinked when two heads too close did lean.

We told each other of a dream
Which we had dreamed both day and night;
The one true hope that reigned supreme,
That turned drear darkness into light.

Little we spoke, I know, 'tis true;
But words then useless were to us.
At times like that no words are due;
For they always seem frivolous.

Intrepid Time in his mad race
Only too soon made me depart;
I snatched a kiss from her fair face,
And bid adieu to my sweetheart.

—B. E. ELKS.

Exchanges

The Argus

It was with great pleasure that we received the April number of *The Argus,* and we can assure our friends at Findlay College that this issue of their literary publication has afforded us a very pleasant hour.

First, we wish to say that the literary department of *The Argus* is very well balanced. Although it is not large, the six pieces contained take in about four different kinds of writing. But we have our doubts as to whether the other departments—reports from the Literary Societies, "Locals" and "Twice Told Tales"—add anything to the attractiveness of the magazine. We admit that where a college has only one publication it may be well to devote a part of it to the different phases of college life, but if Findlay has another college paper, we feel that it would be much better and would make *The Argus* much more attractive to do away with these departments and let it consist mainly of the more serious literary attempts of the students.

The title of the first piece grips us at a glance—"A Trip Through the Rockies." We admire the college student who is able to write on a subject of this kind, and as we look into the selection, we are aware of the fact that the writer is a very close observer, that he has described a wonderful trip and that his knowledge of his subject is very great. Yet we are sorry that he does but little more than make us sure that he knows what he is writing. His thoughts are often incomplete and many times when he is about to put before our eyes a very beautiful scene, he mars it by jumping to something else or by inserting a phrase or a sentence that is intended to be humorous. The sentences are often incomplete and often a paragraph has two or more points of discussion developed in it. This can be remedied, however, and we congratulate the

writer for having such a great knowledge of his subject and for making such a noble attempt to portray for us a picture of the Great West.

"The Ocean"—another article descriptive of travel—is very well written, and here, as in the first piece and throughout the magazine, we notice the familiarity of the writer with the subject. "The Ride to Kinred" and "April" (two poems) are fine, but we were especially struck by the thought and the almost perfect meter of the former. "The Storm King," with its scene laid in North Dakota, is the selection that takes the strongest hold on our interest. We regret, however, that our interest was not held longer, as it was when Molly and her two boys were waiting on the verge of starvation for John, the father, to find his way home through the terrible blizzard.

Finally, in "The College Letter," we have depicted for us the character of a college student who refused to accept a chance to win his college letter by a method contrary to the school's honor system. The interest is very great, and when Bob finally wins his "letter" by fair means, the writer scores a great success as a short story writer. S. J. M.

The Concept

Some Converse lassie, in a gay spirit of raillery, wrote so complimentary, and frank, and winsome a comment on THE JOURNAL that we've been blushing ever since. And glory be, we don't have to equivocate politely when we refer to *The Concept.* Throughout the year it has maintained a quality standard that, for diversity, attractiveness and clean, clear-cut writing, has not been surpassed in the State. The contents of not a single copy, apparently, have been thrown together in that hit-or-miss fashion that characterizes the publications under masculine direction. And there's that. Doesn't sound like sister and brother, does it?

As a kind of N. B. addendum sort of remark, we'd like to express a hope that the Converse and Wofford staffs will "put across" next year the best all-round South Carolina College Press Association convention the State has ever seen.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF EXCHANGES

The Wake Forest Student, Wake Forest College, Wake Forest; *The Canisius Monthly,* Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.; *The Argus,* Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio; *The Aurora,* Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn.; *The Chronicle,* Clemson College, S. C.; *The Kentucky Cardinal,* University of Louisville, Louisville, Ky.; *The Miami,* Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

INDEX

Author	Title	Issue	Page
Bailey, J. C.	Dawn of Spring (Poem)	No. 5—Mar.	4
Batson, J. A.	Day-Dreamer, The (Story)	No. 2—Nov.	29
	Retrospection (Poem)	No. 3—Dec.	14
Bennett, N. W.	Cecil John Rhodes (Essay)	No. 1—Oct.	18
	Danger Signal, The (Oration)	No. 6—Apr.	5
	Dawn, The (Sketch)	No. 5—Mar.	48
	Forgetting (Story)	No. 5—Mar.	35
	Honesty (Story)	No. 7—May	48
	Strategic Importance of Constantinople (Essay)	No. 2—Nov.	3
	Tie That Binds, The (Story)	No. 6—Apr.	24
	Vanity Fair as a Picture of Life (Critical Essay)	No. 2—Nov.	25
Bourne, W. R.	Asylum (Sketch)	No. 6—Apr.	32
	"Collected Poems and Window of Souls" (Review)	No. 4—Feb.	45
	Christmas (Poem)	No. 3—Dec.	32
	Fire (Poem)	No. 4—Feb.	42
	Heart of the South (Story)	No. 2—Nov.	8
	So Did Cleopatra (Story)	No. 7—May	26
	Thomas and Tommy (Story)	No. 5—Mar.	50
	Trail of the Catfish (Story)	No. 4—Feb.	9
Bowen, W. C.	Celestial Music	No. 4—Feb.	32
	Effort at Einstein, An	No. 7—May	24
	Splitting Hairs	No. 6—Apr.	22
	U. S. G. S.	No. 3—Dec.	13
Eaddy, C. L.	Request, A (Poem)	No. 3—Dec.	12
	When Women Vote (Story)	No. 4—Feb.	20
Elks, B. F.	Age's Reflection (Poem)	No. 5—Mar.	62
	Chip, A (Story)	No. 1—Oct.	11
	For the Pigskin (Story)	No. 2—Nov.	13
	Just Two (Poem)	No. 7—May	66
	"Little Things"	No. 2—Nov.	28
	When Mother Passed Judgment (Story)	No. 5—Mar.	5
Foster, A. L.	De Rebibal (Story)	No. 4—Feb.	35
	Field's Riot Act (Story)	No. 7—May	53
	Gip's Finish (Story)	No. 1—Oct.	27
	Greatest Christmas, The (Story)	No. 3—Dec.	23
	Jim's Boy (Story)	No. 7—May	5
	Kind Deed, A (Sketch)	No. 2—Nov.	36
Galloway, L. Q.	Art of Debating—Its Value (Essay)	No. 1—Oct.	5
	Nationalism or Internationalism (Oration)	No. 5—Mar.	30
Gray, W. L.	Senior Class Poem	No. 7—May	4
Herbert, C.	"Babbitt' (Review)	No. 4—Feb.	43
Hodges, R. H.	Amos (Poem)	No. 6—Apr.	4
	Beauty (Essay)	No. 4—Feb.	30
	Dawn, The (Poem)	No. 7—May	23
	Dollars (Poem)	No. 6—Apr.	28
	Evolution (Poem)	No. 7—May	47
	Is the Hindu Right? (Essay)	No. 5—Mar.	44
	Johnnie in Town (Poem)	No. 5—Mar.	59
	Life (Poem)	No. 5—Mar.	60
	Me, Her, Him, and the Cat (Story)	No. 7—May	11
	Moonshine (Story)	No. 2—Nov.	39
	Mr. Miras (Sketch)	No. 1—Oct.	8
	Three Sisters, The (Story)	No. 3—Dec.	15
	Tim's Five Hundred (Story)	No. 6—Apr.	36

Author	Title	Issue	Page
Knight, F. J.	Law's Challenge, The (Story)	No. 5—Mar.	18
	Left Hand, The (Story)	No. 7—May	38
Koon, H. B.	Dreamer and His Dreams, The	No. 1—Oct.	22
McKnight, J. M.	Sunrise (Poem)	No. 6—Apr.	30
Meadors, M. L.	Complete (Story)	No. 7—Dec.	19
	Other Present, The (Story)	No. 3—Dec.	3
Mimms, T. B.	To a Beautiful Girl (Poem)	No. 1—Oct.	29
Shealy, E. O.	An Old Castle in Luxemburg	No. 4—Feb.	17
Smith, Senator E. D.	Establishing of The Journal, The (Reminiscence)	No. 3—Dec.	29
Tinsley, W. D.	Dreamland (Poem)	No. 7—May	63
	Sympathy (Poem)	No. 7—May	10
Wallace, D. A.	"Gentle Julia" (Review)	No. 1—Oct.	24
Wannamaker, Mary D.	Friendship (Poem)	No. 6—Apr.	45
Wilson, M. B.	Ashamed (Story)	No. 7—May	59
	Aunt Jane's Story—Interrupted (Story)	No. 3—Dec.	8
	Character and Religion of the Turk (Essay)	No. 1—Oct.	18
	Dr. Pettigrew (Story)	No. 4—Feb.	5
	Last Chance, The (Story)	No. 6—Apr.	17
	Thorny Points—Reduced (Story)	No. 5—Mar.	39
Wynn, W. K.	Hunt, The (Story)	No. 2—Nov.	44
	Somebody's Darling (Sketch)	No. 5—Mar.	13
	Swamped (Narrative Sketch)	No. 6—Apr.	10
WOFFORD COLLEGE DIRECTORY, 1922-23		No. 1—Oct.	2

REVIEWS OF COLLEGE MAGAZINES

Writer	Magazine	Issue	Page
Bennett, N. W.	Middle Border, The	No. 3—Dec.	38
Best, E. C.	Bashaba, The	No. 3—Dec.	39
Bourne, W. R.	Anchor, The	No. 6—Apr.	46
	Canisius Monthly, The	No. 6—Apr.	46
	Concept, The	No. 7—May	68
Bryant, H. B.	Carolinian, The	No. 3—Dec.	40
	Wake Forest Student, The	No. 2—Nov.	59
Floyd, G. R.	Argus, The	No. 5—Mar.	65
Kingman, H. L.	Clemson Chronicle, The	No. 2—Nov.	60
Mason, P. B.	Furman Echo, The	No. 1—Oct.	33
McCoy, S. J.	Argus, The	No. 7—May	67
	Criterion, The	No. 3—Dec.	40
Sanders, L. C.	Emory Phoenix, The	No. 1—Oct.	34
Wallace, D. A.	Orion, The	No. 5—Mar.	63
Wilson, M. B.	Erothesian, The	No. 2—Nov.	59
	Wesleyan, The	No. 5—Mar.	64
Yarborough, N. P.	Pine Branch, The	No. 4—Feb.	50

Acknowledgment of Exchanges—

No. 2	Page 61
No. 3	Page 42
No. 4	Page 51
No. 5	Page 65
No. 6	Page 47
No. 7	Page 69

Comments on The Journal—

Page 62
Page 43
Page 52
Page 65
Page 47

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